JUNE 29, 1946 10c

Liberty

Book: THE GAUNTLET
The Novel that Renewed the Faith of Millions

CONQUEROR'S GIRL
By PEARL BUCK

Claudia—21 jewels beneath richly glowing red gold

Lola—exquisitely dainty, 17 jewels

Loren—golden beauty, 17 jewels

Sheraton—masterpiece of modern precision and design, 21 jewels

Time for Tomorrow

Like loveliness in a woman, the beauty of a watch begins within. It originates, your jeweler will tell you, in the great Waltham tradition of fine craftsmanship. To this have been added our newest war-born precision skills. Both make possible the exquisite grace and artistry of the new Waltham designs for men and women—the handsomest gifts you can give those you love. From $49.50. As with all precious gifts, let your jeweler be your trusted adviser.

THE NEW WALTHAM

FIRST AMERICAN WATCH

"So that's why you're not in the movies, Mom!"

MOM: *Uh?* What's why I'm not in the movies, Mite?

MITE: Because you don't massage your gums with it after you brush your teeth with it.

MOM: Oh? Well, don't tell your father, Darling. He thinks I'm wonderful. Massage my gums with *what?*

MITE: Well, Golly, with Ipana, Mom! At school, Teacher says soft foods don't give gums enough exercise, so people should massage their gums after they brush their teeth.

MOM: May I ask why?

MITE: She says it's because healthier gums mean brighter teeth and movie stars have bright teeth don't they, mom?

MOM: But not me, eh?

MITE: But Mom! Teacher says without exercise, gums might get flabby, tender. Yes, and if people get "pink" on their tooth brush they should see their dentist. Like you should, Mom! Because there's "pink" on your tooth brush this minute! *See!*

MITE'S RIGHT. He's one of the many school children today who know more about modern dental care than their parents. In thousands of classrooms all over the country, teachers are explaining the need for gum massage . . . its importance to sound gums and bright teeth.

And behind these teachers is the authority of a national survey among dentists, showing that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular gum massage.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," don't ignore that warning. *See your dentist.* He may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage," as many dentists do.

For Ipana Tooth Paste, with massage, is specially designed to help the gums. So you can readily see why a nationwide survey shows that more than twice as many dentists use Ipana as any other dentifrice . . . for their own, *personal* use. Start today with Ipana and massage.

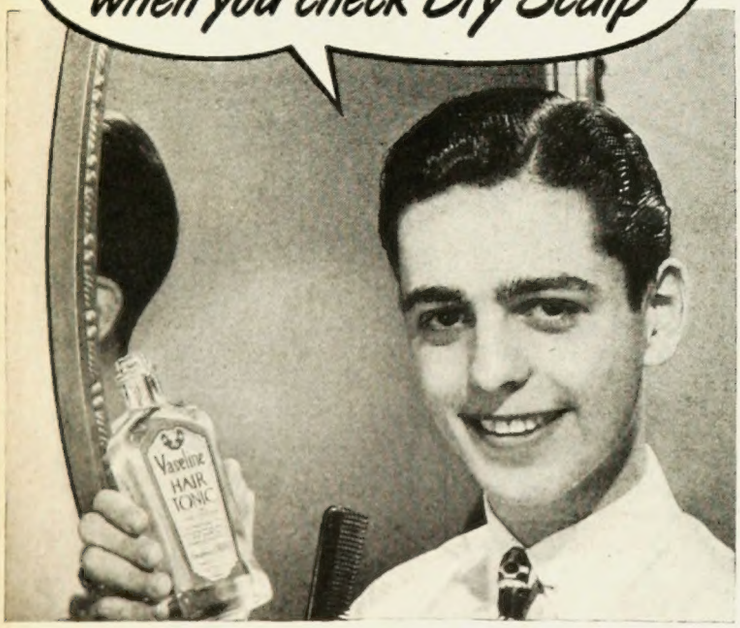
Ipana and Massage

Product of Bristol-Myers

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... A MASK is no disguise for him ... I'd know him anywhere with that hair ... looks as though he never combed it. There's the old loose dandruff, too... probably Dry Scalp. Someone should tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic ... it might as well be me."

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp



WHAT A DIFFERENCE! ... That's what happens when you check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day do the trick. Your hair looks better. Your scalp feels better. Itchiness and loose dandruff disappear. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with Nature—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care to scalp and hair ... and more economical than other hair tonics.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

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Cover: Pussyfooting
Painted by John W. James

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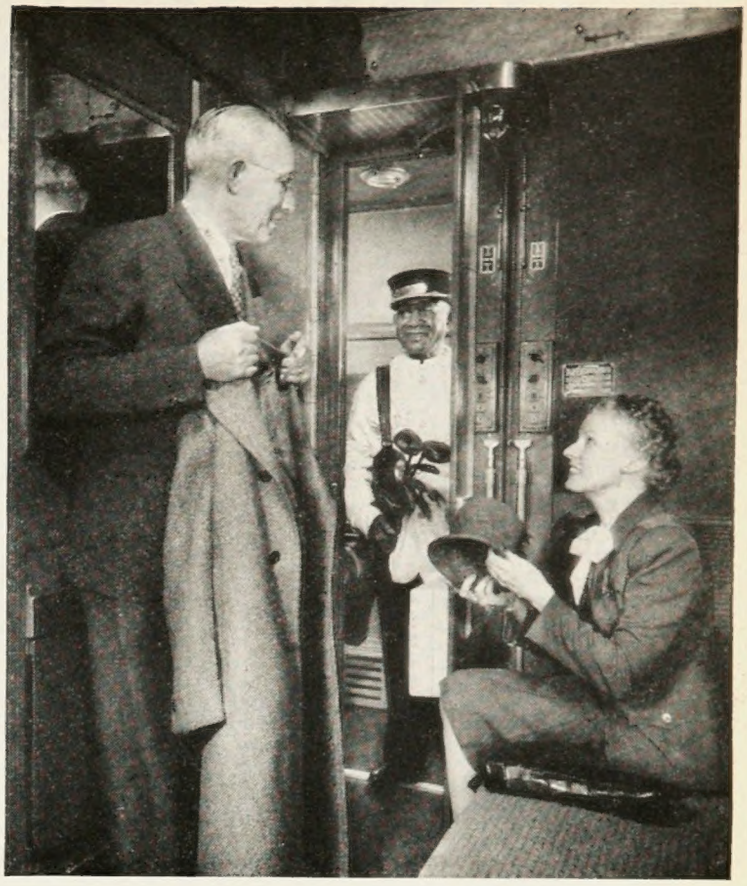
HOW TO GET SOME *EXTRA FUN*

OUT OF YOUR VACATION !



1 **Start to relax** and enjoy yourself *on the way* to where you're going! For a trip that's lots of fun—and gets you there *safely* on *dependable* railroad schedules—*make Pullman reservations.*

2 **Your Pullman space** is all your own—in an all-steel, air-conditioned car. No worry about weather, roads or mountains. For more than 80 years, Pullman's been the *safest way of going places fast!*

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WHEN YOU GO ON YOUR VACATION... *GO PULLMAN* THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

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VOX POP

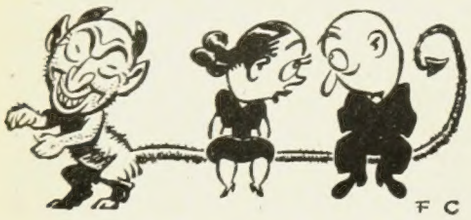
"The Voice of the People"

EDITORIAL OPPOSITION

CLIFTON, N. C.—Would you tell us subscribers to Liberty just how much the liquor gang paid you for your editorials on grain conservation and Beer versus Bread (May 11 and May 18)?—*C. S. Eastridge.*

Ten cents a copy—the only price for which Liberty can be bought.—VOX POP EDITOR.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—You, in your dignified way, Paul Hunter, are one



of the best agents Satan has in his campaign to destroy manhood and womanhood.—*Pryde E. Hinton.*

JEFFERSONIANS

HAMLET, N. C.—Dorothy Warriner, writing in Vox Pop (May 4), evidently has some confused ideas of the true conception of the Democratic Party. She wants the party to repudiate what she calls "the Southern reactionaries." Well, we feel the same way about it.

Many of us now realize that it would be wise to abandon the label of "Democrat" which has been so grossly misused by political opportunists. Many of us want to espouse the cause of true democracy, as promulgated by Jefferson. But political expediency makes it difficult to find a leader with sufficient courage to do so.—*J. E. McLauchlin.*

POLICE DOG WITH TEETH

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If all the nations of the world do not give up the right to wage war *now*, fifty years from now there won't be enough people left alive on this earth to start a bridge game, let alone a world government.

What we need is a world court for the settling of international disputes only. This world court should be backed up by a compact, powerfully armed international police force. It should police every nation in the world, to make certain that rigid restrictions on the manufacturing of weapons of war are not being violated; but, other than that, should have no jurisdiction over the internal affairs of any country.—*Robert F. Ford.*

SMOKE THAT, BOYS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Alice L. Fauber's axiom in Vox Pop (May 11) that "when a female really acts like a lady, there are plenty of gentlemen among the males—all ages" gives me a decided pain in the clavicle.

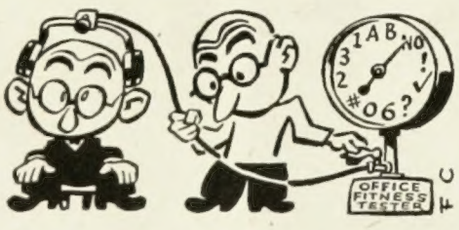
Perhaps the men would like to put this corollary in their pipes and smoke it: When a male really acts like a gentleman, there are plenty of ladies among the females—all ages.—*Mrs. D. M. Edwards.*

IT'S SELF-PRESERVATION

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Did it ever occur to W. E. Fisher (Vox Pop, May 11), who resents a loan to Britain, that it is to our best advantage to keep Britain going as the world's biggest customer? Britain has always been the biggest importer of American goods, and if she were not helped to recover after her tremendous losses through fighting alone until 1941, American trade would be in a bad way.—*Donald Stokes.*

TESTING

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Can anyone offer any good plausible reason why men or women seeking public office



should not file applications and take a test for their fitness and ability to handle the work they seek in the public service?—*C. M. Way.*

Human nature probably.—VOX POP EDITOR.

LIBERTY BAGS A HOMER

NORFOLK, VA.—Thanks to Charles Donelan for his Take Me Out to the Ball Game cover (May 18). It's a diamond of a cover, showing us in the rough, but really true to life.—*Mrs. Marjorie S. Truitt.*

A bottle of soda pop to Mrs. Truitt for her cheers from the bleachers.—VOX POP EDITOR.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

HE BELIEVES IN YOUTH

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH'S understanding of the teen-age mind springs from a firm belief in the American youth of today—bobby sox, slang and all. And his son, just out of adolescence and the Navy, probably has something to do with it. When he was a kid, Bosworth was too busy having fun to be seriously interested in anything, including education. He rattled around cattle and sheep ranches, worked for the railroad; then got married and settled down to newspaper work. Now, "after leaving the Navy with the rank of commander and the imprints of swivel chairs from Iceland to Guadalcanal," he lives ten miles up in the California hills and raises short stories like SIXTEEN IS AN ATOMIC AGE on page 34.

LARDNER AT BAT

WHEN a sniper's bullet in Iwo Jima wrote "finis" to John Lardner's career as a war correspondent, he returned to New York and the sports writers' fold. The thirty-four-year-old author has run into some pretty cockeyed situations in fifteen years of newspaper reporting and writing. But the Mexican crisis, he says, "is one of the drollest and most interesting things that has happened in baseball in twenty-five years." And he tells about it in THE GREAT BASEBALL BAMBOOZLE on page 17 in this week's issue.

NEXT WEEK

GERMANY is the biggest hot potato in the current game of political beanbag. And unless we quit kidding ourselves, Americans will pay and pay. In DIVIDE AND RUIN, Francis Rufus Bellamy suggests a way out. . . . Midget auto racing is here to stay. So climb into the grandstands with Charles Dexter and there'll be thrills, spills, and chills as DOODLEBUG DIPPY drivers careen around the track. . . . History is full of people who fell for a smell. Now Robert T. Furman tells you how industry, with science's help, is capitalizing on what THE NOSE KNOWS. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE MESSENGER, by R. V. C. Bodley, is the dramatic biography of the man whose voice guides three hundred million Moslems today.

"I promise to love, honor, obey" . . . . . and

cook meals . . . . . buy groceries . . . make beds sort laundry . . . . . dust furniture . . . . . sew curtains . . . . darn socks take care of babies . . . . entertain guests . . . . . etc.

Lady, you have a job!

In fact, twenty jobs. That young husband of yours is counting on you for so many things. If he were to lose you, he'd be in a tough spot. He'd have to get a lot of help and get it fast . . . have to spend time and money making the necessary readjustments.

But these thoughts may never occur to him. It may be up to you to speak first . . . to explain to him that the way for him to protect himself is to insure *your* life, just as he has insured his life to protect you. And, of course, the cash value of the policy would soon represent a nice little nest egg if it were needed.

A Penn Mutual Underwriter can explain **"wife insurance"** to you and your husband in detail. Experience has made Penn Mutual Underwriters familiar with the needs of people just like you. They can give you some helpful pointers on Social Security, too, for it is their business to put together the various items that concern a family's future and fit them into a pattern that will bring security and peace of mind.

THE PENN MUTUAL
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FOUNDED IN 1847
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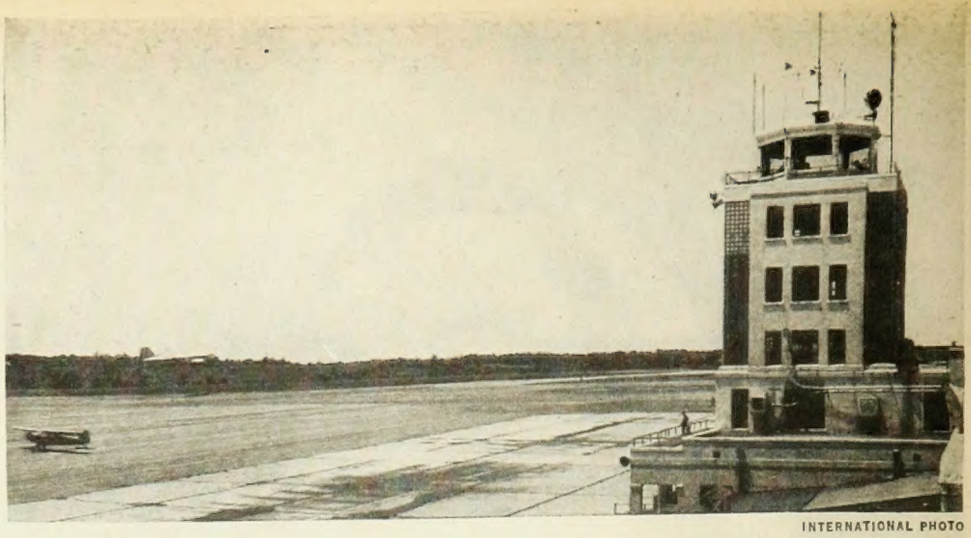
YOUR LIFE PLAN DESERVES THE EXPERT GUIDANCE OF A PENN MUTUAL UNDERWRITER

ON THE BEAM

Watch aviation in the Southeast grow, once delivery of planes is stepped up! . . . A look-in on Atlanta's airport and operators

BY WAYNE PARRISH



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Atlanta's municipal airport and its control tower in a moment of relaxation. Now that landings and take-offs total 30,000 a month, such moments must be few and far between.

Atlanta, Georgia

ONLY one thing is retarding the greatest development of aviation the Southwest has ever experienced. That one item is slow delivery of new planes from the factories. The plane buyers have put down cash deposits with their orders. There are far more airports than before the war, and more and better local service operators. But the planes are coming through by ones and twos and the market calls for thousands.

Take for example Southeastern Air Service, Inc., on Atlanta's municipal airport, distributor for the Ercoupe, the Seabee, and the Stinson. Cecil Gilham of Southeastern told me he has 610 Ercoupe orders on the books, but his factory quota for the year is only 500 and so far only a few have been delivered. Only one Stinson 150 has arrived. At this writing, no Republic Seabee amphibians have, although the factory is about ready to start large volume production.

Typical of most operators in this area, Southeastern is profiting from the G.I. Bill of Rights. Some ninety-six vets are taking regular flight training courses. The firm charges $7 an hour for solo flight time and $11 an hour for dual, which is about average.

"Get me some new planes so I can fill my orders and I'll really show you some business," Gilham said.

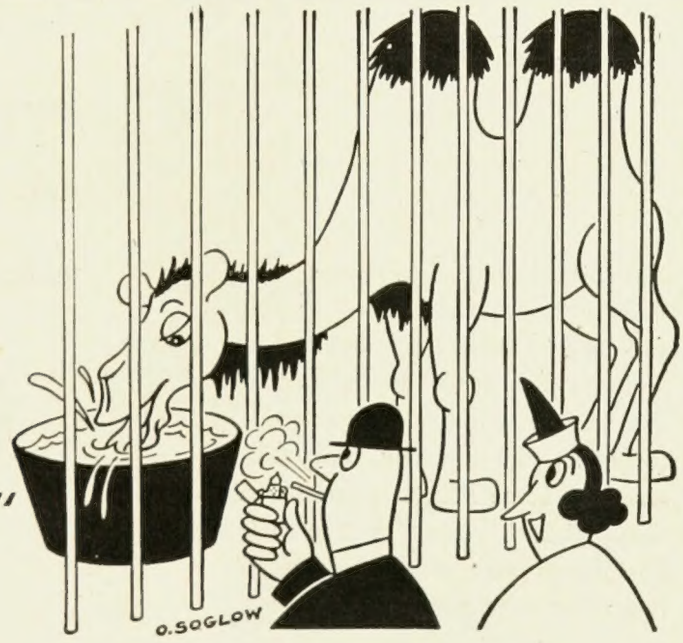
Always a good measuring stick for aviation business is the local supply outfit, the firm that handles small parts and gadget items. Lion Mason's Aviation Supply Corporation, also on Atlanta airport and maintaining branches throughout the Southeast, is in the same boat as the distributor and dealer. The acute shortage of airplane fabric shows up in the many daily calls Mason can't begin to fill. There are other shortages, too, but otherwise business is good. Mason thinks 1947 will see aviation in the Southeast reach its highest peak.

Another weather vane is the Atlanta airport control tower, operated by the federal CAA with veteran Ben Faulkner in charge. All you need is ten minutes in the tower to appreciate the terrific job involved in directing air traffic at a busy airport. During the war the number of landings and take-offs reached 36,000 a month and included everything from the fastest military types to the smallest planes. Right after the war the volume dropped to 20,000 a month. But now Faulkner reports the total is back up to 30,000 and he expects it to reach 36,000 again in a short time.

Jack Gray, Atlanta's popular airport manager, is a harassed man, as is the average airport manager the country over. His facilities are taxed to the limit, his passenger terminal is overcrowded, he needs longer runways. His face brightens, however, when he tells me that the Army Air Forces is moving off his airport and this move will release some much needed buildings and a hangar. Atlanta has planned for a new and large airport terminal on the west side of its airport.

On another side of the field is Ed Howington's Aero Corporation,

No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO



It's a Long Time "Between Drinks" with a ZIPPO, Too

Yes, an average smoker goes for well over a week without refilling his post-war ZIPPO *Windproof* LIGHTER. It holds just about the biggest fuel supply of any pocket lighter.

And the genuine ZIPPO is sealed tight against evaporation when the snug fitting lid is kept closed by the exclusive hinge-lever. It is even practically waterproof.

More slender—rounded corners and edges—fits snugger in pocket. Demand the genuine.

ZIPPO MFG. CO., Dept. L, Bradford, Pa.

$2.50

$3.50 with initials or signature. Others to $175

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

which also operates its own private field at Charlotte, North Carolina. Howington is Aeronca and Swift distributor (needs many planes to fill his orders) and engages in airplane financing. Wartime consumer credit regulations are beginning to have a serious effect on the airplane business, he relates, because plane owners don't get credit on financing of new airplanes by trading in their old ones. He thinks the rules should be eased up in this regard and the term of financing should be extended from its present twelve months.

But Howington is banking on the future. He has a $65,000 hangar going up at Atlanta with the first radiant-heat hangar floor in the South, and he's investing big money in his own field at Charlotte, where he has ninety persons employed. Before the war a half dozen persons at such a field would have meant good business.

Next door to Howington is Southern Airways with its two big hangars. Southern is distributor for Beech, has already sold a number of executive-type transports to corporations, and is waiting for the new Beech personal plane to arrive. Tom Eve, Southern's vice-president, says business is good but it's going to get much better.

Two other firms are on the airport —Gate City Aero Service and Blevins Aircraft Corporation. Blevins is the Piper Cub distributor and probably has received more new planes than anyone else in this area. He has some thirty-six dealers scattered around the state.

ATLANTA itself is handicapped by the lack of small airfields. Charlotte, North Carolina, boasts five privately owned fields for personal flying in addition to its big municipal airport.

Aviation is getting its biggest boost in the small towns. A survey made a year ago showed one private plane for every 369 persons in Burgaw, North Carolina; one for every 375 persons in Orangeburg, South Carolina; one for every 6,407 in Jacksonville, Florida. Charlotte is one of the most air-minded cities, with one for every 1,136 persons. Operators in this area report their biggest source of business is in the smaller communities.

The G.I. training will be a big factor in boosting local flying, too. CAA-approved training schools are gearing up for training many thousands of veterans under the federal program.

In all of this expansion it is the lot of genial and capable William B. Roberston, CAA regional administrator at Atlanta, and his deputy, Sam Kemp, to ensure safety, keep the rules enforced, and help communities with their airport problems. A firm but wise federal civil servant, Robertson believes in commonsense interpretation of the regulations. He is doing much to help aviation to grow in the Southeast.

If you can't stop - don't start

STOPPER SAYS— "Yes, friend, you're on the right track when you *Stop, Look & Listen* to the mechanic who recommends and installs American Brakeblok Brake Lining. It's the *best*—and it won't take you long to discover why many leading automobile manufacturers use it in their new cars and trucks."

American Brakeblok

BRAKE LINING

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DETROIT 9, MICHIGAN

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Perfection's Mirror
when it meets PM face to face!
Here's a quality so smooth it goes well with gardenias . . .
Here's fame so sure it's becoming to hosts . . .
Yea, here's whiskey so mellow it welcomes the chance
to reflect a good fellow's good taste!

IF IT ISN'T PM IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York
Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Mexico—Left and Right

Mexico's presidential election is coming up. Here are the candidates and how they feel about us—which is one of the major issues

BY CAMILLE M. CIANFARRA

Mexico City.

THE United States is always a major issue in any Mexican election, and when Mexico goes to the polls on July 7 in its first presidential election of the postwar period, the big neighbor north of the border will be a bigger issue than ever.

When we are striving to put continental solidarity on a lasting foundation, the election of a Mexican president to a six-year term becomes an event of great significance for us as well as for all the American nations. For our Good Neighbor policy had its first application in 1933 in Mexico, and not infrequently other Latin-American nations use our policy toward Mexico as a yardstick to gauge their relations with us.

But there is more to our ties with Mexico than politics and diplomacy. That is why we need to know something of the men and the issues involved in the Mexican presidential campaign.

To begin with, our neighbor is an important market for our goods, as we are for hers. In 1945 we accounted for 82 per cent of her total imports and for 84 per cent of her exports. Besides, our investments in Mexico are conservatively estimated at $500,000,000. More important than

(Continued on page 60)

All over Mexico, walls bear the likeness of Miguel Aleman, presidential candidate. A rich middle-roader, he has the apparent support of the government machine.

Aleman's opponent is Ezequiel Padilla, a master of oratory and founder of the new Mexican Democratic Party. Mexicans, obviously, take their politics seriously.

JEROME ROLLAND PHOTOS FROM INTERNATIONAL

Southern California waters mean perfect swimming, sailing and fishing.

California's Got It

Thousands of vacationists are heading westward to the Golden State again. In case you've forgotten, here's what you'll see, pay, and play in the land of the heavy dew

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

In Yosemite National Park, Nature outdid herself for the vacationist.

AFTER four years out of tourist circulation, California is now just about ready to welcome vacationists again. They have begun to arrive already, despite entreaties to stay away until late summer or fall. Even the early arrivals won't be disappointed. For, of all the states, California has most to offer the vacationist, year in, year out, and year around.

The best way to see California is in an automobile or bus. A motor-livery concern runs low-cost tours for groups, and has branches in all the principal vacation spots.

Hollywood remains the state's major attraction. You're almost sure to find some of the stars between 1 and 2 P.M. at the Vine Street or Beverly Hills Brown Derby. Lucey's, which is located on Marathon Street, close to both RKO-Radio and Paramount, is another luncheon favorite. Also Mike Romanoff's in Beverly

J. FRED BOND PHOTOS FROM GUILLUMETTE

Only a four-hour drive from the ocean's lazy warmth and you're skiing in the High Sierras.

Hills, or Perino's on Wilshire Boulevard.

Favorite night spots are along the Sunset Strip, that piece of Sunset Boulevard which connects Hollywood with Beverly Hills. There are a half dozen to choose from, but you might stalk Ciro's, and almost everyone in pictures from time to time pops into the famed Cocoanut Grove at the Ambassador Hotel for a late dance and a nightcap. Celebrity hunting there is especially good and the atmosphere glamorous enough for anybody. For a tip (no silver, please!) the headwaiter will point out who is sitting where.

But the best hour for star gazing is before breakfast. You can buy lists of home addresses of prominent movie personalities, and, in fact, some leading hotels distribute them to guests. A check-up with the

studios will determine which of your favorites is shooting a picture. Stake yourself out by the driveway of her home and watch her leave for work in the morning. This is an early event, sometimes around 7 A.M., but the results are guaranteed.

But there is more to see in Hollywood than picture people. Ride up in the hills along Mullholland Drive in the late afternoon and watch the sunset over San Fernando Valley. You're only five minutes or so from Hollywood Boulevard, but you may see, as I have, deer and cottontails in the roadside brush. As night falls, park your car on the Hollywood side of the hills and marvel as millions of lights carpet the world at your feet. It's a spectacle that rivals the world-renowned tiara of lights seen from San Francisco's Top o' the Mark.

Also, tourists stream to the Chinese Theater to gaze at a cement walk stippled with the hand- and hoofprints of the celluloid great.

THE Spanish influence on California can be discerned in block-long Olivera Street which juts off the Plaza in downtown Los Angeles. Here stalls and shops sell cheap souvenirs and splendid native handcrafts, and restaurants dispense Mexican food and atmosphere.

A short drive from Hollywood lies the famous Santa Anita track, where for sixteen dollars—if they're running—you can back a horse in every race and maybe even win. People have.

From Santa Anita you can drive to Palm Springs, the highly publicized desert wintering spot. A few years ago it was a quiet retreat, but now, throughout the season, it's alive with people in slacks and sun suits. Here, too, is off-the-road Palm Canyon, where a three-mile hike through thousands of palms ends incredibly in a wall of delicate maidenhair fern. Beyond Palm Springs is La Quinta, newest discovery of the movie colony, and the Palms-to-Pines Highway which lifts you in a few minutes from the hot subsea-level floor of Cochellea Valley to the timbered coolness of the San Jacinto Mountains.

PHOTO FROM CALIFORNIANS, INC.

San Francisco's cable cars almost stand on end, for those hills are steeper than they look. The city is nearly perpendicular, except for sections reclaimed from the bay.

Near here, also, is Indio, center of California's fabulous date industry, where you refresh yourself with a date milk shake, a meal that is served in a glass and must be eaten with a spoon.

Hollywood's contribution to culture is typically exhibitionistic. Here Sid Grauman imprints the late John Barrymore's profile outside the Chinese Theater.

BEYOND Indio is the sprawling Mojave, a vast desert of greasewood and cactus. If you stay there a year, the saying goes, you'll never leave. The Mojave blooms in late March and April. Minute wild flowers blossom in tiny varicolored stars. The great yucca sends up its giant cream-colored cluster. The monkey-tail cactus is tipped with red. The jumping cactus blooms delicate yellow, and the unreal prehistoric Joshua tree, whose great twisted branches symbolically pointed the way west for desert-weary wagon trains, is topped with gleaming white. The lure of California's desert is potent in early spring.

South from Indio is the Imperial Valley, one of the state's great reclamation projects. This irrigated desert grows off-season vegetables that bring top prices in the nation's markets. East of the valley is San Diego, where California's vaunted climate approaches perfection. Coronado has a good beach, and just across the border in Lower California are Tijuana and Agua Cali-

(*Continued on page 79*)

HOTSHOT

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

In Chicago's Blue Island yard, the NY8—86 cars of perishable food this particular night—starts on her hotshot run to New York.

PHOTOS BY DON AHLERS

IN American railroading, the title "hotshot" is a sort of honorary degree reserved for the famous freight limiteds like the "Perishable NY8," the hottest hotshot on the New York Central. Come out to Chicago and climb aboard; let's see what makes this train hot.

NY8 whistles off at 6.15 P.M. Two blasts of its steamy tenor, and the big driving wheels of its Hudson locomotive bite into the rails of Blue Island yard on the south fringe of Chicago. Sand pours on the rails as those drivers bite in, for the NY8 is lugging sixty-eight cars loaded with perishables, mainly meat, poultry, butter, cheese, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and milk for the hungry palates of the East.

The locomotive is a 4-8-4, which means it has four small wheels in front, eight big drivers in the middle, and four small wheels in back.

Conductor Merlin (Moe) Smith, redheaded flagman George Chester Wood, and I swing aboard the caboose of Old Perishable as she gathers headway out of the yard. The engineer, fireman, and brakeman are in the head end. Moe, George, and I have no contact with them once the train gets rolling; sixty-eight locked and sealed cars separate the two crews.

A few miles out of Blue Island I get my first lesson about freight trains. Not only do they jerk when they stop and start; they jerk every time the train hits an incline or a decline and every time there's a sudden change in speed. This is the slack running in and out.

On the first big jerk out of Blue Island my $12.50 pipe pops out of my mouth and sails off the rear platform of the caboose.

I gaze forlornly at the disappearing black speck.

"Don't worry, partner. I'll get it back for you," Moe says soothingly. He sits down at his linoleum-covered desk in the caboose and writes out a telegram to assistant superintendent

Climb aboard the famous NY8 and get the feel—from cab to caboose—of the new freights that pace the limiteds to deliver food fresh

Henry Chorman, 33 years a railroader, was wheeling his giant Diesel-electric at 50 when this picture was made. He took the run from Cleveland to Erie, Pa.

Malcolm W. Bell, back at Blue Island:

WHITMAN LOST PIPE 100 FEET EAST FIRST BRIDGE EAST OF BLUE ISLAND TRACK TWO.

Flagman George wraps the message around an old fusee (a red signal flare something like a Roman candle). As we near the signal tower at Ivanhoe, George hangs out of the caboose waving the message, and Moe toots the air whistle. Then George lets go with his pitching arm and the message clatters over the roadbed.

But wait—the tower operator has his head out the window. He's waving with one hand and holding his nose with the other. What does it mean? Well, it means (and not confidentially) that the NY8 stinks.

"We got a hotbox sign," George announces. Moe, whose head is already out the caboose window, can smell the acrid stench of burning grease, and gray smoke is wafting back along the cars. Probably one of the journal boxes (where the axles fit into their bearings) has been inadequately packed with lubricant, and the friction is burning it up. That's a hotbox — cause of more railroad wrecks than any other factor.

Back at Ivanhoe the signal operator telegraphs the next tower at Tolleston, a few miles down the line, that we're coming along with a hotbox. So the Tolleston operator holds his nose as our head end roars by, and thus warns our engineer. The operator also shunts us off on a siding at Gary and the NY8 grinds to a stop.

Moe, George, and I run ahead about twenty cars to the one that smokes and smells. The rear wheels and the brake shoes are burning up, so it's not a hotbox, after all. It's a stuck brake. Moe and George bleed the air out of it, releasing those red-hot shoes, and all's well. Then George lights a fusee and waves a highball to the head end, swinging the light up and down in the go-ahead signal.

The pipe? Oh, Bell got the telegram all right. The Ivanhoe operator tapped it out, and back at Blue Island a rescue expedition retrieved my brier. It arrived at my home by mail a few days later.

The NY8 changes crews at Elkhart, the end of the Western Division, as all freights do at the end of each division. For the next leg of the run we get a Diesel engine and conductor Carl Fitz and flagman Bob Elliott hook on their caboose.

A crew always sticks with its own caboose, its home, office, and club. Carl and Bob have theirs trimmed with a Currier and Ives print called American Railroad Scene, a picture of a chubby little baby, an Irish setter, and an American flag.

Coffee boils on their cast-iron stove, and a chest under their bunks holds turtles and spare knuckles in case of trouble. A knuckle is the part of a car coupling that shears off under a too savage yank, and a turtle is a gimmick to get a derailed car back on the track.

Three miles east of Goshen, Indiana, we spot the headlight of No. 80, the Maumee, a Chicago-Pittsburgh passenger flyer, glimmering down the track behind us. It is on Track 2 and so are we. It's breathing down our neck through the night. For twenty miles No. 80 is roaring after us as we charge down the rails at full speed. Finally we're shunted off to Track 4, the eastbound slowpoke, and the Maumee flies arrogantly by. Bob waves a highball from the rear platform and she condescendingly blinks her headlight in return.

No matter. A few minutes later Old Perishable "hangs up a hide" herself. That's rail lingo for overtaking another train. We streak ahead of a grumbling freight which has moved off the main line for the Maumee and then, in humiliation, dropped off to a siding for us.

At Airline Junction, Toledo, we stop to re-ice our refrigerator cars and inspect brakes and journal boxes on the entire train.

I go up into the Diesel locomotive with engineer Harvey Wincenried for the next leg of the journey. It is still pitch dark and Cleveland lies ahead. Harvey, with a cigar in his teeth, is sitting in the padded armchair of the Diesel's cab with broad glass windows on three sides of him, like the cockpit of a Flying Fortress.

He gets the highball and whistles off, not the strident steam whistle but the hoarse moo of the Diesel, like a sea lion yearning for mackerel.

As we purr down the tracks, the block signals come out of the darkness, the reassuring green-over-red promising us a clear track ahead. Harvey's foot rests heavily on the dead-man's pedal. If an engineer dies suddenly, faints, or leaves his post for any reason, the pressure comes off that pedal and the train stops cold.

A deep-chested 4-8-4 snakes NY8 out of Syracuse at dawn.

Dawn breaks at 5.10, and fifteen minutes later the Twentieth Century Limited, westbound for Chicago, tears by us with a low rumble.

We're in Cleveland's Collinwood Yard at 8.14, forty-one minutes ahead of schedule. And from there NY8 speeds on to Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, and New York, bringing New Yorkers those tons of food forty-seven hours after it left Chicago.

Perhaps you've wondered why freight trains have one car labeled New York Central, the next Santa Fe, the next Chicago & North-Western, the next Pennsylvania, the next Union Pacific,, and so on in a seemingly aimless jumble. That's because freight cars are loaded, sealed, and routed straight through to their destination no matter how many different railroads have tc haul them. An organization called the Car Service Division of the Association of American Railroads sees that the cars eventually get home, sometimes after months or even years of wandering. Each railroad pays $1.15 a day for each car of another railroad which it has on its tracks.

In the woolly West, the pride of the Chicago & North-Western Railway is a hotshot meat train known as the Calumet, usually of eighty cars, hauled by a 4-8-4 engine. One hundred cars make a mile, so the Calumet is four fifths of a mile long. Half of it is made up of meat on the hoof: steers, hogs, and sheep riding from Omaha to Chicago in "animal Pullman" luxury that combines kindness to animals and kindness to pocketbooks. Give a hog bad accommodations and he becomes dis-

gruntled (no pun), loses weight, and brings less at the packing house.

The Bureau of Animal Husbandry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture insists that livestock be unloaded, fed, and rested for five hours for each thirty-six hours on the road. Stock cars are floored with straw for warmth in the winter, and with sand for cool bedding in the summer. During heat waves, ice is spread on the floor to comfort the hogs, who are more sensitive than other livestock. These discriminating passengers also get hose showers during the stopovers.

Lambs from San Bernardino, California, reach New York in eleven days, with six unloadings and feedings to keep them fat and in good fettle.

Another crack train of the West is the Valley Paper, a C. & N.-W. hotshot that roars down the Fox River Valley for Chicago late every afternoon with seventy-five boxcars full of paper: writing paper, wrapping paper, toilet paper, facial tissues, and slick magazine stock from the Wisconsin-Minnesota paper heart of America.

A 5,400 - horsepower Diesel — an engine 193 feet long, and one of the most powerful gadgets on rails—hauls the Red Ball 43 over the toughest terrain on the Santa Fe. The longest-winded hotshot in the business, the 43 runs 2,500 miles, all the way from Chicago to San Francisco, panting and puffing and purring its way for six days and using six different types of engines to negotiate the tricky variations of terrain.

Freight trains, and not the swanky flyers, are the lifeblood of a railroad. The Twentieth Century and the Chief are fine, but it's Old Perishable and her fellow luggers that bring in 80 per cent of the revenue.

Latest model cars eliminate one of railroading's fondest traditions: the truss rods underneath, which formed a sort of waffle-iron bed for many a hobo. New all-metal cars don't need these supports.

Another disappearing tradition is the cupola on top of the caboose. This gives the conductor and flagman a perch from which to watch the train and sniff for hot hotboxes. New model cabooses have bay windows on the sides, affording a better view of the trucks on the cars ahead.

Brains are working overtime these days to make the hotshots even hotter. It's a battle for power—electric, Diesel, and steam—to flex those big steel muscles ever faster.

Since the end of the war the New York Central has put into service twenty-seven mammoth Niagaras, 6,000-horsepower steam locomotives with streamlined tops minus the traditional dome. The Pennsylvania Railroad has staged trial runs with its new S-2, a steam turbine locomotive hailed as the most powerful ever built. Weighing 500 tons, this giant develops 6,900 horsepower and can haul a fully loaded train on its coattails at 100 miles an hour.

Ten major railroads are experimenting with yet another form of motive power: the turbo-electric locomotive. This generates steam first and uses it to generate the electricity that drives the locomotive. Another variation on the drafting boards is the gas-turbo-electric locomotive, which uses the gas from powdered coal to generate electricity.

Way out in the foggy future is, of course, the possibility of atomic power. The word has gone around that in a secret laboratory in Elmira, New York, Ralph Lucas, chief engineer of the U. S. Industrial Research and Development Company, has been dabbling with the idea of running trains on split atoms. Lucas admits he is "working on a revolutionary power plant," but says his methods "differ materially from those used in the production of the atomic bomb."

Motive power has come a long way since the 1820s, when the visionary fathers of the Baltimore & Ohio tried to hoist sails on a train and run it on wind. What with the impossibility of tacking into an adjacent cornfield and their embarrassment when they came to a tunnel, the gentlemen quickly put this aside as one hell of a way to run a railroad.

In today's competition with trucks and planes, the railroads have their eyes on speed. Until now,

(*Continued on page 85*)

Isaac Sutton, conductor from Elkhart to Toledo, checks his consist. Flagman Ed Lewis eyes the trucks of a westbound freight, watching for hot-boxes. Cabooses, too, have pin-ups.

On the flat between Cleveland and Erie, the NY8 streaks by a slow-poke freight and meets an onrushing express.

Here's the business end of a modern Diesel as it brays for a crossing. That convex dial at left indicates speed.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Ex-Giant Georgie Hausmann is the batter. The stands, even in this Mexico City park, are smaller than most of their U. S. counterparts.

The Great Baseball Bamboozle

Big-league baseball ranks slightly under the Supreme Court in the people's esteem, but when some of its coolies flew the coop to Mexico recently, the lid was off. A writer who has long ached to tell all exposes a mighty myth

BY JOHN LARDNER

BASEBALL is a fine game. Big-league baseball, for my money, is unmatched in the field of professional entertainment for skill, grace, and drama in a handsome setting. However, on its upper or "organized" level, baseball also is in many ways the silliest and smuggest industry that ever pretended to be something else.

People who sell tooth paste tell you with straight faces some comical things about the alchemy which will give your fangs a stupefying effect on the opposite sex, but they never deny that their object is to make money hustling tooth paste. And they pay for their advertising frankly and openly. Baseball tries to palm itself off as everything in the world but a business—as a patriotic ritual, a national youth movement, a molder of character, a prophetic prepaid message from Thomas Jefferson. It does not advertise commercially, except for a stick of type now and then to announce when a game begins. It relies for advertising on its "news value," and it has pretty firm ideas of what the news should be. When news breaks in the wrong direction, the cries of the national pastime are pitiful indeed, and more than slightly raucous.

I hear from a man in the psychiatric dodge that a split personality like baseball's will produce neuroses. Sometimes neuroses take living forms. Last spring in Florida a fun-loving pitcher named Jean Pierre Roy put on an Indian blanket and a sombrero and stalked around the Brooklyn Dodgers' training camp whispering hoarse offers of $1,000,000.80 to the personnel to "jump to the Mexican League." Monsieur Roy was indulging in social satire, but it did not seem funny to his employer, Branch Rickey. To Mr. Rickey and other baseball geniuses around the country, the figure presented by M. Roy was straight out of the bad dreams which had been afflicting them all spring, waking and sleeping, and which created a hangover that still endures.

One day that same week Mr. Rickey saw a real live Mexican League agent. He looked better dressed and less sinister than Roy's imitation, but he looked so evil to Mr. Rickey, just the same, that the great man tried to run him out of town and passed the word to all the peaceful villages of the neighborhood to have their vigilantes ready for strangers with fountain pens and checkbooks. Mr. Clark Griffith, a fellow baseball statesman, of Wash-

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Catcher Mickey Owen, a long way from Ebbets Field, in a pre-game huddle with his Vera Cruz battery-mate, Ramon Bragana.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Nuevo Laredo fans line up for reserved seats hours ahead of a night game with Tampico. Both teams are using U.S. players.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Sal Maglie and Roy Zimmerman, leaving for Mexico, had to pack in the gate house. The Giants barred 'em from the clubhouse.

ington, immediately cut himself in for a piece of the Rickey hemorrhage.

"If a ballplayer goes to Mexico," yelled Mr. Griffith, "bar him for life!"

You can measure the folly of a group of industry by the folly of its reactions. Folly, in fact, is a kindly word for it. What baseball leaders of the Rickey-Griffith school were defending in the name of loyalty and patriotism—if they could have rushed an Army division to Mexico with planes and mortars, they would have done it—was baseball's fragrant system of the monopoly market and the one-way contract.

When the brothers Pasquel of Mexico began last winter to offer jobs to players in the American big leagues, they created for the first time in thirty years an open, or at least a double, market. They also threatened a test of the virtue of the American baseball contract, which leaves the player with approximately the same equity as a lamb chop. Our baseball owners relied for defense chiefly on intimidation, office blackmail, local court injunctions, and patriotism. Patriotism is something baseball has made a rather curious use of for a long time. Mr. Griffith has been successful in persuading a sizable string of Presidents of the United States to attend the season's opening game, and this and several other less wholesome devices are all part of a private and not unskillful campaign to make the business seem "national" or Constitutionally sacred.

ONCE in a while they go too far with it. During the war, when there was some doubt that baseball could be continued, the owners talked of drafting a new code which would throw baseball and its problems into the lap of the President for final decisions. The President at the time was F. D. Roosevelt. He brushed off with a cool grin this brash attempt to connect his high office with the bread and butter of a few dozen hungry financiers.

The Star-Spangled Banner was waved again this year when the "raids" of the Mexican League began to threaten baseball's closed market. In behalf of national security, the brothers Pasquel were called dreadful names by such hardy frontier spirits as:

(*a*) Horace Stoneham. When Mr. Stoneham tossed three of his worst-paid New York Giants out of their hotel for negotiating with Mexico, it was learned that the Giant club had rewarded its players only the year before—from the richest gate receipts in its history—with a gift of autographed baseballs. Their ingratitude in the face of such treatment appalled Mr. Stoneham.

(*b*) Branch Rickey. The Mexican campaign caught Mr. Rickey at a very painful time, right in the middle of one of his youth movements. The youth movement, a system mastered by Mr. Rickey in his long career of embracing nickels in St. Louis, consists of replacing the better-paid hands with starving young bush leaguers at low salaries.

(*c*) Clark Griffith. During the war Mr. Griffith scoured Latin America from the Antilles to the Andes for cheap labor which might also be draftproof. He did very well at it. Mexico's search for American players enraged Mr. Griffith but, luckily, did not strike him dumb.

What hurt baseball statesmen as much as anything else in the Mexican emergency was the way their free advertising medium—the news columns of the American press—reacted. Almost uniformly the sports writers kidded the big leagues and quoted the remarks of Jorge Pasquel, chief spokesman for the brothers. This took a lot of quoting, for Señor Pasquel likes to talk. In the course of his conversation it developed that he really did have $100,000,000 to spend on baseball, that he was serious about entrenching league baseball in Mexico, and that he had a stylish building program in the works.

He also said that his "raids" had cast a good strong light on the peculiarities of organized baseball. He was right. They had. The bugs have been present in

baseball for quite some time, but it takes a little public crisis now and then to show them up.

If Rickey, Griffith, and Stoneham had been less panicky in defense of their monopoly rights, they would never have confused Pasquel with Pancho Villa. He belongs to a type quite familiar to them in their own counsels in recent years. His words, though they emerged from beneath a dark mustache, were similar in quantity and content to those of Leland Stanford MacPhail. His ideas were like MacPhail's—bigger and fancier baseball, ball parks with parking ramps or Louis Quatorze rest rooms or both.

The Mexican League, in its current jerry-built state, obviously is not going to undermine American baseball. It will capture and hold a number of the players cast up by the postwar surplus. In time, what with Pasquel's money and passionate baseball interest, it seems possible that Mexico will have one or two teams in a Far Western major league of international membership, and a sound minor-league system besides. In that event, Pasquel would take his logical place in the millionaires' wing of organized ball, and the slow, spotty evolution of the game would be a little further advanced. It is one of the peculiarities of baseball that the millionaires' wing is the progressive wing.

PASQUEL said once that MacPhail, the New York Yankee president, and Clark Griffith were the two most powerful men in American baseball. The statement was a little on the arbitrary side, but it had its points. Griff and MacPhail are leaders of the two chief factions of the game. In MacPhail's wing are the rich men: Briggs of Detroit, Wrigley of Chicago, Yawkey of Boston, Topping of New York. They show flashes of generosity and intelligence in their treatment of the game, mainly because they can afford to. But they do not move baseball along very fast, because they are inextricably linked by sympathy and habit with the reactionary, or shoestring, wing that is headed by Rickey, Griffith, and Sam Breadon of the Cardinals.

The progressives are standing by for slow, natural change. MacPhail introduces night baseball in small doses and then is somewhat horrified by the gulping use that Griffith and Breadon make of it to needle their bankrolls. But he does not interfere. Griffith is a baseball pioneer, a survivor from the old days when nearly every ball team was a shoestring outfit manned by peons. So is Connie Mack, the best window dressing in the Rickey-Griffith showcase.

"I learned some of my greatest lessons from Connie Mack," says Mr. Rickey reverently, meaning lessons on how to reduce the payroll.

"Connie Mack is a grand old man," says Mr. Griffith, fresh from a rather sharp waiver deal in which the grand old man was involved.

And Mack is truly a grand old man, whose only fault today is that he learned his baseball in the lean, tough times when that was the only kind of baseball there was, and survived through the generations by his own ingenuity and the help of the closed shop for owners. You cannot move a man like that aside. The progressives can only wait for the sort of change of ownership that has recently overtaken and improved the Boston Braves and the Philadelphia Phillies. Meanwhile they tolerate the one-sided craftiness of Rickey and Breadon. They engage in sharp practice themselves from habit. They do nothing to change the contract form which keeps the ballplayer in handcuffs. And for a high commissioner, to represent the game to the public, they come up with a vaudeville tenor who missed his calling.

The rich progressives howled just as loudly as the rest when the Pasquels poached in their woods—though maybe not so convincingly. MacPhail, the mouthpiece of the wealthy faction, is a gentleman who likes a bad press better than none at all, and he must have waited impatiently for the Mexicans to get around to him. When they finally did, MacPhail emitted a joyous whoop and (*Continued on page 69*)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Ace Adams, left, and Harry Feldman, late of the Giants, share exultant grins with Bernardo of the Mexican Brothers Pasquel.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

She's selling lottery tickets before a game in Mexico City. The Sunday games start at 11 A.M. to let fans attend bull fights.

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

These are Army hospital patients with emotional upsets caused or aggravated by war. Here, by group therapy, they're comparing their troubles, letting in healing daylight on each other's long-hidden fears. When this appears, most of them will be sound civilians again.

Bull Session for the Blues

BY YVONNE BEAUDRY

Group treatment of neuropsychiatric upsets is not only a time-saver—it's doing a difficult job better. And that's good news for neurotics

EVERYBODY knows what a relief it is to sound off—to get a load off his chest. Whether in a family confab, a lovers' quarrel or a business conference, airing our secret resentments, worries, or anger loosens up emotional tensions and, where good will exists, helps to improve our relations with our fellows.

How much better, though, if the root cause of these emotional tensions could be aired as well! If we could pluck out and examine the inner conflicts, some of which, dating from childhood, now find expression in hates, fears, and even illnesses. It would mean a maturer approach to life, better health, and sounder relationships with others.

Today, through a war-developed method of treatment called group psychotherapy, thousands of neuropsychiatric casualties are undergoing this very process in Army hospitals and convalescent centers. For an hour each day, twenty-five to thirty patients with similar problems—nervousness, anxiety, insomnia, crying spells, headaches, or stomach disorders for which no simple cause can be found—gather in what looks like a bull session. Guided by a psychiatrist, a clinical psychologist, or a psychiatric social worker, they discuss their experiences and compare and analyze their symptoms—what they are, what they mean, how they came to be. The purpose: to gain insight into their difficulties and so get rid of the hurtful tensions.

True, many patients at first demur at this "ventilation" or talking out their troubles. Some are skeptical, suspicious, or reluctant to discuss terrifying experiences of the past. But when they find that others, too, have queer symptoms, they're less disturbed about them, and soon join freely in the discussions. Indeed, it's the old story of misery loving company that gives group therapy its value.

A new group first discusses the

patients' symptoms and the circumstances that gave them birth. The psychiatrist explains simply how these neuroses or emotional disturbances are hidden conflicts between instinct and conscience, how they arise in a difficult situation such as stress of battle, and may reflect a childhood conflict. Such conflicts are unacceptable to a person's self-respect, so he converts them unconsciously into anxiety, guilty feelings, and other neurotic symptoms.

Working from this basis, each patient then delves into the past to dig out his hidden conflict and, with the psychiatrist's help, tries to relate it to his present condition. For he can master these symptoms and achieve a cure only by understanding and then accepting their underlying cause.

FREQUENTLY an individual comes to understand his symptoms by identifying himself with another patient who is analyzing his own. That happened with Grant Ferris, young war hero and one of the first exchange prisoners from Germany, who became a "combat fatigue" case in an Army general hospital.

Ferris was a staff sergeant aerial gunner. His plane was shot down over Germany, with himself the only survivor of the crew. His skull fractured by shrapnel, he parachuted and was taken prisoner. Shunted from one civilian hospital to another, he finally landed in a prison camp, where a British surgeon operated on his skull. Later, partly recovered, he was sent as an exchange prisoner to the United States, and a hero's welcome. Reporters and newsreel men interviewed him; he was asked to speak at bond rallies and over the radio; he was flown from New York to an inland hospital in a general's private plane.

There he seemed to be growing worse. His head injury was healed, but he continued to be extremely nervous. He couldn't concentrate. Particularly he tended to depreciate himself, to reiterate how unworthy he felt of all this attention. Clearly his case called for group therapy.

At first, the group discussions left him cold. Then one day he pricked up his ears. A man was telling how awful he felt because he had let his buddies down (a frequent reaction among soldiers who have been wounded or evacuated). Ferris recognized that feeling; it was with him night and day.

Before he knew it, he was bursting out with something he had never been able to voice until now—the obsession that he, too, had let his buddies down. He went on to describe his terrible feeling of guilt about being spared when his whole crew—to whom he had been deeply attached—was killed.

Ferris had succeeded in bringing his trouble to light. Now it was the psychiatrist's job to see that the boy analyzed his feeling of guilt in order to get at the basis of that trouble.

"I wonder if anything like that ever happened to you before you got in the Army?" he asked.

Ferris knit his brow, but before he could answer, another patient, Joe Collins, offered: "Once, when I was hurt in a football game, I felt I had let the team down."

"Well, getting hurt certainly isn't anyone's fault!" exclaimed another patient. "You don't do it on purpose!"

Here the psychiatrist was quick to allay some of Ferris' feeling of guilt: "It was just the same way when you got hit by a German shell—it wasn't your fault."

The group mulled that over for a moment, and then Collins resumed, a bitter note in his voice: "When I was a kid, people expected things of me—like the football coach who expected me to play and I couldn't. People get disappointed in you—even if it isn't your fault."

Now Ferris began to identify his trouble with Joe's and he spoke up thoughtfully: "Funny. When I was a kid, I was puny and had a lot of colds. You know, my old man always acted as if it was my fault that I had to miss school."

The psychiatrist knew from Ferris' case history that his father had hoped he'd be a football player. But he had been too small, and his father had shown his disappointment.

"Well, that's human nature," remarked a patient philosophically. "You always blame people who disappoint you."

This was a good chance for the psychiatrist to point out a common human failing, apparently strong in Ferris: "Yes, even when you disappoint yourself, you blame your own self for it."

A few more sessions, and Grant Ferris finally succeeded in getting a true picture of himself. He saw that, in his own mind, he had always been blamed for his inefficiencies and for things that weren't his fault—a pattern of reaction he had applied to his experiences in Germany, as to every new situation in his life. In this case he felt he was acting under false pretenses as a hero, and was afraid he would be found out eventually and blamed. All the attention he received was a big mistake; he didn't deserve any of it.

ONCE he understood this whole sequence of relationships, and recognized how his conflict contributed to his illness, he enabled the psychiatrist to effect his recovery outside the group sessions with a few suggestions for bolstering his self-respect—the most essential of all morale factors.

It was suggested that he write to the families of his crew, giving them a personal, detailed account of what had happened. Thus Ferris could feel that he was representative of his whole crew, and that he was doing something for them as well as for their families. Doing something for others is good medicine for neurotics. Then Ferris was brought to discuss his attitude toward his father, whom he had shunned when he first came back. Indeed, he had felt so uncomfortable with his now admiring father that he would have preferred the old-time censure. But if he was to recover completely he had to recognize and accept the tie-up between his feeling for his father and his conflict, and to conclude—preferably on his own initiative—that he must make a better adjustment to his parent. This he was able to do.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Troubled and tense, a patient hangs on every word as Dr. Moreno explains the conflicts that have plagued her. Understanding them, she can cope with them.

Until the lumberjacks stripped this hillside, it was a forest. Now it's prey for erosion.

R. S. BROWN PHOTO

OUR VANISHING FORESTS

The former Secretary of the Interior has a plan that will not only restore our dangerously depleted woodlands, but will train men for the Army too

By

HAROLD L. ICKES

DURING the 1932 campaign, Franklin D. Roosevelt proposed to set up a Civilian Conservation Corps to do a real job of reforestation, stream cleaning, and a general refurbishing of our public lands. This was bad enough, but when, shortly after the new administration came in, President Roosevelt suggested shelter belts of trees in the nation's Dust Bowl as a possible means of preventing the blowing away of its topsoil, raucous hoots went up from all parts of the country.

But these New Deal efforts—the CCC and the shelter-belt program—to repair the damage that had been done to our land came none too soon.

For years we had cut down the trees, burned the slashings, and moved on to new and bigger forests. We had cut up the sod, mined the farm land, and moved on.

By the '30s, we had moved so far as we could: we had reached the limits of our physical frontier, and the war of destruction that generations of restless Americans had waged so relentlessly against the land had left festering sores on the face of America.

Our mountains, denuded of their trees, were letting the rain and wind erode the soil. Each year our rivers became more and more clogged with silt—much of it good topsoil washed down off the farms of America.

In the West, thousands of acres moved and shifted with the scorching winds of summer. Sand and soil drifted against the fences, clogged the wells, and scarred the paint. The Dust Bowl was in the making, and a gaunt and grimy people were leaving the land that they and their forefathers had worked too hard—to destroy.

Wherever the shelter-belt program and the CCC were put to work, they accomplished much. One careful survey, conducted in South Dakota, showed that the farmers who had shelter belts believed that the trees added $1,000 to the value of each 160 acres. In Denmark, Hungary, Russia, and Canada, shelter belts had long been successful in checking erosion and increasing the crop yield. But shelter belts were a comparatively small attack on the tremendous problem of restoring our scarred land. And, like so many good things, they were cut off and halted by the outbreak of

the war. In effect, the job of restoring our land was only started, not finished, when the war intervened. Furthermore, the necessities of war required that we further scar the land in order to win the final victory.

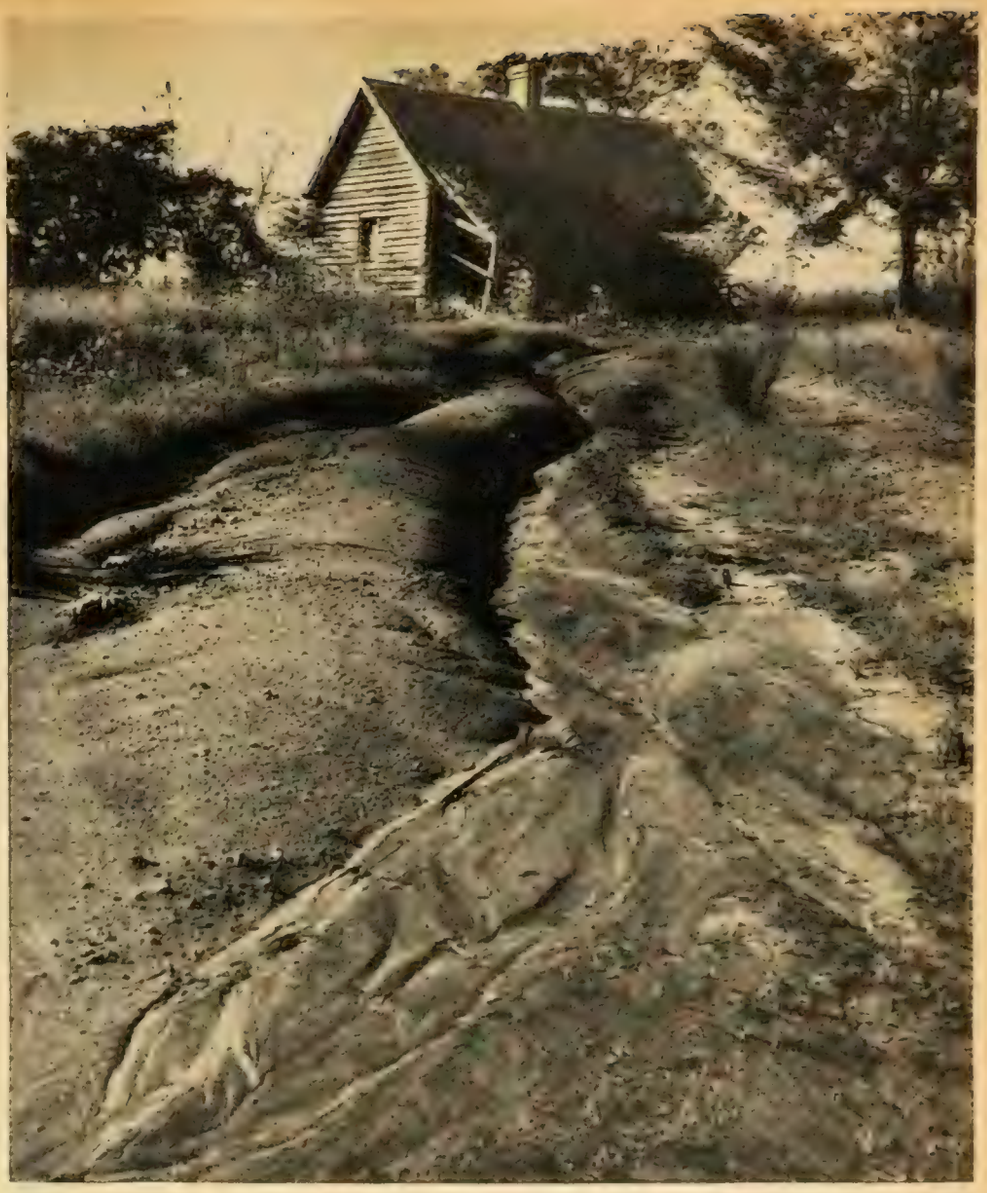
In our need for food we plowed up fields which should have been left to grass, we cleared again hilly slopes upon which brush and trees were again beginning to take hold, or we overgrazed the range. By doing so we fed this nation and our allies during the war, but we also extended an invitation to disaster —dust storms where we plowed the plains, floods where we cleared the hillsides; in any event, the loss of more of the good topsoil by which we live.

The forestry work which was being done in the United States, not only by the government but by private industry, was curtailed. Many of the government foresters went into the services. In our hurry to get out as much timber as we could, bad forestry practices were engaged in. To fuel our war machine we cut more than a hundred billion board feet of lumber.

Our forestry resources were seriously depleted by the war, yet the need for wood and wood products is expanding tremendously.

The building boom which we must have to house our war veterans and their families will require huge amounts of wood. The publishing business—the newspapers, the magazines, the book publishers—on short rations during the war, will need tremendous quantities of wood pulp.

Chemists have disclosed never suspected properties in wood during the last few years. Already rayon, cellophane, photographic film, explosives, alcohol, motor fuel, and sugar and various other products of wood have been placed on the market. The importance of wood as a source of plastics is incalculable, and it is probable that the next two decades will disclose new products as well as new uses for old products derived from wood.



Here's erosion in action: the washing away of vital, unprotected topsoil. Timely, systematic planting would have saved this land.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

This CCC crew cut timber, reduced fire hazards, and replanted trees.

A tragic and vivid lesson of the need for forestation was taught to the city of Los Angeles at the very beginning of the New Deal. There a fire destroyed the brush cover of 5,000 acres of watershed. A second fire in Pickens and adjacent canyons burned over another 5,000 acres. Later, in a period of thirty-six hours, fourteen to sixteen inches of rain fell on this area. Millions of tons of material moved down the mountainside in channels inadequate to carry the load. This water and mud destroyed everything before it—bridges, roads, and homes. At least sixty persons were drowned or smothered by the mud. The property damage was estimated to be $5,000,000.

(*Continued on page 81*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

WASHINGTON THEN AND NOW—Nearly fifty years ago a camera was trained on Constitution Avenue, then little more than a muddy lane. The same view today shows the Pan American Union building on a race-track site. Note the contrast; today the city has developed over the entire area.

ARTISANS—Squarely in the middle of New York tenements, this startlingly tidy house teaches Children's Aid Society wards how to wield paintbrush and hammer. Each winter the project is kept equally busy—indoors.

THE INTREPID PIGEON—Three dead pigeons hung in this market at Ashby de la Zouch, England. Warning enough, you would think, but a perverse live one chose their gallows for a perch.

FAMILY SCENE—A mother poses proudly with her twin foals—Rex and Regina—at San Anselmo, California. Equine twins, say veterinarians, occur once in about twenty to twenty-five births. Those little guys are camera-shy — notice?

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOS.

I sprang up. There he was, this incredible stranger sitting beside Captain Brooks in our own plane. He *couldn't* be there.

STRANGE STOWAWAY

He suddenly appeared out of nowhere on a military plane high over the Atlantic—this gentle civilian whose mission took priority over everything else

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

(From official report on crash of C-47 aircraft #86, 999, lost on a flight between Iceland and Newfoundland.)

THIS is Orville Zimm talking. Staff Sergeant Orville Zimm. Our radio is dead. I'm talking into this portable wire recorder we've used these past five months on our mission to Europe. The mission is top secret and I can't say much about it, except that the general thinks his report will influence world peace for the next thousand years. I hope he's right, but I don't know; I'm a practical man.

This little wire recorder is handy. I'm going to tell everything I know and then I'm going to tie the wire spools to a Mae West and toss it into the sea. The wire is stainless steel and water won't hurt it.

Nobody is coming out of this thing alive, except for a miracle, and, as I said, I'm a practical man. We don't even have a life raft in the plane any more. There'll be a search for us. Maybe somebody will fish the Mae West out of the sea and play the spools back on a wire recorder and hear what I'm saying now. I hope so.

Everybody in the plane, from the general on down, has gone nearly crazy. All on account of this stranger, this civilian who suddenly was here on the plane out in the middle of the North Atlantic. Don't ask me how he got here. We searched the plane before we took off from Iceland. But he's here now, this Mr. Gray with his gray suit and gray overcoat and gray hat. Maybe I'm crazy too, but I'll just tell it just the way it all happened.

It started back in Iceland. We landed there about 2230 hours, after a rough ride from Prestwick, bucking head winds. Old Colonel Aldgate had been airsick, and I didn't feel too good myself. I hate air travel. We climbed out into a bitter wind, blinking in the field floodlights. An officer came from the control tower, saluted the general and said, "Sir, I can have you gassed up and ready in forty minutes. A truck's coming now to take you to the mess hall."

"Thank you, lieutenant," the general said. "An officer ought to stay with the plane." He looked at the six officers of our party. He could hardly ask the pilot or co-pilot, so that left Colonel Aldgate, Major Harper, Captain Brooks, and Lieutenant Gebhardt. Gebhardt had the lowest rank for a dirt detail, but she was a Wac.

"Brooks, you stay with the plane," the general said. "Better get inside, out of the cold. We'll bring you something."

The captain said yes, sir; but he didn't look happy. Brooks was a short man, and thin enough to blow away in the wind. He'd been living on coffee and nerve the past month or so, getting the report in shape. I felt sorry for him. He needed a good meal.

A G.I. truck rolled into the floodlight and I climbed aboard, thankful for once I was just an E.M. and legally irresponsible. I couldn't see much out of the end of the covered weapons carrier. I was sitting next to Lieutenant Gebhardt, and I slid an arm around her waist.

"Jake," she whispered reprovingly. My name is Orville Zimm, but everyone calls me Jake. Especially Lieutenant Gebhardt.

I GRINNED in the darkness. Then another arm came sliding around from the other side and I jerked mine away. Major Harper was on the other side. This was one of the times I realized I was a G.I. Harper was a sharp-faced man, dark and lean, and smart, I have to admit. He was our international-law expert on the mission.

I went to the enlisted men's mess with the other two G.I.s, the flight chief and radioman. Hughie, the radioman, read Kant as he ate. Hughie was a funny duck, a corporal, with a long white face and wild curly hair bushing out above it, always reading deep stuff. He claimed that some day he was going to write a book. The flight chief, Leo, was chunky and sandy-haired. He packed an old beat-up fiddle around, and at nights he'd play boogie-woogie.

We'd all been traveling together and eating and sleeping and drinking together and I thought I knew these fellows. One thing about this last flight and the mysterious Mr. Gray—I got to know everybody in the party from the inside out.

When we had finished, we went to the officers' mess and waited outside for the brass. The general had said a half hour, and he led the others out on the dot.

He looked about. "All here? Where's the truck? Where's that weapons carrier? I told the driver a half hour."

Then somebody said, "Who's that?" and Gebhardt pointed into the moonlight and said, "My goodness, it's Captain Brooks!"

"I told him to stay with that plane," the general roared.

BROOKS was coming at a staggering run. His shirt was open at the neck and he was clawing at it with both hands. Leo and I went to help him in. We took his arms and he collapsed.

"Captain," the general demanded, "why did you leave that aircraft unguarded?"

"Sir—I had—he was there—inside—we—he was there—in the plane—"

"Someone in the plane?" The general swore, forgetting Gebhardt. "And you didn't stay! What happened? We've got to get back. Where's that weapons carrier? Someone inside the plane! The report there unguarded. All those top secret documents!"

"No—please, sir," Captain Brooks gasped. "The report—it is safe—plane guarded—just a minute—catch my breath."

"Oh, then you have the fellow under custody," the general said, relieved. "But I left you on guard, and you should have stayed there."

"Sir, he should lie down," Gebhardt said. "I think he's had a heart attack."

The weapons carrier arrived. "He can lie in the truck," the general said. "Lay him out in the bottom. Here—I'll help you." Everybody got in and the general told the driver to step on it. Gebhardt sat next to me. She whispered, "Poor fellow. He was asking for it. Coffee and cigarettes and nerve the past month or so."

"Damned if I'd kill myself over a bunch of foolishness."

(*Continued on page 74*)

He could make nothing of her look. It was fixed and strange. "Not scared of me, are you, kid?" he asked tenderly.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

Conqueror's Girl

"You can never belong to an American," Etsu's father had commanded, and yet here she was in the soldier's arms. America's master portrayer of Orientals writes a tender story of a G.I. and a beautiful Japanese girl that is sure to stir a storm of controversy

BY PEARL S. BUCK

"MY mother no like so late," Etsu said.

She looked up, very far up, at the tall American with whom she was walking along the street of her home town. She had lived here all her life, but it was a new town since the Americans came. Nobody knew what to make of it, but they were all trying hard to please the conquerors. Etsu held her body stiff in the circle of Ted's arm. "Teddu," she called him.

"You give Mother my chocolate, Etty, and she won't care," Teddy replied. He squeezed her tighter. The big obi she wore was a nuisance.

"I wish you'd take the sofa cushion off your back," he complained.

She laughed. He knew this meant that she did not understand what he said, and he reached in his pocket for his dictionary.

"Siddown," he commanded her. They were in the park and there was a bench. She obeyed him and he released his arm. He looked up "sofa" and "cushion" and pointed to her satin obi. She nodded.

"Ah-ha, Teddu," she said. Then she looked grave. "No," she said distinctly. She shook her head for emphasis. "No," she repeated.

It was the first English word she had learned and the one she used most frequently with Ted. Her gravity he instantly understood. She thought he had proposed something improper.

"Listen, kid. I don't mean take off your clothes—just the sofa cushion. Couldn't you use a string."

He fished in his pockets and produced a string. It had been tied around the box of cookies Sue had made and sent him. Sue was his best girl back home in New Jersey. Now he reached his arms around Etsu's waist and demonstrated with the string. She was horrified.

"No, no, Teddu," she said with such passion that he gave up, thrust his hands in his pockets, and stared sulkily across the grass. She sat in her graceful, motionless fashion, stealing looks at him from the corners of her long eyes. She was a very pretty girl, small and slight. Her face was oval and her eyes were black and gentle. But her mouth was her prettiest feature. Ted had looked at it often and long with speculative eyes. She had never let him kiss her. He had made efforts, both with and without the dictionary, but she had only said, "No, no, Teddu."

IT was not as if all Japanese girls refused kisses. The fellows said plenty of them were willing enough, once you showed them how. But Etsu would not let him show her anything. More than once he had decided to give her up and get him an easier girl. But none of them was as pretty as Etsu. Besides, there was something homelike about her house and family. He always called there for her, and her parents hovered around, as anxious as if they'd been Americans. She was the oldest of the family, and they thought a lot of her, anybody could see. There were two girls and a boy younger than she was. They all told Etsu good-by as though she were going to be gone a week instead of only down the street to the park or the movies. It made him feel responsible.

"To hell with it," he now said aloud.

Etsu laughed and waved to a deer, which came up to them hopefully. The park was full of deer. Even during the war they had been cared for and fed. There had been some talk of eating them, but nobody could bring himself to kill the sacred deer.

"Deer hungry," she remarked. Study of the dictionary had helped her English very much.

Ted grinned. "Now if you'd just say, 'Hungry, dear?' "

"Hungry, dear?" she said obediently.

"Damned hungry," he replied. He took her little hand and put it to his lips. This she allowed. She had discussed it at home, and Father and Mother had listened, bewildered.

"Does he bite your hand?" Mother had asked in horror.

"No, he never hurts me," Etsu had replied. She felt tenderness at the thought of him. "He never hurts me at all," she said. "He even helps me by the arm when we cross the street."

FATHER and Mother had looked at each other.

"You are sure that he does not have improper ideas," Mother asked timidly.

Etsu had gazed at them limpidly, anxious to tell them everything.

"He wants to put his mouth on mine," she told them.

The two elders looked away in their horror.

"I forbid it," Father said sternly.

"There are germs in the mouth," Mother explained.

"Promise me you will never allow

(*Continued on page 70*)

Little Hughie

All bookies know a sure-fire way to beat the horses, but they tell only their friends. This is the story of a bookie who actually had a friend

MAYBE you're like young Dan Stafford—a sucker for the races; slapping down your two bucks on some nag's nose every day; always dreaming of a daily double or a three-way parlay that will make the bookies scream as they load your winnings on a wheelbarrow.

Yes, a lot of you people are trying to beat that game. I should know, because I'm a bookie—and doing all right, thank you. Well, there's only one system I ever heard of that will beat the races, and Dan Stafford's got it. Dan can run his finger down the list of entries at any track and pick out the winning horse. It's foolproof—it works out every time.

So you don't believe it, eh? O.K., then, come on along and learn something. I call it the Meddow System, because Meddow is my name—Hugh J. Meddow—and I'm the guy who showed Dan Stafford the secret of picking sure-fire winners.

Little Hughie, they call me, because I stand five feet one and weigh about one ten. I was a jockey in my day, and not so bad, either.

Well, Dan Stafford and I both lived at Mrs. Bartoll's lodginghouse. I'm never in any hurry to meet new neighbors. I've seen 'em come and go, and all I get is the quick brush-off as soon as they hear I'm a bookie.

So the first thing I liked about Dan Stafford was the way he stuck his hand right out when we finally ran into each other. "You're Mr. Meddow, aren't you?" he said. "I'm Dan Stafford."

He was a nice-looking lad, about twenty-four, with dark brown curly hair and brown eyes. He had an easy friendly way about him.

So we got to talking, and pretty soon Dan steered the conversation around to racing. Well, naturally, that's my particular dish. And Dan ate up all my yarns. He had this racing bug bad. He'd never seen a horse race in his life except in the newsreels. He couldn't tell a Percheron from a Palomino—but give him the line-up at Empire or Tropical Park or Santa Anita and he could rattle out facts and figures like a machine gun.

Yes, Dan was dead set on beating the races. It was like a fever with him. He just had to have his bet on the ponies every day. A guy like that—well, he's just as good as money in the bank to the bookies.

Anyway, Dan and I got along fine. I got into the habit of sitting up late, waiting for him to roll in from work. We'd sit out on the back porch in the dark, and talk and smoke. He told me about his home town and his schooling, and about his folks being killed in an auto smash. He'd been in the Army for a short hitch before a sinus infection turned him back into civvies.

He talked a lot about his job at the aircraft plant. And he'd met a girl down there in the office—Della Carver. I could tell he was sure interested in her.

But mostly we talked about the track—the big races, the great horses. Zev and Phar Lap and Whirlaway, Black Gold and Sir Barton and Seabiscuit. And Man o' War—Big Red—greatest of them all.

And then one night Dan said, "Hughie, why don't you handle my bets? Why should I go to McGowan's every day, six blocks out of my way, with you right here in the house?"

"No dice, Dan," I said. "I like it much better this way—just talking it over. I don't want us to get mixed up with the money angle."

"That's a crazy way to look at it," he said. "Isn't my money as good as anybody else's? I'm not asking you to hand me tips. I work out my own systems."

Well, the kid kept on coaxing and getting kind of sore about it, so finally I gave in. But I didn't want the kid's money in my pocket, maybe building up bad feeling between us.

However, it worked out all right. Dan didn't change any—the betting didn't make any difference. Win or lose, Dan made it a point never to hash over a dead race.

DAN and Della Carver were going around together now, and it was getting serious. He bought her a fine engagement ring—a blue-white diamond which Dan picked by the size of his heart instead of his pocketbook.

"I'm the luckiest guy in the world!" Dan told me. "Della sure is a wonderful girl, Hughie."

Well, he was a lucky guy, all right. Della was slim and dark-eyed, and she had class written in every line of her. I'd seen them together twice, once coming out of a movie, and another time in a restaurant. Both times I'd ducked out of sight before Dan could see me. There was no place in that picture for Little Hughie.

"Dan," I said one night, "how does Della feel about you playing the races?"

He grinned at me and winked. "I guess we just never happened to get around to that subject, Hughie."

"Well, she wouldn't like it, Dan," I said. "Now that you're going to get married, you ought to save your money."

He laughed. "Is that smart, Hughie, trying to talk yourself out of a customer? Look. It's my money, isn't it? I don't tell Della what to do with the money she makes."

"Well," I said, "some fellows get sort of hopped up over this racing stuff. That's not so good, Dan—when you're married."

"Oh, I'll quit all right," Dan said. "But first I want to knock down a good one—a really solid chunk of dough that I can drop in Della's lap and say, 'There you are, Del—that's a wedding present.' When I do that, I'll quit cold, Hughie."

SO Dan was in there day after day, trying to make his killing. He bragged about a new system he'd worked out, but it wasn't a system at all. He was just shooting for the moon, playing the long shots, and those babies don't often pay off.

Sure, Dan came up once or twice with a long shot, but he took that money and plowed it right back under in a series of parlay bets.

It worried me, the way the kid went at it.

"Look, Dan," I'd say. "You're just throwing money away, betting wild. Figure out how many bucks you've blown in on this parlay stuff—"

Well, finally Dan did figure it out. But it wasn't the talking I'd done that helped—it was something else.

Dan and Della had set the wedding date. While they were hunting around for a small apartment they'd come across this house for sale. One look and they both went overboard for it. But there was money trouble—

"It's this way, Hughie," Dan explained. "If we buy the house, the down payment won't leave us enough to furnish it. That's the choice we have—a dream house with empty rooms, or a cooped-up little apartment with nice furniture."

Dan smiled ruefully. "I don't suppose it'll kill us, not getting that house, but Della's heart is set on it, and it makes me feel like a fool, thinking about all the dough I've been throwing away."

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY
WALTER C. BROWN
Illustrated by Ralph Crawley

"Look, Dan," I said. "I tried to warn you—"

"I know—I know!" he broke in. "It's not your fault, Hughie. I had to learn it the hard way. Anyway, I've learned it. I'm through!"

"O.K., Dan," I said. "See that you stick to it."

"Don't worry about that," he said. "I figured it all out last night. I've just been kidding myself, sending good money after bad, trying to win some of my own dough back. Never again!"

"That's fine," I said, "for now I can tell you something. You don't know it, Dan, *but you stopped playing the races a long while back!*"

He stared. "What do you mean—"

I took a thin little book out of my pocket and handed it to him. "Look that over, Dan. It's yours. I was figuring on handing it to you as a wedding present, but you can have it now."

"A bank-deposit book," Dan said, and then he was staring at the heading: "Hugh J. Meddow, in trust for Daniel Stafford."

"Add it up, Dan," I said. "It's all there—your betting money. You haven't had a dollar riding on a horse since that day you switched from McGowan's book to mine. I've been around the tracks a long time, and I know you can never talk a man out of racing fever. You've got to let him cure himself. I just did your figuring for you a little ahead of time, that's all."

DAN was still staring at the book, then a big smile crinkled up his eyes. "Hughie, I—I don't know what to say. But I—I'll never forget this. What a break!"

"O.K., Dan," I said. "And paste this in your hat! There's one—and only one—sure-fire system for picking the winner of a horse race: *wait for the racing finals!* That's the Meddow System, Dan. Remember it! It took me years and thousands of dollars to learn it.

"And listen, Dan," I added. "There's no need to get Della mixed up in this. Just tell her a friend tipped you off to a sure winner. If she asks you the name of the horse—just say Little Hughie!"

THE END

"Della wouldn't like it, Dan," I said. "Now that you're going to get married, you should save your money."

Bride and Brute

BY MURIEL ROY BOLTON

Illustrated by Ernest Chiriaka

"Nobody saw us," Kay answered. "We were in the bathroom. Rex was shaving; I was making up at the mirror."

MRS. BARNES' plump form fought its way into her matronly bathrobe as she hurried downstairs through the dark house in answer to the insistent ringing of the front-door bell. Who in the world at this hour—after midnight?

She snapped on the hall lights, her brown eyes blinking in the glare, and as she hurried across the hall, past the dining-room door, it swung open, and Jane, the cook, her hair in curlers, called out warningly, "You better find out who it is before you open the door!"

Mrs. Barnes answered soothingly, "Probably just a wire from Mr. Barnes, telling me when he'll be home." She snapped on the porch light and began to unbolt the door, then another possibility occurred to her, "Or maybe Ted's forgotten his key again."

"No, 'tain't Ted. I'd 'a' heard him putting up the car."

'Twasn't Ted. It was Kay, for the last six months Katherine Barnes Schaeffer. She slammed the door behind her, dropped her suitcase, snatched the Kelly-green beanie from off the back of her shoulder-length blonde hair and announced furiously, "I've left Rex!"

Jane exclaimed in shocked amazement. "Why, Mrs. Schaeffer!"

Kay yanked off her coat as if she despised it. "Don't say that hateful name to me. I'm not Mrs. Schaeffer any longer! All that's behind me now—just horrible memories." She faced her mother, looking as sulky and defiant, as young and pretty, as the day she'd run away from boarding school. "Well, mother? Aren't you going to say anything?"

Mrs. Barnes intended to say something, but she hadn't yet decided what. This was certainly more serious than running away from school—but it was hard to tell, yet, just how serious it was. Kay was so unpredictable.

Mrs. Barnes stalled. "Darling, what is this all about? Does Rex know you're here?"

"I don't know and I don't care! When I think how I once worshiped that man, never dreaming what a miserable two-faced monster he was—"

Mrs. Barnes interrupted quickly: "Jane, suppose you go out and make some nice hot tea for us, and then we'll go upstairs and talk this over quietly, Kay."

Jane left reluctantly while Kay was shaking her head and telling her mother firmly, "There's nothing to talk over. My mind's made up! It's all over and there's no use talking." However, she seemed quite prepared to go on talking about it, but she stopped short as her two younger sisters, Marce and Nancy, came hurrying downstairs and greeted her excitedly.

Marce was sixteen, small and dark, and the brains of the family. Nancy was thirteen, blonde like Kay, with the same hazel eyes and small tipped nose.

Nancy looked around, puzzled. "Where's Rex?" Nancy was crazy about her big handsome brother-in-law.

"Where's Rex?" Kay repeated scornfully. "You may well ask where's Rex! Probably in some low café, celebrating because his wife left him."

Marce and Nancy exchanged a wide-eyed look.

"I don't care where he is," Kay repeated vehemently. "I'm never going to see him again, and I don't even want his name mentioned to me!"

MRS. BARNES looked uneasily toward the stairs. "Darling, let's go into the living room—and let's not be so noisy. Grandmother and Aunt Julia are visiting us, and it would be nice if we didn't waken them."

Kay groaned. "Are *they* here? Well, I guess they'll have to hear about it sooner or later."

"Let's make it later," Mrs. Barnes suggested.

Nancy shook her head. "I heard 'em whispering when I came past their door. They'll be down! You don't think you could keep those two snoops away."

Mrs. Barnes frowned and reproached her youngest daughter, "Nancy, what did I tell you about calling them that—and what did I tell you about prowling around without slippers? Upstairs now—and back to bed!"

Nancy muttered an exasperated "Yes, mother," and started slowly up.

Mrs. Barnes looked at her other daughter. "Marce, perhaps you'd better go along too."

But Kay took Marce's arm and drew her along through the open archway into the living room. "Maybe she'd better stay, mother, and learn a little about the seamy side of marriage. There's no reason why she should go into it as wide-eyed as I did—thinking he was perfect."

Marce was delighted and spoke quickly with sixteen-year-old wisdom: "What blinded your judgment, Kay, was that you were in love with him. That was your big trouble. Now, I'd never marry a man I loved."

KAY gave her a surprised look. "Who are you going to marry, then—somebody you hate?"

"Oh, no," Marce replied judiciously. "My theory is you should marry a man you like—and respect—and know all about him without the false illusion of love to dim your vision."

"You're crazy!" Kay told her bluntly. "You have to have love—like we had—once—" She sank down, sighed heavily, and stared nostalgically into the past. "It seems so long ago now—"

"About how long?" Mrs. Barnes asked. "How long in actual time?"

Kay forced her memory back through limitless time. "About a week ago. Just Monday of last week. He changed, it seemed, practically overnight. And he'd been so wonderful—oh, it was all just something out of this world—probably too wonderful to last—"

Mrs. Barnes prodded her patiently: "In what way did he change?"

"Well, Sunday night he was still wonderful. We went to a party and when we got home, at about three, he said he'd had an awfully good time. But then, Monday morning, for no reason at all, he began to snap at me. All for nothing. It was my fault, now, that we'd gone to the darned old party—it was my fault he was late this morning—everything was my fault. Then he'd ask

(*Continued on page 65*)

All brides are entitled to one trip home to mother—and after this one, it isn't likely Kay will want to come home any more

Sixteen is an

Guy's tackle knocked the man sprawling, and the gun flew from his hand. Percy was on it like a flash.

Atomic Age

When a stranger with a bankroll and a seductive lady with velvety, long-lashed eyes come into town prattling about box tops and atomic energy, trust Percy to become desperately and dangerously involved

BY

ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

HALFWAY through the feature picture at the Bijou, Percy Bracy discovered that he was only a proxy. It wasn't his hand Lisabeth was holding; it was Gregory Peck's. That was annoying, but the lanky Percy prided himself on being grown up and intelligent, and besides, it was comforting to know that Mr. Peck was at least several hundred miles away.

But Guy O'Higgins, who had red hair and a loud juvenile exuberance, was no farther than the nearest booth when they went into Schable's Confectionery after the show, and Lisabeth made with the eyes at him. Even then Percy only scowled behind his glasses. Guy sat with a dark sleek-looking girl and a thin man who kept his hat on and consulted his wrist watch frequently. It wouldn't do to quarrel with Lisabeth before strangers. She was sixteen, and a come-hither stance was something she couldn't help, any more than she could help being beautiful even in turned-up jeans and a Sloppy Joe sweater.

Jane Watson, freckled and dumpy, came to take their order. Percy polished his glasses with the air of a man choosing between breast of guinea hen and squab stuffed with wild rice. He said, "Hello, Jane. Two super-de-luxe hamburgers, please, and two double-thick chocolate malteds, with—"

"Oh, they've got X!" Lisabeth exclaimed. "I don't think I'll have a hamburger. I'll have a bowl of X."

"A bowl of eggs?" Percy frowned.

"No, silly—X. The Mystery Cereal. Why don't you try a box, Perc?"

"I don't want any—er—mystery cereal!" Percy said. "I want a hamburger. With onions!" he added defiantly.

"Perc always was a stinker!" Guy O'Higgins chortled. "That's a joke, bloke!" he added. "How's biz, Liz?"

"Twenty-one," Lisabeth said, and it was plain that she thought Guy was just horribly clever.

Guy made a circle of his thumb and forefinger. "In the bag, hag!" he declared. "I've got thirty."

"Thirty what?" Percy demanded. Lisabeth and Guy always conversed in this shallow way.

"Thirty X box tops," she said. "For every one you send in, you can enter a—"

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Percy. "I suppose that makes you a junior G-girl! That's the most juvenile—the most childish thing I've heard yet!"

"Is that so?" Lisabeth retorted angrily. "Well, maybe you won't think so when I send in a winning slogan and get a two-week vacation for the whole family. I'll bet you'd like to come along if we went to Lake Emerald. Childish—your father's mustache!"

"Pardon me," said Guy O'Higgins at her elbow. "My friends—Miss Talley and Mr. Sherman—have asked if you two characters would like to join us." He whispered in Percy's ear: "Want a job, slob?"

THEY moved into the booth. Jane brought Percy's hamburger and a small box with a red X on it for Lisabeth. Percy looked at this with disdain. These last two weeks half the billboards in town had blossomed with a large red X at their tops, to be followed a few days later by "The Mystery Cereal" beneath the X, and still later a black question mark below the words. And now Lisabeth and Guy were saving box tops!

Lisabeth poured milk over the brownish globules of the Mystery Cereal, and they began acting like a bowl of Mexican jumping beans, stuttering like a distant machine gun. The whole procedure made Percy nervous, and Mr. Sherman didn't help—Mr. Sherman talked in the same manner.

"Got to catch ten-o'clock train for city," he said, looking at his watch again. "Understand your father is city engineer. O'Higgins says you might be interested in job. Bracy, wasn't it? Here—write name on back of card!"

Percy wrote, fascinated.

"Never can tell," Mr. Sherman went on. "Get lined up with big organization—live-wire outfit—sky's the limit. Look at Barbara—Miss Talley, here. My assistant. Graduate chemist. Doesn't look like scientist, does she, eh?"

Percy looked. Miss Talley had velvety, long-lashed eyes. She said in a languid drawl, "I'm really not a scientist, Mr. Bracy," and Percy felt a strange fluttering around his heart. She was chic, svelte, and sophisticated.

Lisabeth's cereal began popping again. Mr. Sherman said, "Got to run. Think it over, Bracy. Have to start in small way, of course—Miss Talley will tell you. So far, everything confidential! Understand? Need people we can trust. Good night, everybody!"

He snatched up a briefcase, paid the check, and went out the door.

"B.T.O.," observed Guy. "Big Time Operator, that is, son."

Percy said nothing. He was halfway through the hamburger when he dropped his napkin, and when he stooped to retrieve it, he saw the card on the floor. It was the one on which he had written his name, but now it lay face up, and he stared at the legend:

H. K. BOLTON CORPORATION
"Atomic Energy in Your Home"
J. HADLEY SHERMAN,
Vice-President

Ye gods! Percy thought. No wonder it's confidential!

He slipped the card into his pocket. Probably Guy O'Higgins was totally unaware of the nature of J. Hadley Sherman's business. Big things were brewing indeed.

Later that evening, as the Model T struggled up the hill to Lisabeth Morton's home, Percy could think of nothing to say. Lisabeth was still caught up in the spell of Gregory Peck; he was able, she said, to simply sway her and slay her. And with feminine inconsistency, she swung lightly into the subject of a slogan for X, the Mystery Cereal.

(*Continued on page 56*)

"Whiskey on Its Way to Age"—painted at the distillery by the famous artist, Paul Sample

88 years at fine whiskey-making

makes this whiskey good

IMPERIAL

Reg U.S. Pat. Off.

Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

The GAUNTLET

BY JAMES STREET

Preacher London Wingo's life was a constant struggle between his creed and the intolerance of his flock. He finally found God through the blazing courage of his young wife, Kathie. This novel of a belief that triumphed over despair has renewed the faith of millions.

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

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THE Reverend London Wingo, candidate for Master of Theology, former schoolteacher, plow hand, cowpuncher, and train butch, was besieged by troubles. He was worried again about money, but mostly about Kathie, a tiny, merry raindrop of a girl.

London was six feet and his lashes were black and bushy and made his blue eyes look darker than they really were. He had a studied poise and an air of confidence that were the envy of many younger students at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. His affectations, however, didn't deceive his friend and fellow student, Page Musselwhite, who often irked London by saying, "You can take the man out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the man." Even London's walk, a swinging gait, proclaimed that he was accustomed to lots of space, as did his deep, uninhibited laughter.

London Wingo thanked his lucky star that he had obeyed his mother's plea not to marry until he had finished college and had ignored his father's admonition never to marry at all. In his junior year at Baylor he had met Kathie and after a month of friendship and three months of courtship they had decided to spread the Gospel together. They had married in the June of their graduation, then he had been ordained, and together they had come to the seminary so he might complete his studies and get his master's degree. And now, with less than a year to go, he was broke and Kathie was going to have a baby.

He tiptoed to the bed and clumsily put the end of the counterpane over her feet. She had lain down for a nap when they came upstairs from supper. A few strands of her brown bobbed hair fell across her face. She was one of less than a dozen women in the seminary whose hair was bobbed, for it was the year of 1923 and bobbed hair was not proper for a preacher's wife. Not only was Kathie's hair bobbed, but she had a permanent wave. She had cut her hair her second year at Baylor, the year she dropped the name of Katherine and adopted Kathie.

London liked the name of Kathie and was proud of her bobbed hair and permanent wave and her independence. Looking at her there on the bed, he was tempted to tickle her feet and wake her up. He was tired of studying and wanted to talk. However, he stepped back to the table and resumed his work.

But soon he pushed his books aside and began scribbling figures. It cost them twelve dollars weekly for board and room in Fort Worth Hall. There was no tuition. He had paid for his books at the beginning of the session and had expected to have no expenses except board and room.

He glanced over at Kathie again, making sure she was sleeping. Then he turned off his table light and went down the hall to his friend Page Musselwhite's room.

"Lemme pour you a cup of coffee," Page said, smiling.

"Thanks," London said. "I just dropped by for a minute. Been wrestling with that Hebrew." He took the cup and pulled up a chair. Page stretched out in another. Finally Page said, "How's Kathie?"

"All right. Sleeping. Go on, say it. I know you disapprove of preachers having wives."

Page rubbed his hand over his face. "All you've ever heard me say is that I intend to stay single, but marrying Kathie was the best day's work you ever did. What's wrong with you tonight? You're edgy."

"I don't see how I can stay in the seminary and get my master's."

"Tell me something," Page said. "When did you get the call to preach?"

London stood up and put both hands on the window sill and stared down at the campus. "I don't remember being called at all. I think I started to preach to please my mother."

"Uh-huh. But she's dead. So why don't you quit?"

"I can't. I want to find Truth. It seems to me that my reason is throwing down a gauntlet and daring my spirit to pick it up. But sometimes the whole thing doesn't make sense. God and the myths and the inconsistencies."

Page sighed. "I don't understand such talk. We ain't in the sense business. We're in the soul business, and faith is our selling point. I don't worry about logic and all that."

He turned and went to his trunk and began rummaging. "Just looking for som'n' I copied down out of a book one time." He held up a sheet of paper and read slowly, "'*Le coeur a ses raisons, que la raison ne connaît point.*' That means, 'The heart has reasons of which reason has no knowledge.' Now say it over and over, and never forget it. Sit down a minute. I've got something to tell you."

London sat on the bed, propping his shoulders against the wall.

"I don't want to mess in your business, but maybe it'd do you good to get out in the field." Page arched his bushy eyebrows and smiled. "I got a letter the other day from old Brother Honeycutt. He was pastor of my church up at Linden, Missouri, and he's stepping down. He's got a little farm up near home and aims to slow down. He wrote me that the church told him to ask me if I knew a young man who might take his place. I'll recommend you and you can go up there and preach to 'em and let 'em look you over."

London got up, and his voice was tingling with excitement. "How big is Linden?"

Page put away his pipe and was smiling. "Just a so-so little town on the Wabash Railroad. Farming community. About halfway between St. Louis and Moberly."

"Boy, would I like to be a pastor. A pastor, Page. The Reverend London Wingo, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Linden, Missouri. Sounds good, eh?"

When London got back to his own room Kathie was still asleep, and he decided not to wake her. So he sat

at his table and began figuring. It was fun to cross his bridge before he got to it.

"The heart has reasons of which reason has no knowledge."

He never knew why he thought of that just then.

THE envelope bore the return address of "First Baptist Church, cor. Boone St. & Benton Ave., Linden, Mo." It was typewritten on church stationery and signed by Burl L. Ducksworth, chairman of the Pulpit Committee. It said that the church wanted to hear London preach and that it would pay his expenses for a trial sermon.

After London and Kathie read it they began giggling and hugged each other.

"You'll have to have a haircut," Kathie said. "And don't let any of these preacher-barbers out here cut it. Go to town and get a good one."

"My suit's kind of mussy. Wish I had a new one."

"I'll sponge it and take it down to the students' pressing club and stand over them while they press it. Get your shoes shined while you're getting your hair cut. You need a new overcoat. Tell you what. We'll borrow Page's. He's got a brand-new one. And don't you wear any old black tie up there. You wear a tie with some color in it. Blue ties look nice on you."

She prattled and fussed around most of the day while London called for train schedules. He wished he could afford a sleeper. . . .

THE Union station at St. Louis, the largest he'd ever seen, awed London. He had about three hours between trains, so he kept the general direction to the station in mind and strolled along, staring in the windows.

Then he saw the auction.

Had London wrestled with the devil as Jacob did, the devil would have won if he had been an auctioneer. London went in, pushing his way gently through the throng until he reached the front row. Quickly sizing him up, the auctioneer reached under a pile of old furniture and dragged out a globe. The oceans were blue and the nations were red and green. The stand was of iron and its feet were claws.

London gulped. He should have bid one dollar, but not he. He was too proud to offer such a paltry sum. So he bid seven-fifty. The auctioneer said "Sold."

"Can you wrap it?" London asked timidly. "I've got to catch a train."

"Nope. No wrapping," the cashier said.

London put the stand on his shoulder and hurried out, and the crowd laughed. Outside he counted his money and thanked the Lord he had got away without spending it all.

"It's worth seven-fifty," he said to himself. "It'll go good in my study when I get a study." He whirled the globe. Only then did he realize that he had bought a pre-1914 map.

It was about noon when he boarded the Wabash for Linden. He put his globe and Gladstone on the opposite seat and sat near the window and watched the land unfold as his train huffed up the Missouri Valley. . . .

The train ground to a stop at Linden and the preacher stepped off onto the cinders and looked around. A chubby old man, almost squat, was approaching him.

"Wingo?" the man said, and when London nodded the stranger offered his hand. "I'm Honeycutt. Orville J. Honeycutt. You're to stay with me." He was looking closely at London, and at the globe across his shoulder.

Brother Honeycutt was clean-shaven, and his pate was as bald as a hen egg. His mouth sank in where his teeth should have been, and his face was lined with furrows. His left eye was almost closed, showing only a slit of white beneath the upper lid. But the right eye was pert, even fiery. And he cocked it at London as a rooster looks over a newcomer to his barnyard.

His grin was friendly. "I've known many young preachers who thought the world was on their shoulders, but you're the first one I ever saw who has really got it there. Come on."

WHEN they were out of town and driving down a paved highway, Honeycutt was silent to let London drink in the peace of the countryside. The cows were up in the farm lots and the day was dying. The land and those who worked it were ready for the night, and for the long winter.

Two miles from town Honeycutt said, "Page's place used to be right over that ridge. He sold it to go to the seminary, you know. He thinks a lot of you."

"I think a lot of him."

"He wrote some mighty fine things about your wife too. What's her name?"

"Kathie. She's not much bigger than a minute. Her real name is Katherine. But she prefers Kathie."

The old preacher grunted. "Mrs. Honeycutt's name is Madge. She used to call herself Midgy. I sort of liked that name of Midgy."

"Why did you change it back to Madge?"

"We didn't change it, son. The church members did. Madge is a good solid name. Like Katherine. Church members have a way of making the pastor's wife be like they want her to be."

"If I ever get a church I hope they don't try to change Kathie. She has a mind of her own."

"Good." The Ford lurched out of low gear into high. "That's my house right over yonder. Leave your globe in the car if you want to. Nobody will steal it."

LONDON scarcely remembered crawling into bed, onto the feather mattress. He went to sleep thinking about his sermon for the next day, and when he awoke the Sunday sun was streaming in through the window, and Brother Honeycutt was standing over by the washstand, a pitcher of hot water in his hand.

"Reckon you want to shave," the old man said. "Breakfast will be ready by the time you get done."

After breakfast London went outside and rehearsed his sermon, gesticulating violently and roaring his commands for sinners to repent.

Presently he heard Brother Honeycutt blow his automobile horn, calling him back to the house.

London's hands were cold and his heart was pounding wildly when they parked around the corner from the church. He followed the Honeycutts into the church study. Mrs. Honeycutt cracked open the door that led into the church proper and peeped out.

"Pretty good crowd," she said. "Tama Ducksworth is wearing her new hat and Josie Moffett is switching around. She made that dress herself." She closed the door and turned to London. "Josie leads the choir. She's an alto. Florine Carter can outsing her, but she won't give Florine a chance to do a solo. Well, I'm going out front. God bless you. I'll be praying for you."

Honeycutt glanced at his watch and said, "Well, it's about time to start."

"Any instructions?"

"Nope. Just preach. You sit in the big chair behind the pulpit. And try to stop by twelve o'clock. Folks like to get home to dinner." Honeycutt took out his handkerchief and rubbed his mouth, removing his teeth as he did so. "They make me nervous," he said. "Come on, Brother Wingo. I'll be with you in prayer."

HE opened the door and stepped out, and London, behind him, turned to close the door to the study. It slammed shut. That upset him, and he blushed.

They sang a hymn, and then the veteran preacher announced, in a sonorous voice, "Today's Bible reading will be done by Brother London Wingo."

London felt the sweat pop out on his forehead, and his palms suddenly were moist. But the sound of his voice encouraged him. He had had a sickening dread that a frog might be in his throat, or that he would hiccup.

He read an entire chapter and let his words trail off as an actor recites his last lines.

Brother Honeycutt was fumbling through his songbook, seeking a number. Finding it, he fixed his eyes on the people and they were still. "Let us stand and sing Number 19—'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.'"

London stood by the old preacher and sang. At first he was thinking of how his voice sounded, and then the words became a message. He remembered something his friend Page had once said. "Preach Christ and Him crucified. That's the old story."

When London stepped back to the pulpit to preach he pushed aside his notes and began talking. His voice was as clear as a bell on the desert. The sermon he had worked on so laboriously was forgotten and he talked of Jesus, of the young man who came out of the wild hills of Galilee, a melting pot of Jews and Phoenicians, Syrians, Arabs, and Greeks.

"He, this carpenter, this worker of wood, brought a new law—Love thy neighbor as thyself. He was the revelation from God and He preached a revolution, a revolution of the spirit—the brotherhood of humanity. You are your brother's keeper, for we all are a part of humanity, and humanity is a storm-beaten island in a sea of misery, and when one grain of dust, just one man, is lost from this island and falls into the sea, then we all are the losers. . . ."

When he concluded he picked up his Bible and turned and walked down from the rostrum and into the study, closing the door behind him. He heard the people shuffling to their feet, and then came their voices singing, "How Firm a Foundation, Ye Saints of the Lord."

"The Lord was with you, boy," Honeycutt said when he came in.

"Thank you, sir. I changed my sermon at the last minute."

"Uh-huh. I figured you did. Now come on with me and shake hands with the folks. I've dropped hints that another church is after you. I don't know that that's not true."

London's sermon at the evening service was flowery but impressive, and his earnestness was beyond dispute. Honeycutt pronounced the benediction and asked all members of the church to remain for a business meeting. The young preacher was debating whether to go back to the study and wait there, when young Ben Thigpen, whose father was the sexton, came up, smiling shyly at him.

"Brother Honeycutt told me to drive you back to his house," he said. "You're to wait there. I gave my proxy vote to Papa."

"Thanks," London said. "I feel like I'm running for office."

They were out of town before another word was spoken, and then London said, "You drive well. In the automobile business?"

"No, sir," said Ben. "I sell A. Nash suits. *Di*-rect from manufacturer to customer." He was a tall, slender boy, and his eyes were gray and timid.

"Like your work?" London asked.

"Not much. But it's a living. I'll drop around someday and measure you for a suit."

"Well, I don't know about that," London said. They had reached the turnoff to the Honeycutt farm. "I don't know how long I'll be here."

"Aw, the church is going to call you. The Pulpit Committee is strong for you, and the church usually does what the committee says." He stopped the car in front of the house and London invited him in. He declined, however, explaining that Brother Honeycutt would want the automobile.

When London heard the car chugging up the hill, his heart rose to his throat.

"They've called you," Mrs. Honeycutt said, pulling off her gloves. "At first a few objected, then they made it unanimous."

"Now, Mama, Mama, no gossip." Honeycutt offered his hand to London. "The pastorate is yours if you want it. And here is your expense money. Round trip. You must give your answer within two weeks and can take over any time."

"My answer is ready now, Brother Honeycutt. I want the charge. I am proud and grateful, and sort of scared. I wish Kathie knew."

"Why don't you call her?"

"Do you mind? I'll pay you back."

"Of course you call her," said Mrs. Honeycutt. "Right now, while I rustle up some food. You should have heard Tama Ducksworth speak out for you."

"Mama!" Honeycutt exclaimed. He walked toward the hall where the telephone was. "I'll get your wife." The old man seldom had an opportunity to call long distance and he loved it.

"Hello, hello," he said. "Is that you, Miss Sadie? . . . How'ere you and your folks? . . . That's good . . . Uh-huh, we're all fine. . . . Now listen, Miss Sadie. I'm calling clean to Texas. . . . Uh-huh. Mrs. London Wingo at the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary at Seminary Hill. That's part of Fort Worth. . . . That's right. Her name is Katherine. I mean Kathie."

London took the receiver. Mrs. Honeycutt came out of the kitchen, wiping her hands. "Tell her the pastor's home has six rooms and a sleeping porch and lots of closets. The furniture is pretty good, but one of the legs of the kitchen stove is broken. And tell her . . ."

THE train from St. Louis was on time, according to the bulletin board, and London paced along the cinders. It was considerate of his members to let him meet Kathie alone, he thought. Then he looked up from the tracks and saw Josie Moffett and Tama Ducksworth arriving in the Moffett car. His blue eyes clouded.

They gushed up to him, explaining that they happened to remember he didn't have a car. "So we drove down," said Tama. As the train slowed to a stop he walked alongside, staring up into the cars. The two women were at his heels. Then he saw Kathie looking out of a window, waving. At the steps she fell into his arms, kissing his mouth and cheeks and forehead.

Josie put her hand over her mouth and said to Tama, "Huh, quite a demonstration. And right here in public."

Tama whispered, "And look at that bobbed hair."

London held his wife tightly and then put her down. She was laughing and adjusting her coat.

"You all right?" he whispered.

"Just fine," she said. "I have many things to tell you."

There was nothing to do but present her to Josie and Tama and get it over with. Kathie offered her hand and, realizing that the women were picking her to bits with their stares, she looked them over too.

Josie said, "I have our car. But I don't know how we will arrange things. I want to talk to you."

"So do I," said Tama.

London lifted Kathie's bag. "I'll drive," he said, "and you three can sit together on the back seat."

Kathie sat between Josie, the lean one, and Tama, the fat one, and both tried to talk at once.

Josie was asking. "Do you sing, Mrs. Wingo?"

"Not much," said Kathie, watching the back of London's neck.

"Oh, I'll bet you sing like a lark," said Tama, intending it as a gibe at Josie.

But Josie missed the sarcasm. She was studying Kathie's hat and looking at her bobbed hair. "Florine Carter has bobbed hair," she said. "I think Florine is too old to have bobbed hair. Why, she has an eighteen-year-old daughter. Of course Florine was terribly young when she and Cliff got married."

Tama shook her head at Josie, and both clamped their lips and leaned back in righteous smugness.

London left the motor running when he reached the pastor's home and helped his wife out of the car. He was giving Tama and Josie no opportunity to drop in. He thanked them and said he hoped to see them soon. They waved when they drove away, and he lifted the bag and held Kathie's hand as they walked up the path to their home. Until today London had been staying with the Honeycutts.

Neither spoke until they reached the porch, and then London began laughing. Kathie joined him. "Don't say it, honey." She put her hand over his mouth. "Remember, you are a pastor now. And pick me up and carry me over the threshold."

LONDON was awake next morning before the sun came up, and when he opened his eyes he wondered where he was. Then the prospect of the first day in their new home chased away any desire to go back to sleep and he crawled out of bed.

The kettle was on and the hot-water tank behind the range was getting warm when his wife sat up in bed, folded her arms, and demanded, "Have you no respect for my delicate condition?"

"Not a bit," said London. He went to the bed and lifted her to her feet and spanked her as she started for the front room to dress by the fire. "Clothe thyself, you daughter of Eve," he shouted. "And be about your master's work. I've got an appetite like a vacuum cleaner."

"Speaking of vacuum cleaners," she called from the front room, "did you think to buy a broom?"

"Oh-h-h, I knew I'd forget something."

When they finished breakfast it was still too early to go out and shop, so they sat in front of the fire and looked at each other and laughed. Then London got up and walked over to the wall near the bay window and started to take down a picture. "I don't like it," he said.

"You can't change that picture," Kathie said. "Some dear sister gave that to the pastor's home and you can't touch it. The same is true of the one over there. We might as well make our minds up to that."

"What do you reckon would happen," he asked, "if I cut that fringe off the divan?"

"What happened to Samson when his locks got cut?"

Kathie bundled up, and they walked through the back yard and over to the church. London led the way into his study. He had put his globe in there, and Kathie noticed it.

"Surely," she said, twirling it, "they must know the war is over. Maybe they just put this here for effect."

"I bought that." London was blushing.

"Auction?" Kathie didn't look up at him.

"Uh-huh. St. Louis. I had some time to kill between trains. It's a good globe. Looks nice. Of course it's sort of out of date."

She brushed some dust off it. "Anyway, it's round. I suppose the world doesn't change so much."

London was relieved. He had feared she might laugh at him.

He walked back to the house with her and then went downtown to buy the broom. Several of the townfolks looked at him when he passed and he squared his shoulders and walked very erect. The crowd in Charlie Moffett's store was gathered around the stove and they nodded to him and went on talking. Charlie filled his order, then said, "Like basketball?"

"Why, yes," London said.

"I think we'll beat Milford this time," Charlie said.

"You tell 'em, Charlie," said one of the men near the stove. "Maybe the preacher can pray us a win."

They laughed, all except London. So that's what they had been talking about.

He was chagrined that he was no longer the topic of conversation in Linden.

The basketball game between Linden High School and Milford High School, to be played on Friday night, was the important event of the week. Milford was the county seat, about twenty miles from Linden. It was somewhat larger than its neighbor, but the rivalry between them was intense, often bitter.

ON Sunday morning when Kathie arrived at church a few minutes before eleven, Tama Ducksworth and Josie Moffett were waiting for her at the door. They led her down the aisle and sat her between them while the congregation craned their necks and stared at her. Josie was reluctant to leave the center of attraction and go up to the choir. Only one face really appealed to Kathie, and she whispered to Tama, "Who is that lady behind Mrs. Moffatt?"

"Oh, her. That's Florine Carter. Cliff Carter's wife. And you can bet Josie will see to it that she is behind her. Florine can sing better than Josie. Florine—" She looked around and lowered her voice to a whispered titter. "But I'll tell you about that later."

After the service Tama saw to it that Kathie met everybody. Florine Carter was the only woman who didn't look her over. She said simply, "We are glad you are here. And I like your bobbed hair."

Young Ben Thigpen was with his father, Alvin, and Burl Ducksworth as they approached London. Ben said, "We missed you at the basketball game."

"Yes," said London, shaking hands. "I was busy working on my sermon. I believe they beat us."

"The referee gave them all the breaks," said Ben.

"Sure he did," Burl said. "Those Milford folks are crowing now, but just you wait."

"Is it that important?" London asked. "After all, it was only a basketball game."

The silence embarrassed him, and Brother Honeycutt saw that he needed help. "Anything that concerns Milford is important here."

"They are always trying to lord it over us," Burl said. "Milford ain't much bigger than Linden, but they are always trying to act smart. Even the railroad favors them. The agent there has two helpers and I only have one, but last year we handled more freight than they did."

Brother Honeycutt changed the subject and began talking about the weather. The women sauntered up to the door, and the men were presented to Kathie. Slowly the crowd drifted away, and Kathie and London walked down toward home.

"That was a good sermon, honey." Kathie's cheeks were red from the cold and her little nose was red too. "Do you feel better about your ministry than you did in the seminary?"

"Sure," he said. "I'm learning fast. I had those folks on my hip there today, as they say in the cow country. In my palm."

AFTER prayer meeting one night the congregation surprised the Wingos with a pounding party. Laughing and shouting they stamped onto the porch. Kathie opened the door. "London," she called. "Look! They are pounding us. Oh, come right in. How *sweet* of you."

The pastor hurried to the door and stood by her, and they shook hands with each guest. Dr. Bean was in the crowd. His wife was a Methodist, but she had a present, nevertheless—a pound of coffee. Kathie had already put herself under Dr. Bean's care.

Tama and Josie took over and directed activities as the people piled their presents on the kitchen table.

"Look," said Josie, "a whole ham. Newt Upjohn sent that in."

"It's a wonder he didn't send a gallon of whisky," Charlie said. "Newt does a little liquor making."

"How do you know?" somebody asked.

London laughed at the banter and Kathie said, "I never saw so many good things to eat."

"And look what I brought you extra," said Josie, and

handed Kathie a package wrapped in tissue paper and tied with red ribbon. "Made them myself. Open them up, Mrs. Wingo."

They were green guest towels and in one corner of each was embroidered the name Katherine.

Kathie smiled graciously and said, "How lovely. You know, my mother calls me Katherine. I'll put them away and save them. . . ."

"Oh, I made them to be used," Josie protested.

"Never on your life," Kathie said sweetly. "I won't let my husband use these lovely things to wipe off shaving lather. I'm going to put them away right now."

She walked to a closet and put the towels on a shelf. Florine Carter looked admiringly at Kathie. Josie glanced at Tama, and the lines around her mouth were tight.

Then, as though by some prearranged signal, everybody began talking at once. London moved from one group to another, hearing the chitchat and learning more about his people in those few minutes than he had learned at any time since being in Linden. Josie and Tama cornered him and began filling his mind and ears with gossip, whispering the stories as though the distribution were a distasteful duty.

By ten o'clock the last of the guests were gone. Kathie and London went to the kitchen and began putting away the food. "They are the salt of the earth," he said. "And the salt makes the earth sweet."

"That's trite and pontifical," Kathie snapped.

London was startled. "Hey! What's wrong with you?"

"That Josie Moffett and Tama Ducksworth." Kathie pounded a sack of sugar on the table until the bag split. "They've got their heads set that I'm to be called Katherine. I suppose they think Kathie is not dignified enough for a pastor's wife."

London scraped up the sugar. "Is that important?"

"Of course it's important. It's a matter of principle. I

have the right to my own name. And I'm not going to give in, London Wingo. Do you hear me?"

"Good for you," he said.

"Florine is the pick of the bunch. And that daughter of hers is a beautiful girl."

"Uh-huh." London took an armful of groceries to the pantry and was frowning slightly when he returned. "You might as well hear it from me, honey. You'll hear it anyway. Florine made a little mistake back when she was about Evelyn's age."

"What kind of mistake?" Kathie demanded.

"Well, now, as Brother Honeycutt might say, she and Cliff consummated their union without benefit of clergy."

All the blood drained from Kathie's face. "Oh, no—"

"That's right. They slipped away to Milford and got married, and Evelyn was born six months later."

"I don't care. I like her."

"So do I," he said.

ONE afternoon at twilight London was tidying his office when he heard heavy footsteps outside the door and someone knocked. He opened it to a stranger. The first things London noticed were his boots, his dirty mackinaw, and his cold, watery eyes.

"Come in," the preacher said. "You look cold."

The old man removed his old felt hat and shuffled across the room to a chair by the little stove.

"My name," he said, "is Newt Upjohn."

The Upjohns were the most numerous tribe in the county, and accounted the meanest. Newt, whom Cliff Carter had called "the tomcat of that layout," lived two miles out of town.

London said, "I'm glad to know you, Brother Upjohn. I'm glad you dropped by."

"My boy is dead," Newt said. "That's why I'm here."

"I'm sorry," the pastor said. "I hadn't heard."

"It was John R. He was my youngest boy."

"I didn't know your boy," the preacher said.

"No, I know you didn't. We don't get in often, and John R. has been away. They're bringing him back tonight." He rested his hands on his knees. "I want you to come out tomorrow and put him in the ground."

"Of course," London said. "I'll go out tonight."

"Never mind. I'll sit up with him tonight." Old Newt was gazing out of the window at the darkness that was closing in. "John R. was just a boy," he said softly. "Mighty young to die. You know he was working as a section hand up in Moberly. Train ran over him."

The preacher leaned back in his chair and let the old man pour out his sorrow.

"I'll be out about two o'clock tomorrow afternoon," London said when Newt stopped.

"Thank you, Preacher. Say something good about my boy. It'll make his mother feel better." He stood up and offered his hand, and his fingers still were cold.

London watched him walk up the street. Then he turned out his light and went home and was glad that he was a pastor, and was proud of his calling.

The light was burning in the little parlor and the reflection from the fire could be seen from the street. Kathie met him at the door. From the kitchen came the good friendly smell of broiled spareribs and barbecue sauce.

"Cliff Carter has been trying to get you," Kathie said. Cliff was Linden's undertaker. "He must have called here right after you left the study."

"Uh-huh. I'm going to conduct a funeral tomorrow. That's what Cliff wanted, I'm sure."

"Your first funeral." Kathie said. "Who's dead?"

"One of the Upjohns. Old Newt came and told me about it. It was his youngest boy, John R. Just twenty-two. He had red hair and looked like old lady Upjohn used to look."

"Oh, London." Kathie sat down, her eyes filling.

London turned and poked the fire. "John R. was a good boy. His father said so. When he was fourteen he stood on the stage at school and said the Gettysburg Address. By heart. He fell in the creek once and almost drowned. He wanted to be a railroad engineer."

Kathie said, "Why, London! You act like you knew him."

"I did," said the preacher, and she understood.

CLIFF CARTER called for Wingo the next afternoon. The *Handbook for Ministers* was in London's pocket. He might need it to refresh his memory on the routine of funeral procedure. A minister could afford a blunder at a wedding, but never at a funeral.

"John R. was a good boy," Cliff said, as they drove out. "Funny, ain't it, how a fine sapling can grow in the middle of brush and weeds?"

They turned up a rough dirt road and came to old Newt's house, where a crowd was gathered in the hallway and on the porch. "All Upjohns," said Cliff.

Newt met them at the steps and led them through the assemblage. The Upjohns had been inbreeding for generations and each one looked something like the others. Their vacant stares and suspicious glances made London uneasy. Newt turned him over to his daughter Minnie, a shy girl whose pale skin was as delicate as tissue paper. Minnie led the preacher into the parlor, where the coffin was and where Mrs. Upjohn was sitting in a rocking chair, gazing at the face of her son.

After the short service, they all walked down from the house toward the family cemetery in a cluster of elms. The wind was howling and the sky began spitting snow and sleet when the pallbearers put the casket over the open grave. London's numbed fingers fumbled at the

pages of his handbook until he found the chapter on funerals, then he began reading in a strained voice. The people were shivering, and Cliff was standing on one foot and then the other and his nose was red.

London turned the page, and to his horror he saw that no end was in sight. So he read on so rapidly that the words became a chant and he had to pause for breath. At that split second Cliff said, "Amen."

Surprised and relieved, London lowered the handbook and said a few words in prayer. As he stepped to the grave, he glanced at the book again. His eyes bulged when he saw that he had been reading the Episcopal services for the dead.

Mrs. Upjohn and Newt came to him afterward and thanked him, saying, "You put him away good." All the Upjohns shook his hand. Then he joined Cliff in the car. Cliff drove slowly until they were out of sight of the Upjohns and then he began laughing. "Excuse me, Reverend, but that's the first time I ever heard of a Baptist being buried with an Episcopal ceremony. Those Upjohns will never get over it."

"They were not mad?"

"Mad? They're tickled to death. That's the longest service they ever heard, and they think you did it just for John R. They don't know the difference."

ANOTHER Milford-Linden basketball game came the same Saturday as the stork shower for Kathie, given by Tama Ducksworth and Josie Moffett. The young pastor waited at home until Florine Carter called for his wife and then he went down to his study.

At dusk Kathie came in with "that young widow," as

some of the men around the barbershop and billiard parlor already were calling the Emporium's new milliner. Kathie, bubbling with enthusiasm from the party, presented Amy Taylor to London and, in the same breath, began telling how wonderful the shower had been even if all the presents, except Florine's, had been given to her as Mrs. *Katherine* Wingo.

"Mrs. Taylor just *made* the party. She's a Baptist, so I brought her around to meet you," Kathie said.

Mrs. Taylor was almost as tall as London and had hazel eyes and auburn hair.

There was a dignity about her, a rehearsed reserve.

"I was just wondering," Kathie went on, "if you'd mind eating supper at the Post Office Café."

"Not a bit," London said. "You know I'm going to the basketball game."

"Mrs. Taylor is going to stop by the house and help me plan some clothes and things. She's very good at that."

Amy Taylor was examining the globe. "It's as beautiful a Norton as I ever saw," she said, and spun it. "Family treasure, I suppose."

Kathie's laughter got as far as her throat, but she swallowed it at a warning glance from London. "Not exactly," he said. "I picked it up in St. Louis."

"Then perhaps you'd consider selling it."

"No," he said, "I think we'll keep it. What are Norton maps bringing now?" He wondered why he'd never noticed the name of Norton on his map.

"I'll give you one hundred and fifty dollars for it, Reverend Wingo," Amy said casually.

The minister gulped, and Kathie squealed in uninhibited delight. "Now I'll never hold him. My husband has auctionitis, Mrs. Taylor. A first-degree case. He bought that thing at a knockdown sale and didn't know it was an old map until after he was stuck with it."

Amy began laughing too. There was nothing for London to do but join in.

"Look, Mrs. Taylor." He made a gesture of surrender. "What is a Norton map? I never heard of one."

"It's not a map at all. Norton was a fine ironworker," she said. "He made a few stands for globes and that's one of them. The claws make the stand valuable. For collectors. I can make a profit on it."

London went over and looked at the claws.

Kathie still was laughing. Nobody had such a merry laugh as Kathie. "Don't sell it. Not for a thousand. I like it now. Only *you* could stroll into an auction and come out with such a prize."

As the women left, Kathie kissed London and whispered, "She's adorable, honey. We clicked the minute we got away from Tama and all those. She likes Florine, too, and we all three like the same things. You know, salads and pretty hats. I'm asking her to dinner tomorrow."

Neither of them thought about it then, but Amy was to be their first Sunday dinner guest. Often members had been to the pastor's home but only for afternoon snacks and supper. Neither of them dreamed he was blundering.

BURL DUCKSWORTH, Tama's husband, and Charlie Moffett, Josie's, were eating supper at the Post Office Café when London entered. There was no room at their table, so he sat near-by and joined in the conversation about the approaching game, commenting expertly, he thought, on the strong points of the Linden team.

He hadn't missed a game since the first one of the season.

Dr. Bean came in and sat at London's table. Young Ben Thigpen came in with Minnie Upjohn. They both smiled shyly at London.

"Huh," said Bean, leaning over closer to his pastor. "First time I've seen them together in public. They've been shining around each other since they were kids. But old Newt doesn't like it."

London said, "Those things usually adjust themselves."

Dr. Bean paid both checks and, remembering the story of the Norton globe, which London had told him, was still laughing as they walked toward the gymnasium where the game was to be played.

Kathie was in bed by the time Bean and London came in. They took over the kitchen and cooked eggs and sausage. Then they went into the living room and built up the fire. The doctor lit his pipe and they sat down in comfort.

"My wife is all right, huh?" London said.

"Fine as silk, Preacher."

"What would happen if our baby were born in the Milford hospital?"

"The folks here would run you out of town and then lynch me for taking your wife there."

"But just suppose that at the last hour something went wrong and you had to take her to a hospital. Milford has the nearest hospital."

Bean looked up at his pastor.

London was grinning. "Would you mind telling a little fib for the Lord?"

"I'll even do a little fibbing for you. And for the Lord? Why, I'll tell a first-class whopper."

"Linden needs a hospital," London said. "You and I can promote one by channeling the rivalry with Milford into the right direction. Now, just say that at the last minute Kathie develops some rare ailment. She'd like that."

"Complications, son. That's what we always call it. And we rush her to Milford. Then what?"

"I am humiliated, don't you see? And you raise a fuss because your pastor was forced to suffer the indignity of having his baby born in Milford. *Milford!* Besides the risk involved."

Bean was nodding slowly. After he had gone London banked the fire. He undressed in the living room so as not to disturb Kathie, but found her wide awake and wound up. "Minnie Upjohn is going to work at the Emporium."

"Good. I saw her tonight with Ben Thigpen."

"Really." Kathie's interest leaped. "You know, honey, that's why she is going to work at the Emporium. To see Ben. Newt Upjohn won't let Ben call on her out there."

London stretched his toes and relaxed beside her.

"I am going to need somebody to help me when the baby comes," Kathie went on. "For a while. And I don't want some old tacky woman. Minnie can live with us and help me get breakfast and tidy up around here before she goes to work. Then she can help me in the late afternoon."

London yawned. "It's all right with me."

AMY TAYLOR joined the church the next morning and walked home with the pastor, as Kathie had not attended service.

London's mind was on his own problems and he was not conscious of the stares that followed him and the young widow.

Honeycutt was scowling when Tama and Josie came up to his car, and Tama said, "Well, what do you think of that, Reverend Honeycutt? The first person they ask to their house for Sunday dinner is that young widow. And the day after Josie and I gave the shower . . ."

"I think he's showing good judgment," said Burl, trying to provoke a laugh. "She's a pippin."

"Oh, it's not him I'm blaming," said Josie. "I'm not really blaming anybody. But it is mighty funny to me that after all we've done for Katherine Wingo she goes and invites that woman to dinner before she invites any of us old members."

Honeycutt was worried. London was committing a tactical blunder.

"Don't be too hasty to judge him," he said to Tama and Josie. "I have a feeling he's trying to interest her in church work. We can use that young lady."

"He hasn't thought about it one way or another," said Josie. "It's Katherine Wingo, I tell you. He's so blindly in love with her that he doesn't know she's flighty and shallow."

"And frivolous," said Tama.

Miss Sadie, the telephone operator, was busy most of that Sunday afternoon, connecting calls between Tama and Josie and the other women of the church who followed their leadership.

WINTER had a firm grip on the land when Kathie's time came in January. London had been watching her closely for days and had worked himself into a state of nervous tension. He was at his study when she telephoned that she had just called Dr. Bean.

He slammed the door of his study so hard that it bounced open again and he had to dash back and close it. He found Kathie sitting in a rocker before the fire, toasting her feet. He insisted that she should be in bed, but she laughed at him. So did Bean when he arrived.

They bundled her up and she walked to the doctor's car. Bean drove first to Tama's house and went in to borrow a hot-water bottle, and when he came out Tama was with him, breathless. Her concern was genuine. She was gentle at that minute. "Oh dear, what is it?" She patted Kathie's hand.

"Nothing," said Bean. "Just complications, Tama. You are the first one who knows about it. And I need your help. We're going by Josie's to get another bottle, so you call her and tell her to have it hot."

"Oh, good gracious," said Tama. "Is there anything I can do? The idea. The very idea of us not having a hospital here. It's a disgrace. I knew this would happen someday. An emergency like this. And to our pastor . . ."

The campaign for the Linden hospital had reached the talking stage by the time Dr. Bean signed his patient into the Milford hospital.

To get his mind off the mystery beyond the closed door of the hospital room, London began figuring how he would meet the bill. Then he remembered the Norton globe. One hundred and fifty dollars. That solved his problem. So he went to the office to telephone Amy.

Before morning his daughter was born and he was allowed to see Kathie. Wanting to leave her cheerful, he said, "I sold the Norton globe. To Amy. We used the world to pay for our baby."

She smiled because she didn't want him to know that she was disappointed. So the globe was gone. That left a little vacant spot in Kathie's heart.

LONDON was the most surprised man in town when Newt Upjohn walked into his study one afternoon and asked him not to allow Ben Thigpen to pay any more calls on Minnie at his house. Ben, to Newt's practical mind, was a flighty young man and unstable because his one real skill was the making of kites. The Upjohns, by sheer numbers, were an important bloc in the church and a liaison between the pulpit and the potent bottom-rung folks of the congregation and county. Up to now the Upjohns had been London's staunch supporters.

"That boy is no 'count, Preacher. Them Thigpens are trash. We had trouble with 'em about thirty or forty years ago. So I'm asking you to keep that boy away."

London looked directly into Newt's eyes. "Brother Upjohn, my house is my own, and it's none of your business who comes there."

"Reckoned you'd say that." The old man's lips came to a thin line. "You've got me out on a limb, Preacher. If I tell my girl to come home she might up and marry that boy. I'm asking you to send her home."

London said, "If you want to take your daughter home that's your business. She's old enough to know her own mind and she can stay at my house as long as she behaves herself. And Ben Thigpen can call there as long as he behaves himself."

A FEW days later Kathie handed her husband a printed dodger that announced an auction sale to be held out in the country. "Maybe you can pick up another Norton globe."

"If I get another Norton we can afford another baby. Will you go with me?"

"No, honey. My presence would restrain you."

The day of the auction she packed a lunch for him. He walked out through the woods, pausing often to drink in the feeling of spring. He ate his lunch beside a brook and then sauntered over to the auction.

He saw Amy Taylor up near the front bidding on some old furniture. She nodded politely.

London resisted all temptation to enter a bid until a cattle dehorner was offered for sale. It was such an interesting gadget, rusty, battered, and utterly useless to him. That's why he wanted it. He bid three dollars and the amazed auctioneer sold him the gadget. He slipped away from the crowd, clutching the heavy thing.

Amy walked up to him and said, "I have the company car. I'll drive you home. I want to see Kathie anyway."

"Thanks," said London. "I'll take you up on that."

LATE the next Saturday afternoon London, coming out of his study, ran into Ben Thigpen. "I just came from the Emporium," the young man said. "Mrs. Taylor called me down there. She wants me to make a lot of little kites for the store. Gave me ten dollars. I'm swamped. Half the kids in town are on my neck for kites, too."

"Why don't you get some of them to help with the pasting and things like that?"

"I haven't got enough room at home to work by myself, much less get in a bunch of wild kids."

"Why not use that old barn back of our house?" London said. "It's got a good floor. You can make some workbenches and I'll help you get tools and things."

"On the level?"

"Sure. Naturally I'll expect you to keep the boys in line."

"Oh, I'll do that, Reverend. Do they have to be Baptists?"

"Course not," London said.

By midweek the workshop was a beehive of activity, and a few days later, as London passed the Emporium he joined the folks who were gaping at the window display, an assortment of spring hats against a background of red and green kites. The town had never seen such decorations before, or so much color.

Going home he ran into the Presbyterian minister and told him how his barn had become a meeting place for half the boys in town. "We should keep them together," London said. "I was thinking of turning the loft into a clubroom."

"Why not let them organize into Boy Scouts?" the other minister asked.

London snatched at the suggestion.

Around the house, where only Kathie saw him, London was now filled with importance. But a jolt came when Ben dropped by the study and asked his pastor to perform the wedding ceremony for him and Minnie.

This was the minute London Wingo dreaded more than any other minute since beginning his ministry. His voice was strained when he said, "If you and Minnie want your pastor to marry you, I'll be ready whenever you are."

Ben's voice also was tense. "Tomorrow afternoon about two o'clock. Minnie is taking the day off."

"Have you seen Brother Upjohn?"

"Yes, sir. I went out there this morning and told him I aimed to marry Minnie. He told me that if I did, then he'd better never catch me on the same side of the street as him. But I aim to walk where I please."

"Very well. Tomorrow at two o'clock, Ben. It'll be my first wedding. Have you got somebody to stand up with you?"

"Won't nobody do it. Ever'body's scared of Mr. Upjohn."

"Aren't you?" London tried to smile.

"Yes, sir." The young man nodded slowly. "I've tried to make out like I ain't. But I am." He put on his cap and started out, then looked back. "I'm going on the road pretty soon and sell some suits and drum up trade for kites. If you need a new suit I'll knock off my commission."

Newt's emissary, Parker Upjohn, arrived soon after Ben left. London said, "Won't you sit down, Park?" His calm voice belied his anxiety.

The visitor shook his head. "Uncle Newt said tell you he don't want you to marry Minnie to that Thigpen boy." He said it matter-of-factly, as though it were an order that must be obeyed.

London got up from his swivel chair and walked over to the visitor. "Minnie and Ben are of age. If the state of Missouri will license them to be married, then the pastor will perform the ceremony."

Parker fumbled with his hat. "Uncle Newt said tell you you'd better not marry 'em."

"Tell Brother Upjohn," London said, measuring each word, "that I'm twenty-nine years old and can tell time."

Parker Upjohn turned and walked out of the door. London stood there, trembling for a few seconds, then sat down. Slowly his nerves relaxed. It occurred to him then that the news soon would be all over town and that somebody would telephone Kathie, so he straightened his desk quickly and hurried home.

His wife was waiting for him on the front porch. Her lips were quivering when he kissed her and followed her into the little parlor.

"Minnie called me," she said. "She's frantic. She wants to get somebody else to do it. That wouldn't work, would it?"

"No. That wouldn't do at all."

"I hate it all," she cried. "Do you hear me, London Wingo? I hate it!"

London drew back as though he had been struck. If Kathie's faith was slipping . . .

Her eyes were blazing. "If you don't marry them your

own people will say you are a coward. If you do, that old Newt Upjohn may try to kill you. Brotherly love! Good lord, what mockery. What ignorance! And I've seen it all my life. My father faced it. And now my child faces it. Poverty! Superstition! I hate them, I tell you. I seldom see you any more. You forget that I'm alive. Working for them."

Still London didn't interrupt.

"And vicious old Tama and Josie have fangs. Making snide remarks about Amy and Florine. Katherine Wingo! Katherine! I can't even have my own name. This is not a home. It's a goldfish bowl. Do this, do that. Don't wear that. Do! Don't! To hell with them, London Wingo!"

Then she rested her head against his arm. "I didn't mean it," she said. "I just boiled over."

"I know," he said, and smoothed her hair.

They were out in the garden cutting flowers when Brother Honeycutt's Ford careened around the corner, and he jumped out without shutting off the motor or closing the door. He stalked up the path, his good eye blazing.

"I hear there's nobody to stand up with Ben. I'll be here. I'll stand up with him."

Kathie said, "I'll stand with Minnie."

"My wife volunteered too," Honeycutt said. "So did Sister Taylor and Florine."

Kathie went into the house, and the two men walked over to the shade of a linden tree. "What'll you do if Newt pulls a gun on you?" Honeycutt asked.

"Drop dead," said London. "He won't have to shoot."

"Burl wanted to have him put under a peace bond, and Cliff was all for warning him that if he raised a finger against you he'd lead a bunch out there and clean up that Upjohn nest. I told them to keep out of it."

"Thanks," said London.

WHEN the ceremony was over they all filed into the dining room for ice cream and cake. Then London kissed Kathie and said, "I'll be home as soon as I can."

"I'll wait supper," she said.

The front screen door closed behind him. Ben walked to the front porch and Honeycutt followed. "You're going to stay right here," the old minister said sternly. "Brother Wingo may be able to handle Newt, but if that old scamp sees you he might blow up and start shooting."

It was two miles to Newt's house, and the preacher's shirt was drenched in sweat before he reached it. There were six Upjohns on Newt's front porch. London unlatched the gate, turned his back on the Upjohns, and latched the gate again. He stood a second, looking up at them.

He did not see any rifles or shotguns. He let his eyes roam from one Upjohn to the next and finally rested them on Newt and kept them there until he reached the steps. He put his foot on the bottom one.

"Don't come no closer," one of the young Upjohns mumbled.

"Shut up," said Newt, leaning forward in his chair.

The minister put his foot on the second step. He swallowed quickly. "Minnie and Ben were married this afternoon. And I heard you might be looking for me."

Newt turned to his clansmen, nodding a signal. They filed into the house. London put his foot on the third step. That called for his last ounce of courage..

Old Newt's watery eyes blinked two or three times, and without a word he sighed and pushed back his chair. He stood for a second, staring down at the minister, then turned and walked into the house, closing the door behind him.

London stepped back instinctively, and his eyes darted from window to window. He almost was overwhelmed with an urge to crawl under the steps or run and hide behind one of the trees in the yard. However, he stood still, waiting for the next move.

But nothing happened.

Slowly London backed away from the house. He straightened his shoulders and opened the gate deliberately. When he glanced back he saw Mrs. Upjohn in the back yard feeding chickens as though nothing had upset her routine.

The young Baptist pastor was the pride of Linden in the days that followed, and they began talking about him up at Milford and as far away as Moberly. He tried to explain that he really never had been in danger, but they put that down as the modesty of a brave man.

Church was packed the following Sunday, although no Upjohns were there. After the morning service the deacons gathered around London and were lavish with their praises, and he took advantage of his popularity to suggest that the church send him and Kathie to the state convention. They agreed without dissent.

Kathie was delighted when he told her about it and immediately began making plans. "Minnie and Ben can come and look after the baby," she said. "We'll be away from Linden for a few days. Will *that* be fun! I can do as I please."

She danced across the floor. "I might even get a new permanent. I'm going to have breakfast in bed."

KATHIE wore a new ensemble, with pocketbook and gloves to match, when she and London boarded the Wabash for their trip to Kansas City and the Missouri Baptist Convention. His A. Nash suit, blue and double-breasted, was the best of Ben's line. On the train he was a ranch hand again, a country boy. He removed his hat to stick the ticket stubs under the band.

"Don't do that." She nudged him. "Only country hicks do that. Stick them in that gadget on the back of the seat. That's what it is for."

London did so reluctantly. He soon made friends with the passengers around him, having almost as much fun as he had at auctions. His gregariousness did not exactly embarrass Kathie, but she didn't want people to get the impression that they were not blasé travelers.

It was exactly high noon as London stuck his watch back in his pocket and slapped her knee playfully.

"Come on, honey. I'm going to buy you the best meal on the diner."

"Not now." Kathie whispered and frowned. "It's just twelve o'clock."

"That's right. Time to eat."

"No, London. It's not proper to jump up out of your seat at exactly twelve and run to the diner. Let's wait a few minutes, then saunter back there."

Kathie ordered only a salad for lunch, but her husband asked for several dishes and made conversation with the waiter.

The convention seemed just one long holiday to Kathie and London; a second honeymoon. They had made friends with the Radcliffs, a young couple from Milford. Bradley Radcliff was the Baptist pastor there. The four took a Pullman back as far as Moberly, but changed to a day coach before they reached home. Each of them had a

few dollars left from the funds furnished by their churches, and they spent it all.

By the next Sunday the trip to Kansas City seemed far in the past to both of them, and the future looked bright and happy.

DR. THOREAU BEAN smiled somewhat wryly when he repeated to London his old expression, "your wife is a little on the pregnant side, all right, all right," and although his voice was cheerful there was no twinkle in his eyes. He cautioned that Kathie must be extra careful in the months to come. Linden's new hospital was finished now, so there was no worry on that score.

London now insisted that his wife go to Texas and visit her family and rest. And so it was arranged.

Of course she told Amy and Florine, and Miss Sadie, the telephone operator, heard about it as she heard everything, and before Kathie left for Texas it was known generally. Tama said, "Humph! State convention, I'll bet."

His wife had been away almost two weeks before London got around to taking Sunday dinner with the Carters. Amy Taylor was there too, and it was her suggestion that they telephone Kathie. Then, after Cliff and Florine said a few words to her, Amy took the line. She was laughing when she promised her friend, "Uh-huh, I'll look after him. I've got my eye on him."

Next Sunday in a gathering near the church steps after services, Josie Moffett asked if anybody had heard from Katherine.

"Oh, she's all right," Miss Sadie said. "Reverend Wingo and the Carters and Mrs. Taylor talked to her Sunday."

"You mean all the way to Texas?" Burl asked.

"Uh-huh," said Miss Sadie. "Mrs. Taylor promised Katherine that she'd keep her eye on him. I'd like that job myself." She tittered as she said it.

"Humph," said Tama. "No doubt that Taylor woman would like to look after him."

Burl grumbled. "Looks like the preacher is mighty reckless with his money."

Miss Sadie tittered again. "Oh, he uses long distance all the time. He called Katherine from Reverend Honeycutt's one night. The night we called him to the church. And he called Mrs. Taylor from Milford hospital the night his baby was born. Borrowed money from her."

"Borrowed money from her?" Burl demanded, and looked at Charlie Moffett.

"Uh-huh. I didn't hear all the conversation, but I know she said she'd send him one hundred and fifty dollars."

"Well," said Josie. "Well!"

"I wonder if he paid it back," Burl said.

"I doubt it," said Tama. "Maybe she doesn't want it back. I've never trusted that woman. Come to think of it, they left an auction together. Out in the country. Several months ago. Now how did *she* know *he* was going to be there?"

The next day at a ladies' meeting Josie and Tama began spreading their poison.

The scandal spread like an epidemic through the church, and even reached the low level of poolroom discussion before London heard it. Honeycutt broke the news to him.

The pastor laughed and then, seeing the alarm in Honeycutt's eyes, demanded, "Are you serious?"

"A man's ministry has been ruined by less," said Honeycutt. "Did you ever borrow five hundred dollars from Mrs. Taylor?"

"No," London said. "What a fool question. I sold her that Norton globe for one hundred and fifty dollars. You knew that. Used the money to pay for the baby."

"Did you meet at an auction out in the country and come home together?"

"She was there when I got there. She drove me home."

"Did you stop in the woods?"

"Good lord!" London jumped to his feet. "Has it gone that far? Who started this thing?"

"I don't know. I can't find out. It's like a river of molasses, son. You can't fight it and you can't stop it. It's got to run its course."

"Does Amy know it?" London's voice was tense.

"Not that I know of."

London reached for his hat, his big hands trembling with anger. Honeycutt grabbed his arm.

"Sit down. Don't be a fool. You can't dignify this thing by noticing it."

"I'm going to call Amy Taylor," London said. "She has a right to know."

"Keep your mouth shut," Honeycutt roared. "Don't you know Miss Sadie blabs everything she hears on the phone? I'll see Mrs. Taylor. Take my car and go out to my house. Do as I say, Wingo."

LONDON was so angry that he never remembered driving out to the old man's house and was not aware of the stares that followed him down the main street.

When Honeycutt drove up with Amy in the Emporium's car, there were red spots on her cheeks, and her hazel eyes were wide in fury. She took London's hand. Neither said a word as they looked at each other.

Honeycutt pulled chairs in front of the fireplace and lit the fire.

London said, "Was this a bombshell to you too, Amy?"

She nodded. "A bolt from the blue."

"Didn't you even have a suspicion that they were talking about you?" Honeycutt asked.

"No more than usual," she said, and shrugged. "Come to think of it, some of the customers in the store have been looking at me as though I had leprosy. I put it down to widowitis. I can take care of myself, but I think I owe it to Kathie to write her immediately."

"No!" London said. "I don't want her worried."

Amy was doubtful about riding back to town with London, but Honeycutt said, "If you avoid each other it'll only add to the fire."

London's listeners at Sunday services began to thin out and then to fall away at alarming proportions. He hated his quest now, and it was becoming hollow mockery.

THE frost was heavy on the ground and dead leaves lay in piles along the streets when Kathie returned. London lifted her from the train steps and held her so long that she began blushing and whispered, "Put me down. Folks are staring."

After supper Kathie sprawled in a rocker and sighed. "It's good to be home. I'm feeling fine, but I think I'd better telephone Dr. Bean that I'm back."

London had put on his slippers and was standing by the fireplace, looking at her. She frowned slightly, then said, "All right. What's wrong this time? Did you go *crazy* at some auction?"

The minister went straight to the point, saying, "There is a scandal going the rounds about Amy and me."

He pulled a chair beside her and took her hands and told her the whole story. He felt her hands grow cold. She interrupted once. "There hasn't been a fight, has there? You haven't hit Burl or Charlie?"

"No. Of course not. I can't pin it on them."

"Well, I can," said Kathie. "And on their wives." She reached out and mussed his hair. "You are not the first preacher to be accused of philandering. So don't get stuck up. And if you ever do any running around I hope you pick somebody as nice and pretty as Amy."

"You are the most wonderful person in the world," he said softly.

"Nonsense. I've got a good husband and I don't intend to let a bunch of dried-up old hens upset my life." She went to the phone. "Hello, Miss Sadie," she said cheerfully. "This is Kathie Wingo."

"Oh, hello, Katherine," cooed Miss Sadie.

"I said *Kathie*. If you could hear as well as you blab, Sadie, then things might go better around here." Kathie's tone was so stinging that London gasped. "Get Amy Taylor for me. I want to ask her over for supper."

Miss Sadie was flustered and said, "But I thought you had supper soon after you got home. I just heard somebody say they saw you and Reverend Wingo eating—"

"Get Amy for me," Kathie demanded. "Right now!"

Her friend was cheerful on the telephone, knowing that the operator was listening. "Yes," she said, "I'll be right over. I can't wait to see you and the baby."

Then Kathie called Dr. Bean and asked him over for a professional visit. They were all in the front room when he arrived. He put his arm around his patient's shoulders and hugged her. "Well, well, Katherine, it's good to see you. How's Texas?"

He felt Kathie cringe and didn't realize why. London looked quickly at his wife. Her face was drawn as she realized that Dr. Bean unknowingly was becoming a victim of Tama's and Josie's propaganda. He had called her Katherine without thinking. It seemed the natural thing for him to do, and if Dr. Bean had submitted to the pressure there was no reason to expect any escape from the wearing-down process.

Her lips were white when she went into her bedroom, where Bean examined her and kept telling her to relax. London walked out to his car with the doctor after his visit. "Don't let her lug the baby around," Bean said. "She's got to take it easy."

"Look," said London, "don't you ever call her Katherine again."

"My God, did I do that?" Bean put his hand to his forehead. "I'll watch it hereafter. Every time I hear her name it's Katherine. It just goes to show you to what limits they'll go to make her conform to their pattern." He shook his head angrily. "You keep preaching that God made man in His own image if you want to. But sometimes I think He made man so polecats won't feel they've been given a dirty deal."

SUNDAY morning found Kathie in her gayest garments standing in the church doorway to welcome the people. Many of them were flustered and embarrassed as they took her outstretched hand. Josie and Tama made themselves busy avoiding her. It was Josie who gasped and gripped Tama's arm as Nate Isaacs, the proprietor of the Emporium, came into the church, stopped to chat with the pastor's wife, and then was ushered to a seat near Amy.

"Huh," said Tama. "He must think this is a synagogue."

Then the wives of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Christian pastors came in. They kissed Kathie, and they took seats behind Amy and leaned over and talked to her, smiling and nodding. That was too much for Josie and Tama. They tilted their chins and stalked up to Kathie and welcomed her loudly.

"I wanted to write you," Josie whispered in her ear, "about what was going on here."

"So did I," said Tama. "Now don't you believe *all* this talk, Katherine."

"It's not as bad as they say," Josie said. "Of course that Taylor woman has a crush on Reverend Wingo. But it's strictly platonic. I'm sure of that."

"You underestimate Amy," Kathie said, looking first at Tama and then at Josie. "If she had a crush on any man, it wouldn't be platonic. She'd see to that, and he'd have no choice in the matter. False witnessing," she went on slowly, "is God's business, but trying to upset my home is my business. And I'm warning you, I'll scratch your eyes out. You leave me and mine alone."

"Humph," said Tama. Her face was red and Josie's was pale.

"You see," Kathie hissed, "I know the truth. Tama, you are just a troublemaker, but as for you, Josie . . ." She looked the tall woman up and down. "Well, I'd trust my husband around the world with Amy Taylor, but I couldn't trust him around the corner with you, if you could have your way. And if it were dark and he couldn't see you." She turned away and went to sit beside Amy.

THE service was a miserable failure. London tried his best, but his heart was not in it and he often groped for words. The small crowd soon was restless and began whispering and kept their eyes on Kathie and Amy.

At first, when Charlie and Burl heard what Kathie had said to their wives, they were all for calling on the pastor and demanding an explanation and an apology. Then Burl said unctuously, "See that crowd this morning? Not a handful. And the collection was only six dollars and a quarter. He's lost his grip. A few more Sundays like this and he'll have to resign."

Eight members turned out for Wednesday-night prayer meeting, and in the Boy Scout troop seven boys resigned, on their parents' orders, because Ben Thigpen, the troop leader, remained loyal to the Wingos.

London, in an ugly mood, called on Honeycutt. "All right," he said. "I've tried your way. Now I'm going to try mine."

Honeycutt bowed his head. "What are your plans?"

"I'm going to beat the truth out of Burl and Charlie. The truth and a public apology."

"All right. But just one thing first. Take my car and go up to Milford and see Bradley Radcliff. I've just heard from him. A church in Georgia needs a new man."

"But will you recommend me? I was under the impression you thought I haven't had enough experience."

"You haven't," Honeycutt snapped. "Not the right kind of experience. But my recommendation wasn't asked. Radcliff just happened to know about the church and got in touch with me to find out if I figured you'd resent him approaching you about it."

London stood on the front steps, thoughtful for a second. "That may be the solution. I'll go see him."

But when he told Kathie a look of dismay spread from her eyes until it enveloped her little face, pinching it. "Run away?" she whispered hoarsely. "We came here to be of service. There was a covenant between us and God. This is when Linden needs us most."

"I'm going to see Radcliff anyway. No harm in that."

"Don't make any promises. Please. Please."

She went to the door, watched him drive away in Honeycutt's car, and stood there, fighting her feelings. It would be good to go away. "O God," she mumbled, "give me the courage to try to change things that should be changed."

A little later, Kathie Wingo stepped to the telephone, rang it quickly, and said, "Miss Sadie, this is Katherine."

She heard the operator gasp.

"Katherine Wingo. That's right. Get Josie Moffett for me." There was a long pause, and the preacher's wife

breathed deeply, pulling her sagging shoulders erect. "Hello. Hello, Josie. This is Katherine."

It was done.

"I'm sorry for the things I said. I'm calling Tama."

"We forgive you." Josie's voice was syrupy, despite her obvious surprise and delight. She had triumphed.

Kathie put her hand against the wall for support. "I'd like for you and Tama to drop over tomorrow. The baby has a little rash on her tummy, and I want to ask you about it."

That was all. The citadel had fallen.

As soon as she hung up telephones began ringing all over town.

THERE was peace and good-fellowship in the First Baptist Church of Linden, and now Kathie apparently was subdued and molded to pattern, Tama and Josie did everything they knew to make her happy.

London wrote Radcliff in Milford, declining the Georgia offer, and hinted to him that he soon might be ready to launch a building program in Linden. He began planning his campaign, shaping it up in his mind. He must hurry, as their new baby was due in five months, and he was determined to have the foundation ready as a tribute to Kathie.

Things were working as smoothly as a dynamo, although the Upjohns still were shunning the church. London had dared to hope that Newt might have softened a bit, and he even called on the old man and asked him to return to church. Newt was polite but firm. "Preacher," he said, "you and me just don't see things alike. You go your way and me and mine will go ours."

Finally London wrote Radcliff, saying, "I'm ready to build if you are. For goodness sakes, burn this. It could convict us of conspiracy, and I cringe before the hellfires of deacons' wrath."

The Milford pastor answered, "Hallelujah! I'll meet you across the Rubicon. If I build before you, you owe me a steak supper. Or vice versa." His next letter said, "Give 'em both barrels. I'm going for a seventy-five-thousand-dollar plant. Brick."

London put his campaign machinery into gear. He and Kathie took no one into their confidence except Amy. Coached by them, Amy told Nate Isaacs, a neutral, she had it from a salesman that Milford was planning a new church. Nate chided Charlie Moffett because Milford's Baptists were more energetic Christians than Linden's, and Charlie was indignant. He went to Joel McInnis and Burl, and the three deacons called on London with the information that the rival town was trying to steal a march on them. London shrugged it off.

"We are not ready to build," he said. "It'll take fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars, and we haven't that much money."

"But we can't let Milford get ahead of us," Burl said.

"Their pastor gets seventeen hundred dollars a year and a car. Looks like they already are ahead of us. At least of me." London's eyes were twinkling.

"We pay you twelve hundred dollars," said Burl quickly. "And we furnish your household stuff. Milford doesn't do that."

"We'll get you a car," said Charlie, "if you'll launch a building program. Won't we, men?"

Burl scratched his head. "Well, now . . ."

"Sure," said Joel. "We can pick up a good used car, Preacher."

London laughed. "I'm sorry, brethren. Your enthusiasm is running away."

The three deacons went down to Charlie's store and continued their conversation. "I know Reverend Wingo is not a businessman," Burl said, "but he could handle a building program with our help."

Finally a business session of the church was called to decide if the people wanted a new building. The vote was a foregone conclusion as word had reached the town that Milford's Baptists already had employed an architect, but London sat back and listened to the speakers explain why the church needed a new building. Old man Thigpen brought a ripple of laughter by saying, "We aim to build a new church so Milford won't get ahead of us. Don't let's kid ourselves or try to kid the Lord."

THE first spade of earth for the foundation was turned two days before Christmas, and London selected Alvin Thigpen, the oldest church member, for the honor. A few persons grumbled, and Tama said, "The idea of letting the janitor turn the first spade. Fine thing."

London got his car, a secondhand Essex, for Christmas, and Kathie was so sure of her position that she asked Amy to Christmas dinner.

In January, some weeks after the cornerstone was laid, a man named Cleveland Henry came to town from St. Louis. He was wearing a tailor-made suit, a Homburg hat, and got a barbershop shave every day. Mr. Henry first was noticed at the Post Office Café, where he left a fifteen cent tip for a blue-plate special. The proprietor assumed he was a big-town traveling man and spread the word around. But when he deposited five thousand dollars in the Linden bank even Nate Isaacs pricked up his ears.

London was surprised when the visitor called on him in his study and reported that he was a lifelong Baptist and gave ten dollars to the building fund. The next day Ben dashed breathlessly into the study and told London that Mr. Henry had offered him eighty dollars a month to design kites and supervise their manufacture for a factory he owned.

The minister jumped up. He pounded his young friend's back. "That's great. I suppose his factory is in St. Louis." The sudden thought that he would lose the young Thigpens took away some of the pleasure.

"No, sir." Ben took a chair, still grinning. "That's the beauty of it. I stay right here and design kites. He's going to make 'em right here and sell 'em all over the country. He's going to give me a contract. Have a lawyer fix it up and all that. We're going to name 'em Linden Kites," Ben said proudly.

London frowned slightly. That was the trade name Ben was using. "How long will the contract be for, Ben?" he asked slowly.

"A year. And that's more than nine hundred dollars."

"I hope I'm wrong," London said. "But what's to keep him from learning your designs in a year, from bleeding you dry? He'd own everything, lock, stock, and barrel."

Ben stared. "Aw, he wouldn't do that."

JUST then, glancing out of the window, London saw Burl and Charlie and Mr. Henry walking toward the study. He suddenly wished for Kathie. . . .

London shook hands with each of them, and Ben arranged chairs. He took Mr. Henry's hat and overcoat, hung them up carefully, and said shyly, "I was just telling the preacher about our talk."

Burl opened his sweater and put his thumbs under his suspenders, and Charlie leaned back in his chair.

"I was just thinking," Ben pursued, "What happens after my first year's contract is up?"

Mr. Henry smiled amicably. "Why, we renew the contract." He looked over at the deacons, and they nodded. "A renewal clause will be in the original contract. Didn't I explain that to you? I manufacture kites, toys, novelties of all kinds. That's why I'm here."

"He wants to take over the barn and the kite business and all that—" Burl began.

"For three thousand dollars," Charlie broke in. "I think it's worth more." He winked at his pastor.

"Three thousand!" London was so surprised that his voice almost cracked. "Why, that barn's not worth three hundred."

"It is to me," said Mr. Henry. "If I can get the right deal."

"You don't understand, Reverend Wingo." Burl held out both hands for silence. "Mr. Henry wants to buy the barn and that plot it's on. But he don't want to take title for five years, and during that time he'll contribute so much each year to our building fund. Me and Charlie are all for it. The other deacons will be too."

London frowned. "I must be dense."

"Not at all, Preacher." Mr. Henry adopted a confidential but condescending attitude. "My plan is to buy the barn and convert it into a little plant. When it pays for itself, of course I'll build a bigger factory. Right here in Linden." He beamed over at the deacons, then continued:

"I don't want title yet. The three thousand dollars goes to the church. Charity, you understand."

London said, "But what about Ben and the boys who use the barn? The Scouts and all those?"

"Oh, I'll give them jobs during the rush season. I'll bring in a few experienced men, and Ben will train them and teach them designing and all. I realize, being a Baptist, that in business matters the Board of Deacons handles things, but I insisted on coming to you."

Burl and Charlie nodded. London ignored them and directed his words only to Ben, saying, "You get it?"

"Yes, sir," he said enthusiastically. "Sounds great."

"It's rotten," the preacher said deliberately. "On the surface it looks good, but it's rotten underneath. The barn would make money for Mr. Henry, but the barn wouldn't be taxable because the church would own it to all outward appearances. He'd suck the juice and leave the peeling to Linden. And to God."

"It's legal," Mr. Henry broke in.

"It's outrageous!" London said, and turned on him. "You'd bleed this boy white. Steal his ideas."

Mr. Henry jumped up. "I don't have to take that—"

Burl found his voice. "Wingo, you owe Mr. Henry an apology."

"Sure," said Charlie. "I knew we should have gone on with the deal without coming to you." He turned to the visitor. "As deacons, we apologize for our pastor's behavior."

"It looks like he has influenced Thigpen," Mr. Henry said.

"Do you have to have Thigpen?" Burl asked anxiously.

"No. But the value of the property won't be as high. However, we can do business. I know Baptist doctrine, and the church is supposed to run things through their representatives—the deacons. The pulpit is the servant of the people."

"We know that," Charlie said, and turned to the pastor. "You know it too. We aim to take this matter to the church."

"The pulpit," London snapped, "is the servant of God. Call the church into session. Put me on trial, for that's what it will be. But I'll be heard. You are willing to conspire against your own community, your neighbors, for a mess of pottage. You are willing to put a factory next door to God's house, to sell out the rights of your own children." His voice rose. "That barn is more important than the church. That's where the young people get together and work and play and worship God as God should be worshipped. Call your meeting."

"We aim to," Charlie shouted. "A week from Sunday."

The preacher pulled himself to his towering height. He was smiling. He turned to Ben and said, "Jesus was at His best during His Sermon on the Mount. But there's another time that I like. That's when He found the money-changers in the temple. So open the door, brother."

Ben jerked open the door and London reached out, taking Mr. Henry's shoulder in a strong grip, and shoved him out and threw his coat and hat after him.

"I suppose you'd like to throw us out too?" Burl growled, and began moving toward the exit.

"Don't tempt me," London said. He stood by Ben until his deacons reached the car and drove away. Then he clapped the boy on the shoulder, grinning. "You know, I feel better than I've felt in a long time."

ON that fateful Sunday morning at exactly eleven London opened the door from his sanctuary into the auditorium. His heart leaped up to choke him. For there, sitting in a group to the right of his pulpit, were the Upjohns. Twenty-three of them. They were all staring at him except Newt. The old man was gazing straight ahead, his jaws clinched.

Kathie was at the back of the church, standing alone.

A flush of anger surged over the pastor, and he looked the Upjohns over contemptuously, as a cornered animal might look at jackals. He mounted his pulpit slowly, mustering all his dignity.

Kathie walked down to the center and found a seat next to Amy. Her face was white and pinched. London smiled at her. She moved her lips and he read them, and they were saying, "I love you."

London opened his Bible and read:

" 'Thus saith the Lord; For three transgressions of Tyrus, and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof; because they delivered up the whole captivity to Edom, and remembered not the brotherly covenant.' "

When he closed his Bible, he walked down from his pulpit and stood before them. "I think you all know why we are here," he said. "The crux of the issue is whether or not the deacons will be allowed to dispose of the barn and the property it is on. The deacons may state their case."

"The issue is more than that," Charlie called out, and got to his feet. "The issue is whether the people or the pulpit run this church."

"We will hear all those who care to speak," the preacher said. "If the deacons are upheld, naturally my resignation is in effect." He looked around, first at the Upjohns and then at Kathie. "I have nothing else to say." Then he sat down.

Deacon Joel McInnis opened the prosecution and accused London of dividing the church. Burl charged him with incompetence, and Charlie said he was not fast in the faith. Josie indicted him as a meddler.

When she sat down Alvin Thigpen jumped to his feet.

"This is the rottenest thing I ever heard of. It's a durn shame."

Honeycutt waited until some of the hubbub died away, then snapped his suspenders and stalked to the front of the church. His eye darted from the deacons to the Upjohns. His words came in a flood.

"Oh, you Pilates who try to clean your hands while your souls rot. Nail this man to the cross, would you, and then shred his reputation and cast lots for his good name. You tortured his wife! You tried to break her heart and tried to break her home. And now you would crucify him, you psalm-singing vultures! I learned from Thoreau Bean just today that London Wingo really is responsible for our hospital.

"And you!" He walked over to the Upjohns and shook his finger in Newt's face. "You come trooping into town like ghouls to gnaw at his bones. He was your friend. He loved you and defended you when Charlie Moffett and Burl Ducksworth and all the kit and caboodle of them laughed at you as shiftless trash. We could have kicked you out of this fellowship long ago. But Wingo said no—"

"Take it easy, Orville," old Newt broke in. "You're on the wrong trail, brother, and baying up the wrong tree. We came in to stick by the preacher."

Honeycutt's jaw dropped. London closed his eyes quickly, fighting back the tears.

Newt took the floor. "Me and the preacher had a little set-to. That's right. But it's our business, and me and mine don't aim to knife him. The deacons started sniffing around out our way and told us to come in and

get re-venge. We don't want no re-venge, so I told my folks that we aimed to be here today to see that they didn't gang him."

Cliff cupped his hands and called, "Vote! Vote!" Storekeeper Joel McInnis, whose business depended on the good will of the people, was the first to scamper onto the winning side. Then all the fence-sitters joined the parade. The Ducksworths and the Moffetts, however, were adamant; the old guard never surrendered.

When the vote was announced, Honeycutt jumped to his feet again and put his hand on London's shoulder. "Your church, Pastor. Your people are waiting for you."

London swallowed twice to get the lump out of his throat.

"Thank you for your confidence," he said. "And while we are in business session, I'd like to take up a matter of utmost importance. I want you to ratify my appointment of the following members to the office of deacons: Thoreau Bean, Ben Thigpen, Newt Upjohn."

A swelling chorus approved his selections. His emotions were choking him again and, asking Honeycutt to dismiss the meeting, he turned and went into his study. Kathie came to him at once, and then Newt tiptoed in.

"God bless you, Brother Upjohn," London said, and reached for his hand. Kathie took his other hand.

Old Newt said, "I still don't think you done right in marrying 'em. A father has a right in such matters. But Ben has made a good husband."

London took his arm, leading him toward the door. "Let's make it a really glorious day, Newt. Go see Ben and Minnie. Please go."

"All right, Pastor," the old man mumbled. "I been wanting to a long time. Reckon I just sort of wanted them to beg me."

London got his car, drove out to Honeycutt's and found the veteran at his desk. There was a stack of letters before him, addressed to churches and laymen throughout Missouri, telling each that London Wingo was seasoned and ready for any field. He put the letters away when he saw his protégé and took his hand, pumping it.

"What a war horse." London laughed. "But now what about the old guard? Reckon they'll resign?"

"Never!" Honeycutt snorted. "They won't give up. They'll lay low and hang on and then use every trick to get back into power. But you've got them outvoted now."

THEY were walking to the porch just as Cliff's car labored up the incline to Honeycutt's house. The machine was steaming and Cliff was bareheaded. His ears were red and stiff from the cold. London sensed trouble and ran out to his friend.

"What is it?" he yelled.

"Kathie had a miscarriage," Cliff said, and his voice choked. "She's alive, but you better hurry."

London stumbled into the seat beside Cliff, forgetting his own car, and they raced back to town.

Florine and Amy were in the little parlor, and London brushed by them and into the bedroom, where Bean was leaning over Kathie. And on the other side of the bed, taking orders from the doctor, were Tama and Josie.

The pastor almost ordered them out. Bean turned and looked at him and whispered gruffly, "She's all right. She'll make it. Thanks to those two old crows."

Tama and Josie were too busy to heed him. Kathie was unconscious, and the doctor explained quickly that he had administered a sedative.

"She got to the phone and called Miss Sadie," Bean said. "Sadie got me and Tama, and by the time I got here Tama and Josie had her in bed."

"And the baby?" London whispered.

"A boy," said Bean. "No chance to save him." He put his hand on London's shoulder, directing him toward the kitchen.

The minister leaned against the edge of the table and put his hands over his face. "They drove her into such a nervous state that she lost her baby. Then they run over to help her. Oh Lord, Thoreau. What kind of folks are these?"

"Just ordinary folks. Tama and Josie are mountains of strength. They saved her life, mister."

London went to the faucet and drew a glass of water. "I don't know whether to thank them or throw them out."

"Neither," said Bean. "There was an emergency and they stepped in. A baby was being born, and babies make all women sisters. Go out and walk around and clear your mind."

The pastor walked out into the yard and drank gulps of the cold air. Burl and Joel McInnis rode up, jumped out of the car, and ran to him. "Don't you worry about nothing," Burl said, as though they had been friends forever. "Me and Joel and Cliff will handle everything." He patted the preacher on the back.

THE battle-axes moved in and assumed command. They regulated visiting hours and took turns with the nursing chores. One of them came every morning at six o'clock, bathed and fed Kathie, and then looked after the needs of the household. And one of them stayed at night until the patient was asleep.

London thought his wife was improving rapidly. But

at two o'clock one morning he had to call the doctor for her.

Bean took her temperature, then said quickly, "Call Cliff. We must get her back to the hospital. Damn it, Preacher, I can't figure it out. I thought she was getting better. Slow, but coming along."

"She had a nightmare and got up. Barefooted."

By breakfast time all the town knew that Kathie was desperately ill, and Tama and Josie rushed to the hospital. Bean was alone with the patient when they went in. They took one look at the semiconscious woman, then looked at each other. "Pneumonia," said Josie.

"It's shaping up that way," Bean grumbled. "I haven't told the preacher."

Late that day Bean told London to stay close to the hospital. London stared at him, and a crushing hurt came to his chest. "Kathie is going to die," he said slowly. "Isn't she?"

"Where there's life there's hope," Bean said tritely.

The minister's gaze followed him down the hall to the door to Kathie's room, and then he looked around at Cliff and Honeycutt, Amy and Florine, and at the others in the waiting room. Without a word to them he walked out of the hospital. Honeycutt caught up with him.

"We can pray better just walking around like this," the old preacher said.

"You know something," London said bitterly. "God has no right to let her die. If He lets her die, then the covenant is broken. I was never called to preach as you were, as Page was. To me, it was a quest. I was seeking God. Well, I found Him. Here in this vile little town. Kathie kept me going, Honeycutt. She kept me on the quest. If she dies, I'm through."

Honeycutt shook his head slowly. "No. No, Wingo, you are not through. It has been a long journey for you, and it is almost over."

"But must Kathie die to end my journey? It doesn't make sense."

The old preacher answered but London scarcely listened. He had heard it all before. . . .

WHEN it was over London went to the front door of the hospital and stood staring into the night. He stepped outside, looked up at the sky, then bowed his head and began walking. He needed to collect his thoughts. He must wire Kathie's folks.

He turned back to the hospital, and when he reached the steps he met Newt Upjohn. "I heard your wife was mighty sick, Preacher."

"My wife is dead, Brother Upjohn."

The old man gasped and turned away, putting his hand over his eyes. Then he blinked slowly. "I'm mighty sorry to hear that. I'd-a been in sooner, but I had to walk. Things are froze up out my way, and my horse is lame. Did she die easy? Or hard?"

The minister couldn't reply. He began walking towards home and the old man fell in step with him. They went into the pastor's home and sat before the fire, and presently Honeycutt drove up.

When he went home, the old preacher stopped down by his box at the side of the road and got his mail. He was sitting by his lamp when he opened the letter from the Immanuel Baptist Church of Kansas City. They wanted a young pastor, the Pulpit Committee wrote, and had been watching London Wingo.

"If he is interested," the letter said, "please have him write us."

LONDON was opposed to holding services for Kathie in Linden. He wanted to take her back to Texas and get the agony behind him. Newt Upjohn and Amy, however, convinced him that the people wanted to pay their respects.

"All my folks aim to come in," Newt said. "A heap of 'em are walking. Charlie Moffett sent his truck out for some of 'em, and Nate Isaacs is rounding up another batch."

Throughout the funeral service Honeycutt kept his eye on London, frequently touching the letter in his inside pocket. The letter was soiled where his rough fingers had rubbed it. Afterwards, alone with the young minister, he handed it over. London glanced at it, and his eyes opened very wide, then narrowed. "Immanuel Church! And God couldn't even let her see this. She liked Kansas City."

"Then you are interested?"

"You bet I am. That church pays forty-eight hundred dollars a year. Preaching is all I know, and I might as well make a good living at it."

Florine and Cliff accompanied London to Texas, and London went down to the depot with them when they started back to Missouri.

Cliff put his hands on his friend's shoulders. "We need you back home, Preacher. So hurry back."

When the train was in the station, Florine said, "Just one thing before we go. When you put a headstone over her grave, what are you going to put on it?"

"Kathie," London said. "Kathie Wingo."

"I told Amy you'd do that. I'm so glad. She never was Katherine. Not really."

THE young minister tried to relax in Texas, but there was a restlessness upon him; his mind was a puzzle of jumbled ideas and desires. He wrote Immanuel Church that as soon as he got a few of his affairs in hand he would take up with the Pulpit Committee the matter of serving the church as its pastor.

After two weeks in Texas he went to Oklahoma, to the village where he was born and where his mother and father were buried. A family named Musgrove was living in the house where he had spent his childhood, and he called there and renewed friendship.

"We knowed old man Wingo's boy would grow up into a good preacher," Mrs. Musgrove said. "I know your ma'd be mighty pleased. Ain't nothing better'n a good preacher."

"'Cep'n a good blacksmith," said Musgrove.

He walked to the back porch with London, and they stood there looking across the field. March was going, and spring was in the air. Mrs. Musgrove came out, wiping her hands on her apron. "We'll be rightly proud to have you for supper, Preacher," she said. "I ain't had time to do much fixin', but you're welcome."

"Thank you, Sister Musgrove."

"And spend the night too," her husband said. "Ain't no use of walking back to town tonight." He reached over to the bucket, a wooden bucket that sat on a shelf, and lifted a dipper of water. It was a battered tin dipper, and he handed it to London, who drank.

"I'll be back pretty soon," the preacher said, and started walking across the lot to the field, thence across that to a clump of trees where his folks were buried. He had no reason for going there. That is, no reason he understood.

Mostly weeds covered the graves. London found a log near by and sat down and wiped his forehead. For the first time in weeks, even months, he felt at peace with himself and wondered why.

Funny how old man Musgrove reminded him of Newt Upjohn. Then he thought of Linden. He propped his elbows on his knees and stared at the ground. "O God," he said. "Will I ever learn what truth is? Was the quest just folly?"

He looked over at his mother's gravestone. Perhaps she knew Truth now.

"Truth? Look up and you will see Truth. The grave is only a wayside rest on a long trail." London was startled at the thoughts, they seemed so clear. He got up from the log and stood beside his mother's grave.

"Truth is suffering, and Truth is triumph. God is Truth. That, and nothing more. Truth can move mountains, can set men free, can end wars, can conquer death. Old man Musgrove showed you Truth in a dipper of water offered in the name of mankind."

London looked around him quickly. The wind was in the trees. He glanced back across the field at the Musgrove house, and a lamp was burning there. Suddenly his heart began to sing.

"Kathie. Kathie," he called. "It must be you. Yes, of course. The covenant. The quest."

Cliff. Honeycutt. Ben. Florine. Amy. Bean. Newt. And Burl and Charlie and Josie and Tama.

"Of course I'm coming back," he called out, as though they were there. "We've got to finish the church."

He was out of breath when he reached the house. Old man Musgrove was on the back porch, washing his face. He looked up and said, "What's the hurry? See a snake?"

London laughed and reached for the dipper and filled it and offered it to the old man.

"I can't stay for supper," London said as Mrs. Musgrove joined them. "I must get back. And a train is due."

He held up the dipper. "May I have this? We're building a new church and I want a fountain under a tree. You know, a fountain that looks like a rock. But water will pour out of it. And I want this dipper there."

Mrs. Musgrove said, "We got a better dipper'n that one we'll give you."

"But I want this one."

"Take it," said old man Musgrove.

London stuck it in his pocket and put his arms around the couple and walked with them to the front porch.

"You can catch that train if you run," Musgrove said. "But you ain't going on the train with that dipper in your pocket?"

"Sure I am." The minister was laughing, and his soul was singing. "Why, when I first got to my church I had the world over my shoulder. My folks didn't care. We even fly kites in my town. And we've got the best basketball team in Missouri."

He hurried down the steps and out to the road. . . .

The Musgroves watched him swinging along, taking long steps, heading for the depot.

"He sure is a great big man, ain't he?" she said. "And I'll bet he's a good preacher."

"Uh-huh. But he's a funny sort of fellow. A mite like his daddy, I reckon, and a heap like his mother. Wonder what kind of wife he had?"

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

VOODOO IN NEW ORLEANS, by **Robert Tallant**, is the fascinating history of voodoo worship from its inception in the West Indies to its present-day manifestations in the colorful Louisiana city.

He tells the story of the two Marie Laveaus, mother and daughter, who exercised almost unbelievable power in the city for almost a century. The tales of the first Marie are vague and legendary, but there are many people in New Orleans today who remember Marie II, who commercialized voodoo and sold *gris-gris* or charms: "These were bits of cloth into which were placed such articles as bits of bone, colored pebbles, goofer dust—dirt from a graveyard—some salt and some ground red pepper. Others were more elaborate, one being a tiny nest woven from horsehair and pierced with two crossed roots. These were sewn to the hem of a skirt or to a garter for the purpose of warding off evil."

Robert Tallant

In modern New Orleans there are voodoo drugstores. The proprietor of one laughed at the idea that he might believe in voodoo himself—"A slim Negro girl entered the store while he was talking, and he asked her what she wanted. The conversation that ensued was obviously typical of the day's business.

"'I got trouble with my husband,' she said. 'It seems like I can't keep him home. I'd like some Stay Home Powder. Is that good, Mister?'

"'Sure,' the druggist said. 'It'll do the job if you use it right. You know how to do that? You put it all over you when you go to bed with him. Rub it in good and he won't leave you. There's a lot of other things you've got to do besides that. You have to keep yourself nice and clean and bathe every day so you'll look pretty when he comes home from work. Do you always have a good dinner waiting for him?'

"The girl admitted that sometimes they went out for hamburgers and beer.

"'That won't do,' the druggist said. 'You've got to cook a man real meals to keep him.'"

As the voodoo druggist said: "'A combination of voodoo and common sense does a right good job sometimes.'"

The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $2.50.

GREEN PEYTON'S San Antonio—City in the Sun is a personality sketch of the Texas city that is at once a frontier town and a cosmopolitan center: "All the diverse elements of Texas are to be found in San Antonio, from cattlemen to cotton farmers, oil barons to army colonels, German immigrants to the descendants of Spanish hidalgos. . . ."

Green Peyton

Peyton has done an excellent job—he loves the city and the people in it, loves it enough to poke gentle, unobjectionable fun at some of its foibles. Writing of motorcar drivers, he says: "There is a simple trick for turning corners in a car that most drivers grasp instinctively. You slow down, turn the wheel, step gently on the accelerator, and there you are—going in another direction. But San Antonio drivers either haven't caught on to this technique or find it dull. They creep up on an intersection like an Indian brave tracking a deer, stamp on the accelerator, cut the corner on two wheels with their tires shrieking, then settle back to a sedate crawl again."

These "locale" books are often confused, but San Antonio is sharp and lusty as the city itself.

Whittlesey House, New York. Price, $3.00

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

C	A	M	E	R	A		S	P	A	D	E	S		
O	R	A	T	O	R		P	I	R	A	T	E		
P	O	T	A	T	O	F	A	C	E		C	V		
T	U	H		S	M	A	R	T		S	H	E		
I	S	E	R		A	N	T		S	E	E	N		
C	E	R	E	S		G	A	R	T	E	R	S		
			B	A	S		N	Y	E					
P	A	D	U	C	A	H		E	R	R	O	R		
O	P	U	S		N	E	B		N	E	R	O		
L	I	E		M	D	L	I	V		C	A	T		
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S	A	H	A	R	A		G	R	A	N	G	E		
H	E	R	R	E	N		E	A	S	T	E	R		

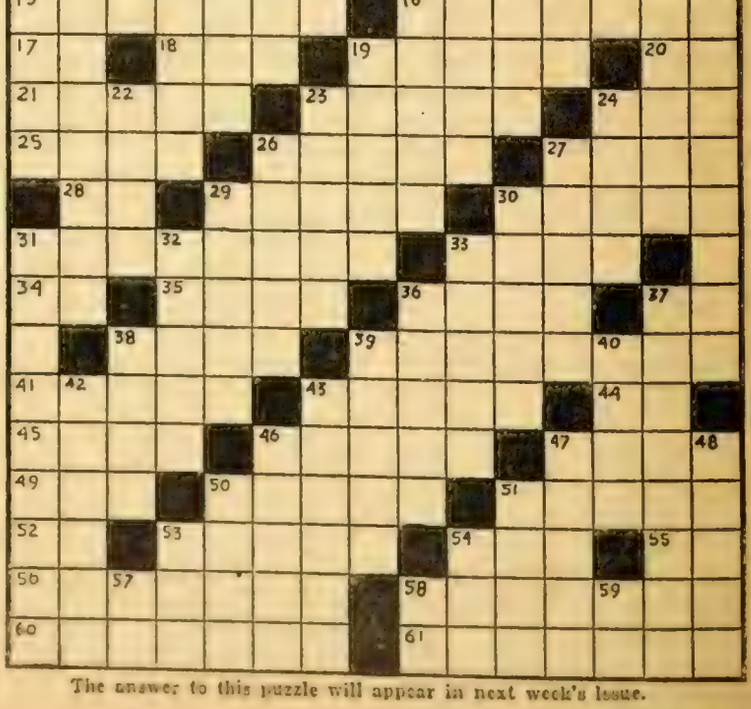
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 State of the onion
8 Walking delegate
15 They have tremendous pull in and out of Washington
16 They give little tips for things they want done
17 Sample to follow (abbr.)
18 Man who married a sack of salt
19 A dozen ways to unoffend a woman (masc.)
20 Brief cry of recognition
21 Conversational doldrums
23 Phony pusses
24 Zoo song: I Never —— I Could Love Anybody, Honey, Like I'm Lovin' You!
25 Heavy sinkers
26 What a hot dog does in August
27 General state of things around northern Canada
28 State of the Union (abbr.)
29 What the harassed butcher was out of
30 New York, Oklahoma
31 Sharpest, most upright things in New England
33 Panamint Pal
34 Union of the states (abbr.)
35 After a fling in Hollywood, they've returned to restaurant and home
36 Slosh sidewise
37 What I became after marriage
38 Wolves believe in the freedom of the these
39 You'll find them full of mistakes
41 Make a musketeer of a shoat (anag.)
43 Drunk at night, crusty in the A.M.
44 : follows it
45 Fill the head with the eyes
46 Uppermost on a beer drinker's mind
47 Five doubled equals one what?
49 Entrance and exit to and from the world
50 What every good child cleans three times a day
51 Kind of food that'll save Europe
52 Italian river, flowing upstream
53 Dunk a cackleberry and raft it
54 Cry that thwarted old-fashioned wolves
55 State on every singer's lip (abbr.)
56 One thing the U.N. isn't, it seems
58 Sock manufacturer —
60 — and chief ingredient he uses
61 Prominent things about little pitchers (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Bares all for Minsky (colloq.)
2 Sunburn fire extinguishers
3 Thumbs down! (abbr.)
4 Quarter pints
5 Eons ago he existed (anag.)
6 Court separation
7 Brilliant, isn't he? (inits.)
8 They ain't got nobody, poor souls!
9 Things jay walkers take constantly
10 Many singular eons (anag.)
11 They're high at Western resorts (abbr.)
12 Old-fashioned address
13 Seth Thomas owes everything to him
14 You and I neck, the high-brow does what?
19 What maniacs have in their pants
22 Glamor gingham
23 They make dam good wives
24 Kind of rush
26 What the Iron Curtain of Europe's hung on
27 Debugged
29 They're fission around for secret information
30 Fight promoter
31 Spooners find this filled with sweetness (two words)
32 Hoped for a priestly vestment (anag.)
33 What our grannies covered their seats with
36 First board of education (very hard)
37 Athletic wolf
38 Fried paper of pins
39 One of the phoniest places in America
40 Though backward, he makes a dam good husband
42 Ugh! No vacancy here! Ugh!
43 Neon-lit bullet
46 When this old thing went out, he cooled off, got heartburn
47 Actors chasing each other through doors, beds, and bedlam
48 Women's wiles
50 Winnie, in a whimsical mood
51 Flying pie section
53 %
54 Kind of *generis*
57 How Al looks from behind
58 Passionate Bulgarians (abbr.)
59 This laugh's on me



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Van has marriage on his mind, but Esther Williams wants to play marbles.

EASY TO WED

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Lucille Ball

HERE'S one of those musical-comedy bandwagons to which M-G-M periodically hitches its stars. Taking the Technicolored joy ride this time are Van Johnson, doing his first song-and-dance routines since he was a Broadway chorus boy; Esther Williams with her ever-present bathing suit; and, strictly for laughs, Lucille Ball and Keenan Wynn.

Easy to Wed is more interested in humor than in the Hit Parade. Melodies are casually sandwiched amid gags while the stars commute between New York, Mexico, and Canada in a dizzy marital mix-up.

Esther, a snooty heiress, has filed a libel suit against a newspaper. There's nothing poor about this little rich girl except her disposition, and Van eventually mellows that. He's been hired as a romantic trouble shooter by reporter Keenan Wynn, who branded Esther a "husband stealer" and is determined to prove it. As part of the frame-up, Wynn even marries off his annoyed fiancée, Lucille, to Johnson.

Honeymooning Van is supposed to be "stolen" by Esther, but complicates matters by really falling for her. Lucille, with hair the color of Orphan Annie's and a jumping-bean thyroid like Betty Hutton's, also forgets her cues and falls for Van.

The quartet finally breaks up into duets again after a series of comic situations. Funniest of the lot is when Johnson learns duck hunting the hard way, aided and abetted by a sportsman's manual and a suspicious dog.

Most of the music in Easy to Wed has a South-of-the-Border ring to it. Not only do Van and Esther trip a mean samba, but Carlos Ramirez introduces a lovely song, Come Closer to Me, while Ethel Smith and her electric organ account for more Latin rhythms.

TO EACH HIS OWN

(Paramount)
Olivia DeHavilland, Mary Anderson, John Lund, Roland Culver, Philip Terry, Bill Goodwin

TO EACH HIS OWN, a tear-stained saga of twenty-seven unhappy years, is an emotional field day for Olivia DeHavilland. It's also, behind the smoke of two wars, one of Hollywood's frankest treatments of illegitimacy.

Usually cooped up in goody-goody roles, Olivia now runs the gamut from a beruffled small-town belle to an embittered middle-aged executive in an overtime performance which finds her in every scene. To Each His Own is aimed specifically at the matinee trade and it will no doubt keep hankies fluttering until the very end.

It's the story of a girl who bears the illegitimate child of a World War One air hero. When he's killed, their son is adopted by another couple. Olivia can't reveal herself as the mother without placing a stigma on the child. Her eventual struggles to get him back from his foster mother (Mary Anderson) and her barren life as a business success give Olivia an even wider acting range than Hold Back the Dawn, her Academy Award near miss.

Producer-writer Charles Brackett and director Mitchell Leisen, who worked with Olivia on Hold Back the Dawn, teamed up again in this movie. Along with the schmaltzy story, they gave her—and the ladies out front—four leading men. Handsome John Lund (from Broadway's The Hasty Heart) makes a dual screen debut as the cynical aviator, and then, finally, as the World War Two flyer who doesn't know his mother. Roland Culver, a British import in the Clifton Webb mold, is the English lord who helps share Olivia's loneliness. Phillip Terry and Bill Goodwin are two other admirers.

Olivia DeHavilland dedicates her whole life to this baby.

Star DeHavilland ages with little help from the make-up department. Shadows and lines were used around the eyes, her figure was padded, and she was given an appropriately severe coiffure, but white hair, wrinkles, and other stock interpretations of middle age were avoided. The result: To Each His Own should bring cheers for Olivia as well as tears.

The Outlaw

HERE'S WHY THIS THRILLING NEW PICTURE HAS BEEN KEPT OFF THE SCREEN FOR TWO YEARS!

1944-**HOWARD HUGHES**, WORLD FAMOUS FLYER AND MOTION PICTURE PRODUCER, COMPLETES HIS PICTURE **THE OUTLAW.**

HOWARD HUGHES DISCOVERED JEAN HARLOW, PAUL MUNI, GEORGE RAFT, AND PAT O'BRIEN. NOW, IN **THE OUTLAW**, HE PRESENTS HIS SENSATIONAL NEW STAR DISCOVERY— **JANE RUSSELL**

JUNE, 1944-**THE OUTLAW** WORLD PREMIERE IS HELD AT SAN FRANCISCO. THE PICTURE BREAKS EVERY EXISTING RECORD!! HELD OVER FOR 8 WEEKS! PLAYS TO MORE THAN 300,000 PEOPLE!!

THE OUTLAW IS TRIGGER-FAST ACTION **COMBINED WITH DARING SENSATION TOO STARTLING TO DESCRIBE!**

THEN...**THE OUTLAW** IS BANNED BY THE CENSORS! BUT RATHER THAN CUT A SINGLE SCENE FROM THE FILM, **HOWARD HUGHES** WITHDRAWS IT FROM THE THEATRES OF THE WORLD.

I'M GOING TO FIGHT THIS BATTLE TO THE FINISH AND MAKE SURE THAT THE PUBLIC SEES MY PICTURE EXACTLY AS I MADE IT!
THE OUTLAW
INTRODUCING JANE RUSSELL
DARING! THRILLING! FAST MOVING!
CLOSED BY CENSORS
THANK YOU, MR. HUGHES

NOW, AT LAST, AFTER A TWO YEAR'S FIGHT WITH THE CENSORS, **HOWARD HUGHES** BRINGS YOU HIS DARING PRODUCTION, **THE OUTLAW**...EXACTLY AS IT WAS FILMED...NOT A SCENE CUT...AND INTRODUCING A NEW STAR, **JANE RUSSELL!**

HOWARD HUGHES' daring PRODUCTION
The Outlaw
introducing JANE RUSSELL
Mean.. Moody.. Magnificent
EXACTLY AS IT WAS FILMED! NOT A SCENE CUT!

SIXTEEN IS AN ATOMIC AGE

Continued from Page 35

"Think up something, Perc!" she begged.

"Listen, Lisabeth," Percy began. "Why don't you grow up? Why don't you cut out the bobby-sox slang and collecting box tops, and—"

"And be like Barbara Talley?"

That was a leading question. Percy said, "Well—" and got no further.

"I saw the way you looked at her!" Lisabeth broke in with a sudden fury. "All right. If you think she's so hubba-hubba, why—why, you can have her! We're through—understand? *Through!*"

"Wait!" Percy called, but she got out of the car and ran up the walk.

Percy sat for a long time in the Model T, hoping she would come out again. He wanted to ask her how she could be so juvenile, so shallow, when the world was on the threshold of a new era. He wanted to remind her that just ahead, around the next turn in the corridor of Time, there was a mysterious buzzing and ticking sound—the itching of isotopes, the dripping of heavy water. Atomic energy was waiting to elevate the Common Man to the lap of luxury, or blow him to kingdom come.

But Lisabeth did not come out again, and Percy sighed and let the Model T crank itself by rolling downhill. His mind was made up. He would dedicate his life to Science, and the building of a brave new world. And some day, when Bracy's Principles and Application of Atomic Energy had become the definitive work, Lisabeth would be sorry.

BARBARA TALLEY was in the lobby of the hotel next morning. She greeted him as "Mr. Bracy," and then hesitated.

"I'll call you Percy," she smiled. "And I'm Barbara."

Percy mentally kicked himself for blushing.

"I—uh—wondered about going to work," he said.

"Why, I have to find temporary office space first, Percy. Mr. Sherman will be back before the end of the week, and I expect Mr. Bolton to come with him. He's the big boss, you see. I'm just a sort of advance agent. If you see Guy, tell him to keep in touch with me, too, and I think we can get started by the end of the week."

PERCY found Guy O'Higgins engaged in no more scientific enterprise than canvassing the town's restaurants for X cereal box tops. The redhead was not only ignorant of the nature of the firm that had offered him a job; he had no illusions about the work itself.

"Don't be a dupe, stupe!" he told Percy. "They want a couple of office boys and sweeper-outers, at about twenty a week. The way I get it, they're planning some sort of factory here. Your dad's city engineer, and that gives them a little in if you're working for them. But when school starts, we quit."

"Perhaps," Percy said with an enigmatic smile.

Percy astonished his mother with the announcement that he wanted to do some scientific research in the city, at the university's science library, and he caught an afternoon train and took his suitcase to the home of an aunt. That evening he was deeply immersed in back copies of the Physical Review, and Pollard and Davidson's Applied Nuclear Physics. He was too absorbed to notice the dark ferret-faced man who sat behind him, apparently taking notes from a text on radioactivity.

A little knowledge was a disturbing thing. When he returned home two days later, Percy had learned that uranium is scarce and virtually priceless, and that one is supposed to have a cyclotron in order to smash even the weakest atom. He surveyed the garage and gave some thought to setting up a workshop there, but the family car took up most of the room in it.

He cranked the Model T and drove downtown. Barbara Talley had found an office and was busy addressing envelopes. Guy O'Higgins was washing the windows. In a glass-enclosed section at the rear, J. Hadley Sherman was talking jerkily across the desk to a big gray-haired man with a florid face.

"Hello, Percy," Barbara smiled. "Ready to go to work? Mr. Sherman wants to see you. Just go on in."

He went into the private office. Mr. Sherman nodded and said, "This is Bracy, Mr. Bolton—the lad I was telling you about. Bracy, this is the chief."

"Glad you're going to be with us," Mr. Bolton boomed in a deep warm voice. "I hear that you're interested in science."

Percy smiled modestly. "I'd like to learn, Mr. Bolton. When you stop to think what can be done with a piece of U-235 no bigger than a pea, why—"

He stopped, and blushed. The two men were smiling at each other.

"Sure you haven't been reading our minds, Bracy?" asked J. Hadley Sherman. "Just talking about little business to make public more energy-conscious. Wanted to talk to you. Wanted to look at that car you drive. Step outside a minute."

Mr. Bolton rumbled. "I'll see you around, Bracy," and Percy went wonderingly outside with J. Hadley Sherman. The thin man walked up and down on the sidewalk, studying the Model T. It had no hood, and windshield and frame had long ago fallen off. An old blanket held the horsehair stuffing in the front-seat cushion.

"Just the thing," admired Mr. Sherman. "Everybody loves Model Ts. Sell it to firm for forty dollars, Bracy?"

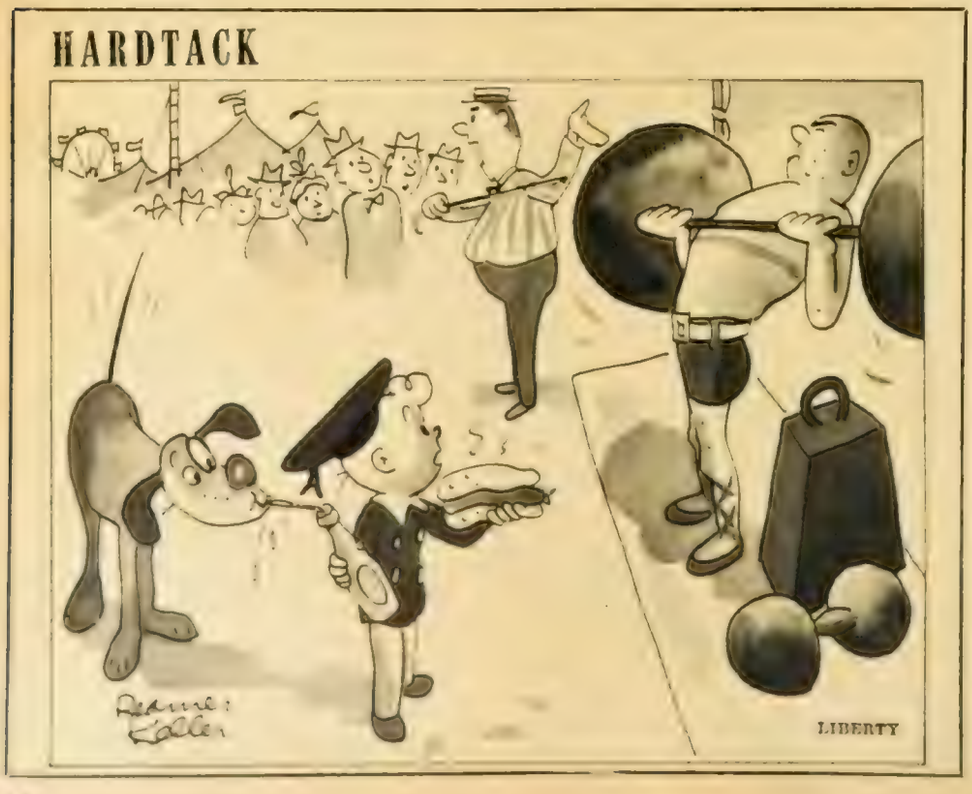
"Forty dollars? But it's not worth that much. The tires—"

"Worth that for little advertising stunt. You drive it. No—O'Higgins has red hair. O'Higgins drive it. Deal?"

He produced two twenty-dollar bills, and Percy gulped and took them. How many times had Lisabeth ridden with him in that car? How many times—

"Guess I can get it to garage," J. Hadley Sherman was saying. "Been long time since I drove one."

THE next three days were filled with activity. J. Hadley Sherman sputtered in and out of the office; H. K. Bolton addressed the Chamber of Commerce at a closed meeting, and rumbled from place to place,



calling on business men in private. He spoke at a special session of the town council, and Percy's father came home from it looking both excited and thoughtful.

"How do you like your new boss?" he asked Percy.

"Well—fine, what I've seen of him," Percy said evasively.

"Keeping the firm's secrets, eh, son?" the older man smiled.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's right—never betray a confidence. It seems that competition could spoil the whole project right now. I like Bolton. A thing like this can put the town on the map. I'm considering making a little investment myself."

PERCY and Guy carried sacks of mail to the post office and ran other errands around town. Guy's interest began to flag. Percy's was kept alive because he knew what big things lay ahead, and because there was always Barbara Talley to look at him out of her long-lashed eyes.

That evening he stepped out of the office at closing time to linger at the door, hoping to walk up the street with her.

"Hello, Perc!"

He looked around, and his heart leaped. It was Lisabeth. Not the bobby-sox Lisabeth in jeans, but a grown-up, svelte Lisabeth wearing nylons and high heels and a dark blue dress with tasteful touches of white at her throat and wrists.

"You must be just awfully busy," she sighed. "I've tried to call you. I wondered if—"

"Hi, slick chick, what's the latest trick?" Guy greeted her from the door. "I've got forty. The last one I sent in was a dilly—'Clear the Decks and Start with X, the Breakfast Food for Either Sex!'"

Lisabeth's eyes shone. "Why, that's simply marv! I've only mailed twenty-five. What do you think of 'X with Cream, and You're on the Beam'?"

"A natch!" Guy praised. Barbara Talley emerged just then, but J. Hadley Sherman was with her. She waved good night impersonally and went on. Loneliness engulfed Percy like a wave.

"Balderdash!" he said. "You'll both get malnutrition from eating that stuff!" He turned away and bumped hard into a dark ferret-faced man coming up the sidewalk.

"Zorry," said the dark man.

Percy grunted, "Excuse me," and stalked stiffly away. Once more he was the man of science, aloof and alone, forced to wrap himself in his cold, precise dreams.

Next morning he opened the office and swept out, and a towcar pulled the Model T up to the curb. J. Hadley Sherman and Guy O'Higgins got out of the towcar.

"And keep driving," Mr. Sherman was saying to Guy as the garageman drove away. "Any place where people can see. Don't stop too long. Let them look, then go on. Drive for four hours, then put the car back in Peterson's garage. Understand?"

"I'll never let you go! Never! Do you hear me? Never!"

LIBERTY

The Model T was painted a bright red, and along her sides huge black letters said, UP AND ATOM! Percy moved closer and gasped. The engine was gone!

"Turn on switch, O'Higgins," said J. Hadley Sherman.

Guy obeyed. There was a faint humming noise. Percy saw a small glass bulb mounted on brackets where the engine had been, with an intricate arrangement of wires leading from it. Now something inside the glass began to glow with a bright greenish light. *Something about the size of a pea.*

"Take it away!" yelled J. Hadley Sherman.

Guy pushed in the clutch. The Model T moved slowly and smoothly into the street. Three men stopped to stare.

GUY drove the car for another four hours that afternoon, grinning proudly as he parked for brief intervals along the main street. The editor of the local weekly hurriedly made over his front page to get in a story headed Mystery Auto Amazes Rivertown. Two of the city dailies called the police to ask if it were true that some kid had harnessed the atom.

J. Hadley Sherman spent most of his time at the door, chuckling and rubbing his hands together in delight. Mr. Bolton came in hurriedly from the city, and sat behind the glass partition, going over papers and putting them into his briefcase, and looking extremely pleased.

For Percy, the thrill lasted until he saw Guy go by with Lisabeth, pink-cheeked and smiling, sitting at his side. For the first time the languidly flirtatious glances of Barbara Talley brought no solace. Now Percy realized that no amount of acclaim in the field of science could ever fill the void in his heart.

He called Lisabeth's home after dinner, but Mrs. Morton said she was out riding with Guy. Percy wandered aimlessly downtown.

He stopped short at the door of the office. It had just occurred to him that Guy still knew nothing of the nature of the Bolton Corporation, and immediately he felt better. Life was once more vital and dramatic. He let himself in the front door of the office, intending to sweep out.

He reached for the light switch, but a slight scraping noise in Mr. Bolton's private office reached his ears. A window went up.

"Stop!" Percy yelled, and rushed that way. He made out a dark figure at the window, and sprang for it.

But he was too late. The man was in the dark alley, running fast. Percy got his head out the window just in time to catch the prowler's silhouette against the glare of a street lamp. It was the dark ferret-faced man he had bumped into the evening before!

"YE gods!" Percy breathed, remembering the man's accent. "A spy—a foreign spy!"

He pulled in his head and latched the window. Then he leaned weakly against the desk and tried to think. Mr. Bolton and Mr. Sherman had gone to the city and would not be back until the day after tomorrow. That left Barbara Talley—and this was no business for a woman to handle. If Percy went to the police, they'd ask questions about the business of the Bolton Corporation. The lid had really blown off things!

Then he saw that the safe door was open. Mr. Bolton's briefcase reposed there. Percy pulled it out and made a hasty examination. The roll of blueprints was still intact. He breathed more freely; perhaps he had surprised the spy just in time.

Then he stared curiously at a pile of box tops that had fallen out of the safe.

"Fine place for Guy to keep his childish collection!" Percy muttered. "Well—the spy can open the safe. There's only one thing to do, and that's to take this briefcase home with me!"

He pulled out other papers that looked important, and crammed them into the case. Then he switched out the light and tiptoed to the front door and watched through the glass a long time. For all he knew, the foreign agent was lurking out there, pistol in hand.

THEN a bright red car swung into the main street from the country-club road, and Percy jerked open the door and leaped out.

"Guy!" he yelled. "Guy! Stop!"

Guy put on the brakes. "Still at work, jerk?" he asked. "Hop in and we'll take you home. That is, if the batteries hold out."

Percy sat down by Lisabeth. He clutched the briefcase and studied both sides of the street as the Model T began to move again.

"What's the matter, Perc?" Lisabeth demanded. "You look pale. You're all—"

"Drive me home—quick!" Percy urged. "I'm—I'm all right." He leaned back, drew a deep breath, and then sat up straight again. "What was that you said just now about batteries?"

"I said I'd get you home if they hold out," Guy explained. "They're supposed to be recharged every four hours."

"You mean this car runs on batteries?" Percy asked, aghast.

"What did you think?" Guy laughed. "Surely you didn't fall for that atom gag! Natch—batteries. Old J. Hadley had a sort of secret compartment built into the back of the rear seat. He's a smart head, that guy—a real B. T. O."

"But—" Percy began, and then was silent. It seemed to him that an atomic-energy firm was carrying an advertising stunt too far when it painted "Up and Atom!" on a car powered by electricity.

"Listen!" Lisabeth said, and Percy jumped and looked behind them. "I just thought of one. 'Nothing like X to Build up Wrecks!' "

"Perf!" Guy chortled. He swung the car into the Bracy driveway. "You keep on, Liz, and one of us is bound to click. That Lake Emerald vacation will be in the bag."

"Yes, but there aren't any more tops," said Lisabeth. "All the grocery stores are out of X, and the contest only has a week to go."

Percy was too busy with his own fearsome thoughts to challenge any of this. The Bracy house was dark; his father and mother had gone out to play bridge. He looked back down the street again and said, "Come in, and I'll see if there's some cola in the icebox. I—I want to talk to you, Guy. Did you leave some box tops in the office safe?"

"Not me. Why?"

"I found some," Percy said. He got out and led the way into the house, wishing Lisabeth were safe at home. There was no telling where the ferret-faced man was, or what he might do. He told Lisabeth and Guy to sit down in the living room, and took the briefcase back to the kitchen.

Then he dallied, wondering whether it would be an honorable thing to look at its contents. He heard Lisabeth going upstairs, and remembered the Model T, and made his decision. After all, the firm hadn't balked at using deception.

The first envelope he pulled out was unsealed and packed full of crisp new bills, mostly of fifty- and hundred-dollar denominations. The second and the third contained more money. The fourth held an air-line reservation and ticket to Miami, and was dated the sixteenth of the month—tomorrow.

And then he found himself looking at a passport. That was Mr. Bolton's picture on it, but the name it bore was "Henry T. Wharton."

All this left his head swimming. His hands shook as he put the briefcase under the table and got three bottles out of the icebox. As he started back down the hall with the tray, he heard a deep voice.

"Call him!" the voice said.

"Yes, sir," Guy answered in a scared, strained tone. "Percy! Oh, Percy! Mr.—"

"Never mind telling him who it is," Mr. Bolton said. "He'll find out soon enough He's lucky I didn't bring the police."

Percy said, "I'm coming, Guy," and his voice cracked. He rounded the end of the stairs and saw Bolton looming large and wrathful.

"Bracy," the big man began, "I found your hat in the office—in my private office. And then I discovered the safe had been opened and my briefcase was gone. What have you got to say?"

Guy stared, open-mouthed. Lisabeth wasn't in sight. Percy said, "Why, I—I— Have a cola, Mr. Bolton, and I'll explain!"

"I don't want a cola!" he snapped. "I want my briefcase. If you don't produce it immediately, I'll telephone the police."

PERCY went on by him, getting between him and the door, and Bolton turned to face him. Percy put the tray down on the hall table, and when he straightened he saw Lisabeth looking down curiously from the top of the stairs. And now he was no longer afraid.

"Go ahead—call the police!" he taunted. "You don't dare. You're a crook. You're headed for the Argentine with the atom-bomb secrets. Call the police, and I'll tell them your other name—Henry T. Wharton!"

The big man's face turned purple. "You damned little squirt!" he raged. "You take me to that briefcase or I'll kill you!"

Guy saw the gun in his hand and jumped toward the living-room door. Bolton took his eyes off Percy long enough to wave the redhead back into line. In that instant Percy was horrified to see Lisabeth, silently and purposefully, marching down the stairs in her stocking feet.

"Come on!" snapped Bolton.

"All right," Percy stalled. "But I think you ought to know there was a prowler in the office. A sharp-faced man with a dark complexion. He opened the safe—not I. Maybe he's a foreign spy."

"Shut up and get moving!"

Percy took one step forward. He was afraid to look up now, lest his glance betray Lisabeth's stealthy de-

(*Continued on page 60*)

"I haven't touched a drop of it in years—black widows!" LIBERTY

---tomorrow?

Most of us are so constituted that we can never be happy about the problems that face us until they are solved. That's human nature! That's life! And that's why we all realize that it doesn't pay to apply a "do it tomorrow" attitude to life's most serious problems. Death is one of these—and it's always an extremely painful experience for our loved ones when arrangements for burial have to be made after it strikes. It is the acute obligation of each of us to provide an estate for family burial ahead of need, while we are in a financial position to secure it. Do it today . . . tomorrow may be too late.

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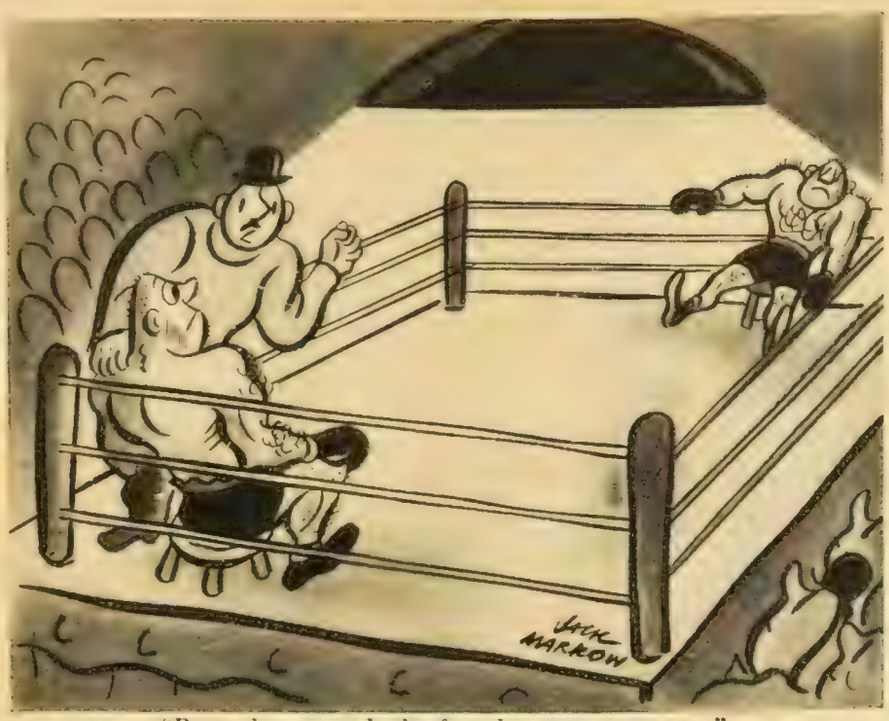

"Pretend you are both after the same apartment."

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 58*)

scent. He caught only a blur of movement out of the corner of his eye, and heard a sharp slapping sound, and all at once Guy O'Higgins dived for Bolton's legs.

The big man was already staggering under the impact of the blow behind his ear from Lisabeth's shoe. Guy's tackle knocked him sprawling and the gun flew out of his hand. Percy was on it like a flash.

"Now!" he yelled. "Now *I'll* call the police! We'll see—"

The door opened then, and Percy whirled. It *was* the police—three of them—and the ferret-faced man. He blinked at the light and at Bolton groaning feebly on the floor.

"All right, boys!" he said. "That's our man. Good work, zon!"

Percy stared. Those "z" sounds weren't necessarily foreign; they were produced by a wide gap between the man's front teeth. He showed Percy a blue-and-gold badge.

"JOHN TAYLOR, federal agent. I've zeen you before. First, in the city library. They got worried about you as an atomic-bomb spy."

He laughed. Percy said, "And that was you in Bolton's office."

"Yes. We were pretty zure of him, but I wanted to check on the evidence. Where's the briefcase? You came in before I had a chance to look inside it."

"It's in the kitchen," Percy said.

The cops hustled Bolton to his feet, handcuffed and half carried him out of the door. Taylor went with Percy and the others to the kitchen and opened the briefcase.

"He was skipping the country," Percy said, "with atom-bomb secrets."

"No," Taylor smiled. "Just with more than a hundred thousand dollars of local money. That atomic-energy business was only a zmart advertising build-up, and he didn't think of it. Zherman and the girl did. You zee, they thought Bolton was on the level with his zcheme to put out a new breakfast zereal. He hired Zherman to handle the advertising, and Zherman was building up to a zlogan that would put over the idea that if you ate X you would be full of atomic energy. Then—"

"You mean," Percy put in, "Miss Talley and Sherman are innocent?"

"Yes. Bolton fooled them, too. He manufactured enough of his product to plant in the ztores here. A little advertising built up zales, and when he produced plans for building a big plant here, everybody wanted to invest."

"Oh!" Lisabeth exclaimed. "No X — no prizes — no trip to Lake Emerald!"

Taylor picked up his hat, and smiled at her. "I think you can afford to go," he said. "There's already a reward for Bolton, and there'll probably be another when I turn this money back over to the local investors. Zo—good luck and good night!"

They sat at the kitchen table and drank colas, and Percy looked at Lisabeth, wondering what he had ever seen in Barbara Talley. Lisabeth was like the future of the atom itself—unpredictable. Just when he thought she had grown up, she burst forth in bobby sox and slang and did childish things. Just when he had resigned himself to those, she became as beautiful as she was tonight, and showed courage and presence of mind far beyond her years.

"I kind of got to like that X cereal!" she said suddenly. "And I just thought of another good slogan—'X for Extra Energy!' "

"That's a whiz, Liz!" said Guy O'Higgins.

THE END

MEXICO—LEFT AND RIGHT

Continued from Page 11

that, however, are her potentialities for the future.

Mexico has embarked upon an industrialization program whose ultimate goal is to convert what today still is a semi-colonial state into a modern nation. Industrialization means equipment, machinery, capital, technical help, which Mexico lacks. It means a new field where American industrial, financial, and technical resources may find a profitable outlet. The aid which we, better than any other nation at present, are in a position to give her, and the opportunities she can offer us, can be of great mutual advantage.

Because of the undeveloped social and economic structure, the majority of Mexicans, living in small villages and isolated farms, have but a nebulous idea of what goes on in the world outside. Because of this condition, their country cannot be classified as a democracy in the American sense of the word. However, Mexico, unlike many of her Latin-American sisters, is gradually attempting to become a democracy. This healthful evolution is reflected in her social legislation, which is one of the most advanced in the world, as well as in her freedom of thought, speech, and worship. Her spirit is undoubtedly democratic.

BUT today power is still concentrated in the hands of a small minority, of which the president of the republic is the exponent. This minority has organized itself into a national party—the P.R.I. (Partido Revolucionario Institucional)—which may be likened to the Democratic Party in our "solid" South, but is much more powerful because it operates on a national scale and has no nation-wide opposition party, such as the Republican in the United States.

Supported by the government, it is composed of the representatives of almost all the trade-unions in the country, the Army, the peasants, and the white-collar classes. It controls the overwhelming majority of the organized voters. If we must believe the returns of the last presidential election in 1940, these regimented voters amount to 3,000,000 men. Women, in Mexico, do not have the right to vote.

The candidate of this government machine is Miguel Aleman, who held what Mexicans regard as the key Cabinet post of Secretary of Interior until June, 1945, when he resigned to launch his candidacy. In Mexico, any government official who wishes to run for public office is required by law to resign from his post at least six months before an election, to forestall possible use of official funds for the furtherance of personal interests.

What kind of man, then, is Aleman? If elected, will he continue the policy of collaboration with the United States followed by Avila Camacho, or will he, instead, foster closer ties with, let's say, Russia or Great Britain? Is he pro-American or anti-American? What are his political views?

Aleman is forty-two and one of the youngest aspirants to the presidency in Mexico's history. He began to take an active part in politics shortly after obtaining a law degree at the National University of Mexico in 1928. In rapid succession he held the posts of federal attorney, Supreme Court justice, senator, state governor, and when Manuel Avila Camacho was elected president, he became Secretary of Interior.

Aleman knows Mexico and the Mexicans as few of his countrymen do. Wealthy in his own right—his personal fortune is estimated at several million dollars—he now wants power. His record as Secretary of Interior is good. As head of that Ministry, which controls the federal police, he co-operated closely with the United States during the war. He turned over to the United States a number of Nazi agents, including Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze, president of the German-American Bund. He also smashed efforts of pro-Fascist organizations who sought to sow discord between the two countries by means of anti-American pamphlets harping on racial discrimination, and he interned any Axis nationals likely to be dangerous.

FIRST and foremost a party man, Aleman is considered, even by his opponents, as much of a middle-of-the-roader as Avila Camacho. "If elected," he says, "I propose to continue President Avila Camacho's policy, both internally and externally. I believe that the present collaboration and friendship between Mexico and the United States should not only be continued but intensified."

He has never been identified as an extremist either of the right or the left. His platform is chiefly concerned with social and economic reforms designed to raise the pitifully low standard of living of the majority of the Mexican people, whose average income, according to 1940 statistics which are the latest available, was estimated at five dollars a week. If anything, this income has shrunk in the past six years because of inflation.

Aleman's conservatism is far from being acceptable to the left-wingers such as Vicente Toledano, who would like to see him come out openly in favor of a pro-Russian policy to offset what they feel is the excessive weight of U. S. influence on Mexico. This dissatisfaction took a concrete form last March, when a group of intellectual pro-Russians headed by Luis Martin Guzman founded the Mexican National Liberal Party. Although all their mem-

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bers are supporting Aleman as the representative of the government machine, the fact that they felt the need of a new party was in itself sufficient evidence of their dissatisfaction with the moderate liberal views of the official candidate.

Aleman gave an even more conclusive proof of his moderate liberalism at the time of the Russian-Iran dispute last April when relations between Washington and Moscow became tense. He immediately let the U. S. State Department know that if hostilities should ever break out and he had any say in the question, Mexico would not only sever relations with Russia but declare war the same day as the United States.

THROUGHOUT his career Aleman has shown sound judgment in picking his collaborators. For example, he appointed Ramon Beteta, former Under Secretary of Foreign Relations and, until last September, Under Secretary of Finance, his campaign manager. Both friends and enemies consider Beteta one of the most intelligent members of Mexico's present political set-up. He is now the head of the National pro-Aleman Committee, a kind of brain trust composed of 160 experts in all fields who are engaged in a study of Mexico's problems. And when their candidate is elected, as they confidently expect, the new administration will have its administrative program all ready.

The man who is currently regarded as the strongest opposition candidate is Ezequiel Padilla, former Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Avila Camacho Cabinet. In July, 1945, Padilla created a sensation in Mexico by announcing that he had resigned to make his bid for the presidency. What had prompted him to take such a step? Why should a man who had enjoyed the confidence of President Avila Camacho and steered Mexico through the difficult war years by means of an enlightened foreign policy suddenly break with his own government and party to lead the opposition?

As it turned out, Padilla's step was based on a miscalculation.

In a private interview with President Avila Camacho, after his return in May, 1945, from the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, he announced his decision. Justly proud of his accomplishments, he felt that the country needed a president experienced in the conduct of international relations. He reminded the president of his brilliant record as Mexican Foreign Minister. He stressed how, at the third meeting of American Foreign Ministers in Rio de Janeiro in 1942, his stirring speeches advocating a united front against the Axis powers had been decisive in bringing about continental unity. He pointed to the prominent part he had played at the Chapultepec Conference in Mexico City in March of 1945, where hemispheric solidarity was measurably strengthened, and to his work in San Francisco. All these things, he said, had given Mexico a leading position among the American republics.

Avila Camacho's reception was cold, however. All Padilla could obtain from his boss was a guaranty of "completely free elections" and wishes of good luck. For Aleman had confronted the president as well as other leaders with a *fait accompli*. During his tenure as Secretary of State, the official candidate had quietly obtained the backing of almost all the state governors and of the most important trade-unions in the country, so that when he made his bid, support for him took the form of a political steam roller. For the first time in Mexican modern political history a candidate had gone over the head of his own party and independently secured the support of the organizations that composed it. The leaders themselves had no choice but to sanction his candidacy and nominate him.

Deprived of the support of the official machine, the only alternative left to Padilla was to build his own organization. To do this he had to break with the P.R.I., which would of course fight him as Aleman's opponent. So, in November of last year he founded the Mexican Democratic Party.

Until his resignation, Padilla, in the hope of eventually receiving the presidential and P.R.I. backing, carefully abstained from criticizing the government. Had the P.R.I. preferred him to Aleman, there is no doubt among thinking Mexicans that he would have carried out the same type of pro-government campaign launched by Aleman. In other words, his break with the party and the government, of which he had been a member for many years, was determined by their lack of support. It would, of course, make a better story if one could say that Padilla gave up an exalted position to become the savior of the Mexican people. Instead, it was another case of a member of the governing class turning against it to seize power with the aid of the nongoverning masses, because of political ambition.

AT the time Padilla began his campaign, conditions seemed ideal for an opposition candidate. His platform was similar to Aleman's, with the difference, however, that Padilla had the advantage of showing conclusively how the government machine had failed to keep its promises.

The miserable standard of living of the people, the graft and corruption rampant in the public administrations, the strong dissatisfaction among industrialists and capitalists over the government's pro-labor policy that had resulted in a series of strikes and general economic debilitation—all these factors gave Padilla the opportunity for an excellent reformist platform. He advocated a clean administration, guaranties for both capital and labor, more land to the peasant, closer collaboration with foreign nations, especially the United States.

Padilla planned his electoral strategy on lines which were diametrically opposed to those of Aleman's. While the official candidate based his campaign on the support of leaders who presumably controlled the votes of the organizations they represented, Padilla went directly to the people.

"The important thing," he told the writer, "is to get rid of the official party and to replace it with a political system guaranteeing civil liberties to all. Without such freedom there will never be democracy in Mexico. When I am told that it will not work because the majority of

"I don't like to be stared at."

LIBERTY

the Mexicans are illiterates and have no idea of what democracy is, my answer is: There must be a beginning, otherwise how will our people receive the necessary experience for the creation of a democratic state?"

Thinking Mexicans agree with Padilla. To begin with, the Electoral Board is government-controlled. It is composed of seven members, six of whom belong to the P.R.I., or official party. Moreover, the House of Representatives is empowered by law to ratify the votes counted by the board. Since 140 of the 144 congressmen today belong to the government party, this simply means that, so far, independent candidates for president, state governor, senator, deputy, etc., have never had a chance from the start.

THE official party, naturally enough, seeks to maintain itself in power. And the government lends all possible aid to the official candidate, who is expected to perpetuate the system. For instance, when Aleman made his debut on the Mexican political stage last September, there was a show of strength in Mexico City that lasted eleven hours. Thousands of people filed past the Hotel Majestic at the corner of Constitution Square, where the official candidate stood smiling and waving until his arms were numb and his mouth had set into a robotlike grin. The mayor of the city, Rojo Gomez, followed orders and rerouted buses, lent city trucks, and placed the police at the disposal of the candidate. The same system is being followed in every town Aleman visits on his campaign tour.

Opposition magazines, such as La Nacion, exposed what they termed "imposition" by printing facsimiles of letters written by state and union leaders summoning workers to appear at a given hour in the square where Aleman was to deliver a speech, pressuring wealthy citizens to contribute to the financing of the demonstration, and commandeering trucks of private concerns to carry the workers to the appointed place. Workers who disobey the unions' decision are threatened with fines. Individuals and companies which don't play ball expose themselves to similar retaliations.

On the whole, the official party is far from being popular, but Aleman personally is much less objectionable to the average Mexican than his machine. His strength is such that he was able to push through a series of reforms within his party, which, in his opinion, had carried corruption, graft, and nepotism too far.

Despite the unpopularity of the P.R.I., Padilla, meanwhile, quickly found himself handicapped by his sudden *volte-face* from Cabinet member to opposition leader, which caused even anti-P.R.I. groups to question his good faith; by the lack of a strong organization and financial backing, and by the reputation he

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acquired during his tenure as Foreign Minister, of being too pro-American.

Not so strong as in the pre-Good Neighbor-policy days, the anti-American feeling in Mexico still persists. The P.R.I. has skillfully exploited this feeling to undermine Padilla's chances.

Vicente Lombardo Toledano, president of the left-wing Latin-American Confederation of Labor, led the attack last January by accusing Padilla of receiving money from U. S. companies and individuals who wanted to secure the election of what he called a "Mexican Quisling." The fact that the charges were never proved, and that the Mexican government itself disavowed Toledano, made no difference. The wide publicity given to them contributed to confirm the belief generally held here, that if Padilla were elected he would be a tool of Washington.

IF elected, Padilla must face the tremendous task of breaking the strongly entrenched P.R.I. machine. He must attempt to subdue or win over rebellious or hostile governors who control the home state political forces. He must cope with a Congress that will be largely composed of P.R.I. or opposition deputies and senators. He will have no smooth, well-oiled machinery with which to rule the country. He must build his own, and, most likely, with the majority of the men who today are in the opposite camp.

For his electoral victory, in this case, would be the result of a spontaneous popular rebellion against the government machine, carried out by the people individually and not through an efficient vote-getting organization. His power, at least until the time he will have enlarged and consolidated his own political organization, would be sapped by the more efficiently organized P.R.I. minority. He would have to adopt a policy of conciliation and propitiation, by being extremely wary of reforms that might damage the multifarious vested interests and that might lead to a civil war.

If Aleman is elected, as his backers seem certain he will be, he will be the undisputed ruler of the country. He will have the power to formulate Mexico's domestic and foreign policy. He will have complete control of Congress. This means that his word will be law.

What Aleman is asking is that the United States, either as a government or through private individuals and concerns, abstain from interfering with the presidential elections. And, wisely, the U. S. State Department has gone on record against any interference by denying protection to American citizens who are found guilty of interfering with the domestic affairs of a foreign state.

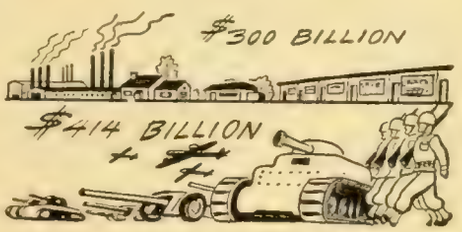
Hands off today will bring to us a friendly outstretched hand tomorrow.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

STAGGERING STATISTICS: America's wars have cost more than all the wealth the country has amassed since the Declaration of Independence, according to the Bureau of Economic and Business Research of the University of Illinois. All the factories, farms, homes, stores, and all other property of the United States is valued at $300,000,000,000. Wars have cost us $414,000,000,000. For what we have spent on wars every family in the United States could have an $8,000 home, a $1,200 automobile, and $2,000 in the bank,



according to the Bureau. . . . The Census Bureau says it looks as though the population will rise to 144,706,000 by 1950! . . . According to the American Cancer Society, one out of eight persons in the United States will die of cancer if we fail to heed danger signals and do not detect cancer early. The society urges complete physical examinations every six months. Cancer quacks and charlatans are being prosecuted and disbarred from practice, but be on your guard: permit only the use of X-ray, radium, or surgery in the treatment of cancer.

IT'S HERE!—Those of us who must spend all but a measly two weeks at our jobs in the hot city may congratulate ourselves that we won't get as many mosquito bites or sunburn blisters as the lucky boys and girls who go back to nature and poison ivy from June to September. For us city slickers to appear tanned and outdoorsy, the busy cosmeticians have provided countless synthetic complexions. Du Barry's beauty cake make-up ($1.50 plus tax) adds plausible color to the pale urban map. Of Du Barry leg make-up ($1 plus tax) the maker says, "Apply it and let it dry without touching it. Then immerse your legs in cool water just long enough to wet them. Again, without touching them, let them dry thoroughly." Tone Laboratories vow their products will enable you to turn a tan on or off as you wish. The miracle workers are Bittersweet Complexion Tint, Bittersweet Leg Tint, and Bittersweet Body Tint (one buck each, plus tax). Tussy says of its Show-Off leg make-up, "There are 27 applications in each 6-oz. bottle." (Fifty cents plus tax.)

NOBLE CHARACTERS: Mrs. Elizabeth Doyen identified Victor Sammarco, a bachelor, as her husband-in-arrears, and he passed three days in alimony jail before the real William Doyen nobly appeared and convinced Mrs. Doyen in court that she had made a mistake. . . . A woman who hailed a taxicab in New York found a pocketbook in it containing $1,167.54. Passenger and driver turned it in at the nearest police station. . . . Five scarce X-ray tubes were carried by an American Airlines plane free of charge to Copenhagen, where they will be used in a campaign against tuberculosis. . . . Lieutenant Norman E. Sproul, a public-relations officer in Germany, wrote his seventy-six-year-old mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Leitch of Cincinnati, a letter urging her to come along with her daughter when she embarked for their new home in Germany. Mrs. Leitch is the first mother-in-law to be transported

by the Army under its program of sending families of occupation forces to join them abroad. . . . Mrs. Julia Parker was knocked down by an automobile in downtown Philadelphia. Her bruises didn't bother her, but she moaned in anguish when she saw that her nylons were torn. A noble character in the car took her own nylons off and gave them to Mrs. P. There *was* a lady!

MISTAKE ON PURPOSE: George Hoeh of Seattle is an exceptionally gifted painter. His specialty is "No Parking" signs, and he always paints the first "N" backward, for psychological effect. Explaining that sign-weary motorists, who get into the habit of ignoring traffic signs, are snapped to attention by the wrong "N," he said, "I paint the 'N' in 'PARKING' the right way, so that people will know I know better."

BRIDE AND BRUTE

Continued from Page 33

nasty sarcastic little questions like 'Is this coffee, or what?' and 'What does the laundry do with my socks—eat 'em for lunch?' Oh, just niggling little things like that—nothing serious; but the way he said them—as if he disliked me very much. I could see that he didn't care for me as much as he used to. So I thought the best thing to do was to have it out, frankly and simply. Did he or didn't he love me any more?"

Marce was shaking her head vigorously. "That was another mistake. When love's illusion is gone, you can't get it back by asking do you or don't you? It only irritates 'em. That's why, when I marry—"

Mrs. Barnes eyed her coldly. "That won't be tonight, will it, Marce? Then let Kay go on."

Kay went on: "I expected him to apologize, at least—but he looked me up and down—just as if he were the one who should be annoyed, and he said eight o'clock in the morning when he was late for the office was no time to discuss how much he loved me." Kay's voice shook at the memory of such brutality. "Then he said nobody in the world loved anybody in the world enough to say so every time he wanted a pair of socks. So you can plainly see, he doesn't!"

Mrs. Barnes said carefully, "I'm sure there must be more to it than that, Kay."

"Oh, yes," said Kay fiercely, "there's plenty more! That's just the beginning. It went on that way all week, getting worse and worse. And then—tonight—it happened!"

MRS. BARNES gave Marce a worried look, said quickly, "Marce, you go out and help Jane with the tea, will you?" Then raising her voice a bit, "I don't think she's got very far with it—"

Jane's indignant voice came from the dining room: "I'm not listening. I only came in here to get the silver teapot."

Mrs. Barnes ignored that, but prodded Marce, who showed no signs of leaving: "You help Jane, dear—and ask her to make some nice cinnamon toast."

Marce got up, grumbling, "I can take a hint."

"No, but it helps," Mrs. Barnes remarked. Then she turned worriedly back to Kay. "Now—what happened?"

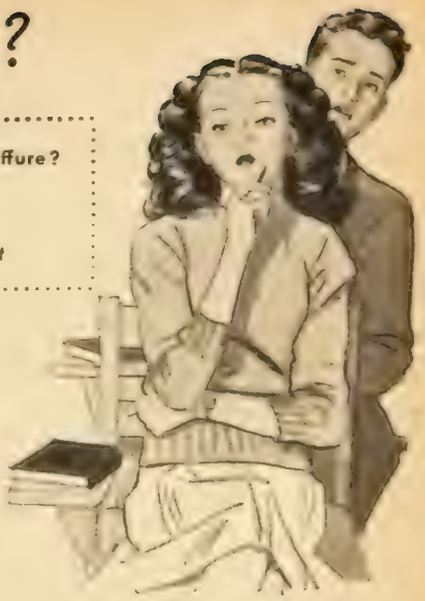
Kay rose. "I didn't want to tell you this, but I suppose you'll have to know." Her voice was low, her eyes were averted, and then she flung out: "He struck me!"

The acoustics were good and her words carried nicely out in the hall where Grandmother Barnes and Aunt Julia could hear them. Their excitement brought them hurrying into the living room. Grandmother Barnes' sharp eyes went quickly to

Are you in the know?

What's the cure for this coiffure?

- ☐ *An upsweep*
- ☐ *A snood*
- ☐ *A good thinning out*



That bush on Nellie's head is strictly barber-bait! The cure? A good thinning out. A frizzy effect just can't compete with a simple, sleek coiffure. If *your* locks have a moppish look, have your hairdresser shear and shape them. Confidence goes with good grooming—and (on "those" days) with Kotex, too. That exclusive *safety center* of Kotex gives you *plus* protection. And to safeguard your daintiness, Kotex contains a *deodorant*—locked in each napkin so it can't shake out.

If you're budget-bound, which should you buy?

- ☐ *A suit*
- ☐ *A conversation print*
- ☐ *A fancy formal*

Does your budget hoot at your wardrobe plans? Then pick one of the new soft suits. You can wear it more often—with varied accessories keyed to most every occasion. Be a shrewd shopper. Always latch on to the type of duds you can *keep* living with, longer. And when buying sanitary napkins, remember—you can keep *comfortable* with Kotex. Because Kotex is the napkin with lasting softness—made to *stay soft while wearing*. Naturally, Kotex is first choice.

If stranded on a dance floor, should you—

- ☐ *Join the wallflowers*
- ☐ *Retreat to the dressing-room*
- ☐ *Yoo-hoo to the stag line*

If ever a goon-guy thanks you for the dance and leaves you marooned—what to do?? Walk nonchalantly to the dressing-room. There you can regain your composure and reappear later—with no one the wiser. Such trying episodes challenge your poise. Just as trying *days* often do . . . but not when you have the help of Kotex! For Kotex has special *flat, tapered ends* that don't show revealing outlines. So why be shy of the public eye? Just rely on Kotex!

A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

HEIR MALE: The stork flew in a son.

MAR-TEENY: Cocktail for a midget.

IN-STRUM-MENT: A guitar.

S-*PONS*-SOR: Coloratura Lily's radio principal.

EX-TRAVEL-GANT: Lavish touring.

MORTHUM: As in "The morthum airier."

CURPET: Mat for a mongrel.

MASS-SIEVE: A tremendous strainer.

EX-PEARY-ENCE: Discovering the North Pole.

EM-MULE-ATE: To act like an ass.

her daughter-in-law to see how she was taking it, and Aunt Julia's watery blue eyes prepared to water some more because this was obviously a situation requiring tears.

"Oh, you poor child!" Aunt Julia hurried to Kay. "Here, cry on your poor old Aunt Julia's shoulder."

Mother Barnes stood sternly in front of her daughter-in-law. "Well, Margaret," she demanded, "what are you doing about this?"

"So far," Mrs. Barnes answered, "I have only ordered some tea."

This irritated Mother Barnes exceedingly. "Don't be flip, Margaret. You're much too flip about the children. I've often said that to Charles. Now you get Kay's young man here. I want to talk to him. If there's one kind of man who ought to be thrashed, it's a wife beater!" She marched belligerently over to Kay and demanded, "How long has this been going on?"

"Just tonight!" Kay answered and started to say something else, but Mother Barnes wasn't through.

"And now I suppose he's left you! Well, we'll see about that! You get him here. I want to see that young bully."

"*I* left *him!*" Kay said firmly.

AUNT JULIA patted her niece proudly. "You were right, and brave, too! I'm proud of my girl." She smiled triumphantly past Kay's shoulder at Mother Barnes, who snorted angrily.

"Nonsense," she said. "We don't want any divorces in this family. Julia's separation is bad enough. I'll give that husband of yours a talking-to he won't forget—and then you go home with him, where a wife belongs!" Mother Barnes whirled to point a finger of blame at Mrs. Barnes. "If you'd investigated him properly before they were married, I'm sure this wouldn't have happened. I told Charles at the time that the boy seemed wild. What were you thinking of to let them marry, Margaret?"

Mrs. Barnes murmured, "I'll admit I wasn't thinking of a scene like this!" She tried to disperse the intruders tactfully. "Mother Barnes, what are we thinking about—dragging you downstairs out of your warm bed into this cold room—you'll catch a chill!"

Grandmother was immediately diverted to another of her favorite subjects. "It is a chilly room. The house isn't properly built—not well built at all. I told Charles that, when you were so set on buying it."

"I remember," Mrs. Barnes nodded amiably. "We should have listened to you, shouldn't we? Oh, here's Marce with the tea, and look at that nice hot cinnamon toast! Carry it upstairs, dear, to grandmother's room, will you?"

Marce scowled but obeyed, while Aunt Julia and Mother Barnes struggled between two appetites, one for food and one for gossip.

Mrs. Barnes perceived their hesitation and artfully continued, "You can talk the situation over in bed while you have your tea and toast, and you can decide what ought to be done and let us know."

She put her arm through grandmother's and led her toward the hall. Their eyes on the tea tray on its way upstairs, the two older women yielded and followed, although grandmother protested as she went.

"You're too ready to put things off, Margaret. I've often told Charles so. Something ought to be done right away."

Mrs. Barnes shepherded the two women to the stairs and started them up. At the top of the stairs, Mother Barnes suddenly had a new idea. She opened Ted's door, looked in, closed the door, and then looked sternly down at Mrs. Barnes.

"Just as I thought, Margaret! Ted isn't home yet!"

"Oh!" Aunt Julia fussed. "What do you suppose has happened to him? Don't be worried, though, Margaret. I'm sure he's not been in an accident, although perhaps you'd like me to call the hospitals?"

Mrs. Barnes smiled faintly. "Well, thank you, Julia, but I don't think that is necessary. He's twenty-one, you know, and it's only a little past midnight."

Grandmother corrected her firmly. "It's almost one. That's too late for the boy to be out. You're certainly very careless about the children, Margaret. I've often said to Charles, 'Margaret's certainly very careless about the children—'"

"I probably haven't raised them as well as I should," Mrs. Barnes confessed meekly, then shivered suggestively. "It's really chilly here on the stairs. Better drink that tea while it's still good and hot."

Mother Barnes started on toward her room, but paused to call back, "When that young man comes, you call me. I'll give him the same piece of my mind I gave Julia's husband twenty years ago!"

Mrs. Barnes thought to herself, And it would be just about as effective now as it was then!

IN the living room she found Kay looking out the bay window. The excitement of her dramatic entrance was gone now; she was depressed and tired. A car came down the dark street and her breath quickened as she leaned forward to watch it.

Her mother's voice startled her. "Expecting someone, Kay?"

She turned in confusion. "Oh, no—I heard a car—" The car passed the house and continued up the street, and she said petulantly, "You'd think he'd have the decency to come and apologize and see what I was going to do. You'd think he'd at least wonder where I am."

"Oh, I imagine he knows you're here." Mrs. Barnes sank into a chair and tried not to yawn. "We'll go up to bed as soon as there's no chance of Mother Barnes and Julia coming in for another conference."

"I'm sorry they had to be here. It gave them an awfully weird impression of Rex. I mean, he's not a murderer, after all. Let's give the devil his due."

"No, of course he isn't a murderer—but I guess they knew him better than I did. Right from the beginning grandmother suspected him."

"Oh, *her!*" Kay said scornfully. "And the way she talks to you! Honestly! Always running you down to father!"

"He never listens to her," Mrs. Barnes said comfortably.

"And trying to make me go back to Rex! As if anybody could!"

"Yes, as if anybody could," Mrs. Barnes said lightly. "You're not as easily persuaded as Julia."

"She certainly has some queer ideas about marriage, too." Kay sat

down on the arm of the sofa where she could see out the window.

"They're on a par with some of Marce's theories. Poor Julia didn't have much luck. She left Harry before they'd been married a year."

"What was it all about?" Kay asked disinterestedly, her mind on her own troubles, her ears listening at the window.

"Oh, I've forgotten—I think Julia has too. Some little quarrel. Mother Barnes made her go back, and kept at her to stay—but after that, somehow, it didn't work out. But it was probably just as well." Mrs. Barnes added casually, "They couldn't have cared very much to leave each other so easily."

THIS caught Kay's attention. "I suppose not, but *we* did, mother, really. And it isn't my pride that won't let me go back now. It's much deeper than that. It's just that I can't live with Rex now that he's stopped caring—and you mustn't ask me to!"

"I'm not asking you to."

Kay was surprised. "You don't think I ought to go back?"

"You said nothing would make you, so the best thing to do now is to be practical and get a divorce."

"Divorce!" Kay exclaimed.

"Well, isn't that what you'd planned? Or had you thought of a legal separation?"

"I guess I hadn't quite decided," Kay said slowly. "What—grounds would I use?"

"Oh, cruelty, of course." Mrs. Barnes answered promptly. "That's the quickest. Did anyone see him beat you?"

"Don't exaggerate like grandmother! He didn't beat me and I never said he did. He struck me. There is quite a difference."

"You're very charitable, Kay," Mrs. Barnes nodded approvingly, "and I'm glad you can look at it that way. Now, did anyone see him strike you? You need a witness."

"Naturally nobody saw us," Kay answered loftily. "We were in the bathroom. Rex was shaving and I was making up at the mirror."

"The same mirror?" Mrs. Barnes asked curiously.

"Yes. We were going out to dinner—we'd made the engagement before all the trouble started and we couldn't get out of it. We just went as though nothing had happened, but when we got home tonight, Rex still hadn't apologized—so—I left."

"Well, tell me, as you'd tell a lawyer, just what happened."

"Let's see. Rex was in the bathroom, shaving, and I just went in to get some water for my eyelash stuff, and I stayed in to make up my eyes. I just edged in a little, so I could use a corner of the mirror—and then he cut himself, and it made him furious and he swore at me, and grabbed up a towel—deliberately grabbed my very best guest towel—and naturally I took it from him before he could ruin it, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Barnes hastily, "I think I can imagine the rest of it. Since you haven't any witnesses, we'll have to rely on a doctor's testimony. I guess I'd better call Dr. Westley and have him come over and look at the bruises—" She got up and walked toward the phone. "He won't mind being called out in a serious situation like this. What's the matter?" She looked up, surprised, as Kay quickly came to take the phone from her. "Do you prefer some other doctor?"

"No—but wait, mother. I'm not sure I have any bruises. In fact, I probably haven't."

"Of course you must have, darling. You always bruise so easily—a hard look and you come out all over black and blue. Where'd he strike you? Let me look!"

Kay hesitated, then reluctantly rolled up the full sleeves of her Kelly-green dress. "He grabbed me here—on either side.'

Mrs. Barnes leaned closer to look. "You poor child, and he's so strong, too." After a long moment's close examination of the arms, Mrs. Barnes shook her head in mystification. "Well, nothing shows—yet. Perhaps tomorrow it'll begin to discolor."

"I don't know—it was probably more of a push than a strike, exactly, but he simply flung me into the corner. Then he had the barefaced nerve to say he'd slipped and fallen against me."

"A likely story," said Mrs. Barnes. "We'll go to the doctor's in the morning and have X-rays—there may be internal injuries."

Kay gave her mother's bland face a searching glance. "Oh, mother, you're as bad as Aunt Julia! It wasn't the physical hurt so much as the mental. If he could do that to me, it certainly proves he doesn't care." Then she flung a vicious look at the window. "And it certainly proves it, too, the way he lets me go without doing a thing to stop me."

MRS. BARNES sat at the desk, pondering the problem. "Well, then, if you can't use cruelty, perhaps you could charge"—she hesitated delicately—"you know."

Kay stared in amazement. "Why, mother, as if Rex ever so much as looked at another woman!"

Mrs. Barnes looked properly ashamed of herself. "Then it'll have to be mental cruelty." She dug in the desk drawer for some paper and pencil. "You name the things he's done and I'll make a list for the lawyers." She raced to get into position to take down dictation, waited for the flow of Rex's misdeeds, then looked up, puzzled, as Kay wandered about the room, trying to think of them. "Let's put down the worst one first," she suggested helpfully.

"Well," Kay started, "I think the way he snaps at me is the worst—all those horrible nagging questions that get us both into such horrible moods we just say anything to each other."

"Nagging questions about what? We've got to be specific."

"Oh, you know—I told you. Like the coffee and the socks, and like," mimicking viciously, " 'Do you have to call me every time I'm in the manager's office?' and 'Did you have to be so rude to the boss's wife?' and 'Haven't I got at least one drawer I can call my own and keep my buttonless shirts in?' and—"

"Stop, stop!" Mrs. Barnes looked up from her rapidly writing pencil and nodded. "There's plenty of grounds right there. Plenty!" She beamed happily, and Kay nodded

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"Noisy, isn't it?"

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with gloomy satisfaction, till her mother added, "Plenty of grounds for Rex—yes, that'd be the best way to work it. Let him apply and then you won't have to appear at all."

"Let Rex apply—" Kay stammered. "Why—on what grounds?"

"Neglect of your marital duties, of course," Mrs. Barnes said cheerfully. "Evidently you can't run a home properly, you embarrass him in front of his friends, you interfere with his business, you—"

"Oh, stop it!" Kay said furiously. "You're making fun of me."

Mrs. Barnes looked honestly bewildered. "I'm just trying to make it easy for you. You said you wanted to leave Rex—and *you* haven't mentioned any grounds—but *he* has plenty. Why should you care who gets the divorce just so long as you're free of the wretch?"

KAY twisted her rings around on her finger, looking like a miserable child. "But, mother—you've got it all upside down. You haven't heard him complain—and then we're both out of humor and he sulks—"

Mrs. Barnes tried to puzzle it out. "But if the things are there for him to complain about, I can't see how a divorce judge is going to see that you're not the guilty party. It's all very confusing, isn't it?" she asked, looking straight up at Kay.

But Kay's eyes had turned toward the window. Her whole body was tense with excitement. Both women heard the sound of the car.

"It's probably Ted," Mrs. Barnes said calmly.

"Oh, no! It's our car. It's Rex!"

Mrs. Barnes rose decisively. "You go upstairs, Kay. You don't have to see him at all. I'll tell him what we've decided."

"But don't you think I ought to listen to what he has to say? I mean—he probably has quite a lot to say—"

"No!" said Mrs. Barnes firmly. "I will not have you living with a man who loses his temper and strikes you! Why, with impulses such as he has, and neglect such as yours to provoke him, I'd never have a moment's peace of mind about you. No. I'll send him packing!"

She started for the door, but Kay was in front of her, stopping her.

"Mother—listen. He really might have slipped! Really he might. I dropped some cold cream on the floor, and you know how slippery a tile floor can get, and he fell against me. He could probably explain it all. It's only fair to at least give him the chance—"

Mrs. Barnes shook her head. "It'd only be a difficult scene, and your grandmother might come down and force you to return to him."

Kay grabbed her mother's arm, desperately, to detain her. Outside they heard the sound of footsteps hurrying up the walk.

Kay's voice ran as fast as the footsteps: "No—nobody could force me to return to him, but I've been thinking things over, and probably I've been in the wrong myself. No, honestly, it isn't all his fault, mother. You're quite mistaken about him, and I'm sure he slipped—and I'm sorry I acted like a baby and came running home to you."

"Well, here you are right in your own home!"

LIBERTY

The steps were on the porch now, so Mrs. Barnes spoke hastily too, but she meant every word: "That's all right, Kay. Every bride is allowed one trip home to mother, but remember that you can do it just once too often, and then you might have to *stay* home with mother!"

THE doorbell rang. Kay whirled, grabbed up her coat, beanie, and suitcase and was out the door before the bell had stopped vibrating. As the door slammed after her, Mrs. Barnes heard her exultant voice, full of extravagant love and repentance.

"Oh, darling!" Kay said. "I've been such a perfect pig, and I won't do it again—and I know you slipped—and I thought you'd *never* come!"

Mrs. Barnes turned off the porch light quickly, then the downstairs lights, and went upstairs, smiling. At the door to the guest room, she took off her smile, knocked, and looked in.

"I just wanted to tell you, Mother Barnes, that Kay thought over what you said and decided you were right, so she went home with Rex."

Mother Barnes swallowed her cinnamon toast hastily so she could say with triumphant generosity, "See how easy it is when you listen to me. As I've often said to Charles, 'Margaret may not be the prettiest woman you could have married, nor the smartest, and she does let the children walk all over her, but now and then she does show a little sense!' "

Mrs. Barnes put her smile back on and went to bed.

THE END

THE GREAT BASEBALL BAMBOOZLE

Continued from Page 19

began to toss restraining orders and show-causes around like Indian clubs, squeezing Mr. Rickey into second place in the newspapers, which is his favorite sport. But he did not risk the deepest legal waters; he merely heckled the enemy's "agents," stopping just short of naming members of his own family as such and including practically everybody else. At bottom, it is plain that he and his associates have little to fear in a money fight. They are just rallying around for the sake of the old school, and waiting to see what happens—with perhaps as much private rooting interest in one direction as the other.

FREE competition for talent is so gruesome a prospect to the Rickeys, Griffiths, and Stonehams that when it came they lost their heads and forgot to look nice in public. Mr. Griffith rushed to a microphone in Cuba, a country he has systematically looted of ballplayers, and begged Cuba to help him resist the "looting" of the Mexicans. Mr. Rickey and Mr. Stoneham advised the players who were Mexico-bound to "be sure they got their money." Since it was well known by this time that Señor Pasquel could buy and sell Mr. Rickey and Mr. Stoneham, the warning sounded just as silly as the official remarks of Commissioner Happy Chandler a few weeks later.

"We hear nothing from Mexico but threats and insults," said Happy sulkily.

There had not been a sign of a threat or an insult out of Mexico until Happy's employers, the magnates of American baseball, first threaded together as reckless and vindictive a series of insults to the Pasquel brothers as you could expect to hear from a high-school sophomore with indigestion. Sly propaganda was passed around to the effect that a player who crossed the border and tried to return would likely be shot or strung up by the thumbs by bandits. This line of goods registered a sale with at least one player, Vernon Stephens, the strong but not very worldly shortstop of the St. Louis Browns. He stole out of Mexico without even saying good-by to the men he had promised to work for, because "I was afraid something might happen to me." Mr. Stephens' brief Mexican hitch served to win him a raise in pay from the Browns, which may mean that he is more worldly than he looks. He is one of the few men who ever figured out a way to win a raise from the Browns.

Organized baseball has made a show, since long before Commissioner Chandler's time, of "spreading the word," of sending missions to foreign lands to sow the seed of the game and make the world baseball-conscious. England, Japan, Mexico, the South American republics have been visited in the interest of this noble purpose, and Chandler since his accession has hollered for more funds for the good work. But it seems clear that the good work must never offer financial competition to the score of men who control our baseball, must never give our players a chance to make more money or enjoy more freedom than their owners wish to give them. The moment Commissioner Chandler encourages a situation of that kind, he is a former commissioner. But Happy is not a former commissioner yet. He said he wanted to spread the word, but he didn't say positively.

The Mexican crisis has produced some very bewildering phenomena, not the least of which was an alteration in the vocabulary of Mr. Rickey, the widely respected Brooklyn character-builder. For nigh on to sixty years, man and boy, Mr. Rickey has been noted for his deaconly bearing. His throat was a fountain of phrases like "Mercy me" and "Goodness gracious." People came to wonder how he could bear to share office space with a man like Leo Durocher, whose language pierces asbestos at forty feet. That was the state of affairs last spring when Mr. Rickey detected the Mexican League agent, Señor Janis, in his ball park and approached him with the low savage growl of a wild boar wounded in the wallet.

Bystanders say that some of the words Mr. Rickey used on that occasion were absolutely new to science. Five Boy Scouts were carried off the premises in a swoon. And the supreme tribute was recorded when Mr. Durocher, with a look of dawning reverence and admiration, began to take notes on Mr. Rickey's language to supplement his own extensive stock. If he never writes another check, Señor Jorge Pasquel can say that there and then he rocked our game on its foundation.

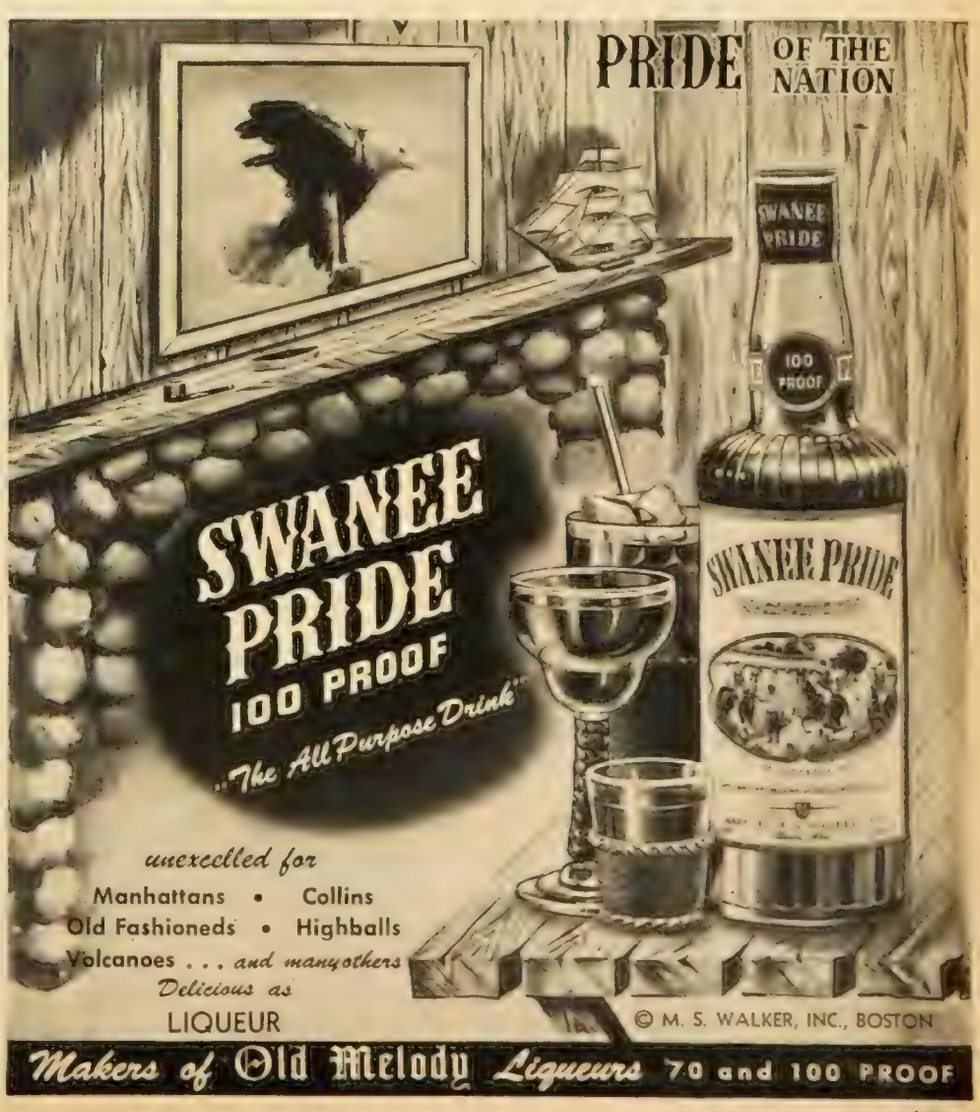
THE END

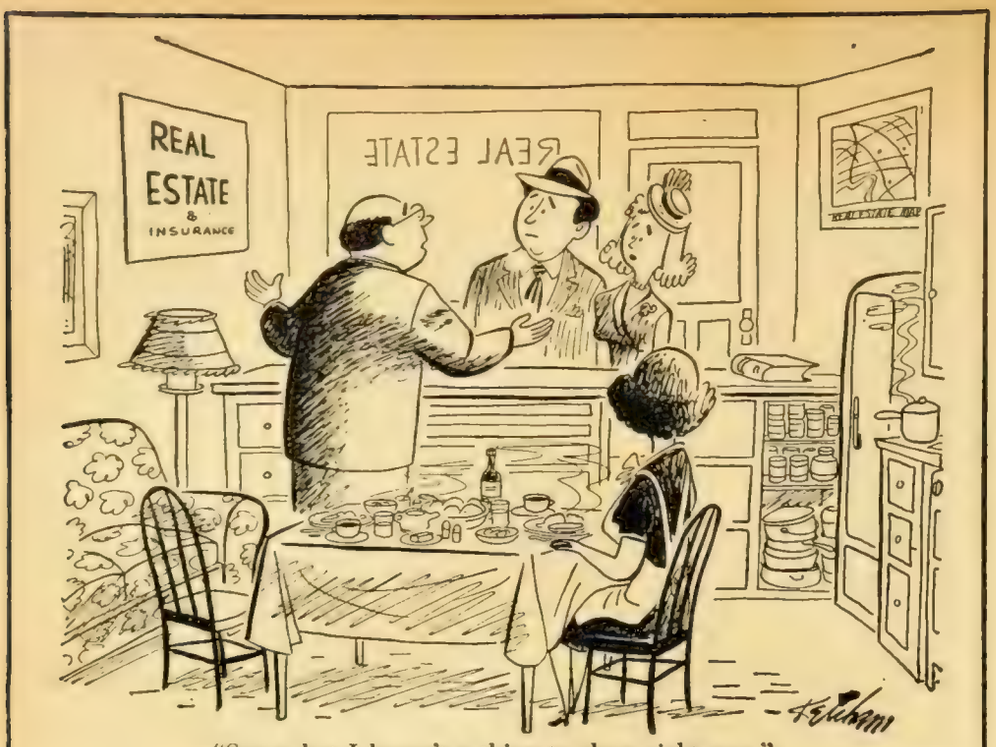
CHANGE

I often think,
When cold winds blow,
That old-time winters
I used to know
Were much more fun,
With lots more snow.

And yet my son,
Just turning five,
Can't wait for winters
To arrive;
So maybe they've not changed
As much as I've.

—*Maynard Good Stoddard.*





"Sorry, but I haven't a thing to show right now."

LIBERTY

CONQUEROR'S GIRL

Continued from Page 29

it," Father commanded, and she had promised.

"But my hand?" she had asked.

They had discussed the hand, and after some hours of deliberation, Father and Mother had agreed that the hand might occasionally be allowed. But it should not be allowed if it led to the mouth. Since Ted was displeased with her about her obi, she now allowed him the hand.

The deer watched them hopefully.

"He thinks you eat the hand," Etsu said with amusement.

Ted laughed. "I'll be darned," he said. He forgot that it was Etsu's hand he was kissing. It became a game with the deer. He put her hand down. The deer stared and began to walk away. They saw it look back and Ted snatched her hand again and put it to his lips. The deer galloped toward them. They laughed, and both forgot that a moment before he had been angry and she half frightened.

"Smart deer," Ted said. "For that I'll buy him something to eat."

They rose and the deer followed, trotting like a dog behind them. Ted bought a bag of bean cakes from a vendor, and they sat down on the grass. He fed the deer while Etsu watched them both with affection. But the sight of the feeding increased her own ever-present hunger.

"FEED me, please, Teddu, like deer," she coaxed.

He gave her a cake and she ate it in a swallow. He stared at her.

"I'll be damned!" he said. "You aren't sure enough hungry, are you, Etty?"

"Some hungry," she admitted.

Father and Mother had both told her that she was never to accept food from him—not real food, that is. Tea and sweets she could take, but no more. Once a man began feeding a woman he would feel she belonged to him, they said.

"You understand that you cannot belong to an American," Father had said sternly. Father was a tall man for a Japanese. He had a deep sad voice and sad eyes. None of the children thought of disobeying him. "The Americans are our conquerors and we must show them courtesy," he went on, "but courtesy does not demand that we give them our women."

"I had rather see our Etsu dead," Mother had said. She was a tiny creature, thin as a winter wren.

There had been great difficulty in the town over the matter of Americans and women. It had become clear within twenty-four hours that the Americans were used to women and expected to be with them. Some expected more. All through the town anxious fathers and mothers discussed this matter. The Americans did not understand the difference, the vast difference, between home girls and other girls. One of the other girls need not mind if an American put his arm about her middle and pulled out his dictionary. But a home girl cried and ran if an American put his arm about her. He always ran after her and tried to comfort her, which frightened her more than ever. Ted had run after Etsu, and only because the house had been in the same block as the market, where she bought the family food, had she escaped him. When she came out the next day, he was there again. She saw him and slammed the gate and ran back to tell Father and Mother. Together they had come out to meet the American and explain matters, which was difficult, since Mother spoke no English and Father had only what he had been able to learn out of a dictionary since the emperor had announced the defeat of the nation. Ted had thought they were speaking Japanese, and both had to use dictionaries to arrive at an understanding.

"I get you—" Ted had said at last. "You mean she's a nice girl."

Father had beamed at him.

"Mind if I walk with her once in a while?" Ted had asked.

"No—no," Father had said positively, meaning exactly what he said.

"O.K. Thanks," Ted had said.

He had tipped his cap and walked away with Etsu then, to the consternation of Father and Mother, who had at once fallen in behind. But there had been only the block to go, and when they reached the market, Ted had laughed, tipped his cap again, and sauntered away.

Ted had been there the next day too, but Etsu reported no misbehavior when she got home. At the gate, with the dictionary, he had conveyed to her that while he walked with her, no other American man must be allowed to do so.

The parents had discussed this solemnly.

"It is better for only one to follow you than an army," Father had declared. "With help from Mother and me, we can perhaps benefit from this one American, and preserve good relations also."

SO it had come to pass that Ted walked with her every day, and after a while she began to come out after supper and walk to the park with him, which was what had happened this evening.

He studied her pretty face. Gosh, but she was pretty—almost as pretty as Sue. Funny how a few months ago he was shooting every Jap creature in sight! He wouldn't have believed that he could want to be with a girl like this. He couldn't explain it to Sue, so he had not told her about Etsu. Sue was the girl he was going to marry. A real honey she was, yellow hair and blue eyes and a figure. She was full of spunk, too—a regular spitfire if you rubbed her the wrong way. Etsu was different—mild and gentle all the time.

Studying Etsu's cream-colored face, he saw what he had never noticed before—that there were hollows at her temples under her soft black hair, that her neck was childishly thin. "Say," he burst out, "do you get enough to eat?"

She laughed merrily and he tried again. "Etty, listen." He put his hand on her two hands folded on her lap. "Eat, see?"

"No, no, Teddu," she said quickly.

"I thought not," he said. "You come along with me."

He grasped her wrist and dragged her up and along with him. Behind them the bag of soy cakes fell on the ground and half a dozen deer trotted toward it. But a child ran

and snatched the bag first and carried it away. Neither Ted nor Etsu saw it. They were absorbed in struggle, he to pull her toward the restaurant down the street and she to resist him.

In the end he prevailed, and she found herself seated at a table in the restaurant. A dozen other couples looked at them and grinned.

Etsu stared at the menu through tears. "I eat home," she wailed.

"You eat now," Ted ordered sternly.

He took the menu from her hands and pointed at items so recklessly that her Japanese thrift quenched her tears and she took the card away from him again.

"No, no, Teddu," she said.

"*I'm* hungry," he declared. "Order something for me, then."

Under this pressure she said a few soft words to the waitress, who stared at her. Etsu did not meet her eyes. The waitress was certainly not a home girl, and she saw that Etsu was, and her stare was cynical. Etsu did not like it and she looked away. "Get a move on, kid," Ted said to the waitress.

"Yes, please," she said. The order from the manager was obedience to all Americans.

The food came almost at once, and Ted refused to take a mouthful until he saw Etsu pick up her chopsticks. This she resisted, because she knew that once she began to eat, she would not be able to stop. There would be nothing to stop her, no little brothers and sisters, no Father and Mother pretending they were not hungry.

BUT that was exactly what happened. She began to eat and she could not stop. She ate fish soup and fried shrimps and shredded chicken and cabbage and rice. She ate until even Ted was astonished.

"Boy, you must have been empty!" he said.

"Boy?" she repeated.

"Forget it," he said; "it don't mean anything. You just keep on eating." So she kept on eating. She felt wonderfully warm and comfortable and happy in her body. But in her heart she felt full of sin. She had accepted the food, and now she must pay the price. Tears rose to her eyes. How would she ever tell Father and Mother?

She was too distressed to protest at the size of the tip that Ted left the waitress. Instead she followed him in meek misery, her head down, her sleeve to her lips, her *geta* pattering on the cement floor. The men at the other tables shouted words at Ted which she did not know but which she perfectly understood. They were congratulating him. But why did they whistle as well as shout?

Outside, the twilight was gone and the night come. Soft paper lanterns glowed as people walked along. There were no street lights—the electric works had been destroyed

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by bombing. In the shadows Ted stopped and put his arms around her and she stood in them, shivering.

"Not here—" she murmured.

The blood in his veins stopped, then raced.

"Kid!" he gasped. "You don't mean—"

"Not here, Teddu," she said, trying not to cry. She was not thinking about him, but about Father and Mother. She would tell them the whole shameful story, how hungry she had been, how at the sight of the hot food she had simply yielded —everything.

"Where can we go, kid?" his voice was thick and breathless. He tried not to think of Sue. Plenty of fellows—married fellows, too—and he and Sue were only engaged.

"We go home," Etsu said bravely.

He knew the Japanese were queer, but this was too queer. "Your people, kid, your father and mother—"

"Yes, yes, Teddu," she said faintly.

He gave up after that. They walked side by side down the dark street. He took her hand and held it hard. It was a soft hand, much softer than Sue's. He did not want to think of Sue. He fixed his whole mind on Etsu—that part of his mind, at least, that did not think, that felt.

Only when they reached the gate of her home did Etsu's soft hand come to life. He felt it pull him through the gate, down the narrow garden walk to the house. The paper wall screens were drawn and the light in one room shone softly veiled. Against them the figures of Father and Mother moved in flat gray outlines. Etsu drew the screen enough to make a doorway and went into the house, pulling Ted after her. The children were already in bed, and Father and Mother looked at her without smiles.

"I am very late," she said, and began to cry.

FATHER invited Ted to sit down with a wave of his hand. They all sat down on the floor mats, while Etsu continued to cry.

"Don't cry, Etty," Ted muttered. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

But he began to be a little angry. What was the game now? He listened to the soft outpourings of her voice, understanding nothing. When the Japs really talked, dictionaries were no good. You just had to wait. . . . "Alas, dear ones," Etsu was saying. She wiped her eyes with her sleeve. "I have fallen so low. I do not deserve to be your child. Yet I had to return to my home. Where else can I go?"

"Tell us exactly what happened," Father said in a practical voice.

So she told them. "My stomach suddenly ached. My eyes became blind. My nostrils were filled with the fragrance of the food. I trembled and felt faint. I thought only of putting the food in my mouth. Once I began, I could not stop. I ate until

"If your husband starts to laugh, you just press this little bulb." LIBERTY

I could eat no more. He paid how many yen I dare not tell you. Afterward we went outside, and at once he asked me where we could go. I said we would come home. He refused. But I insisted that you would do what was honorable. He is come in that expectation."

They all looked at Ted. He sat bolt upright on his folded legs, acutely uncomfortable. But the handbook on Japan had said that it was considered rude to stretch the legs out straight.

He grinned at her. "I can't keep it up too long," he remarked.

Father and Mother looked at Etsu. "What does he say?" they asked in unison.

"He says he cannot wait too long," she said faintly.

They sighed and Father coughed. "We must remember that their ways are not our ways," he said.

"But Etsu is our daughter," Mother wailed.

"That is the difficulty," Father agreed.

"Let's get going, kid," Ted said restlessly. "I can't sit here much longer." The inner muscles of his legs were beginning to cramp.

"What does he say?" Father and Mother asked again. Etsu tried to explain to her parents as best she could.

There was nothing for it. "The emperor himself said we were to yield to the conquerors," Father said sadly. He motioned to Mother and they rose. "We will go in the other room," Father said. "We will wait there." Mother lifted her sleeve to her face and cried behind it softly. Thus they walked out of the room, and Father drew the screen of the partition behind him.

Ted stared after them. "Mighty decent of the old folks," he remarked. His legs suddenly became unbearable. "Mind if I straighten out?" He got up and stamped his feet, one after the other. "My feet have gone to sleep," he said cheerfully. Etsu still kneeled, looking up at him. He could make nothing of her look. It was fixed and strange. But her great eyes under their straight uplifted lashes were beautiful. He dropped to the mat again.

"Not scared of me, are you, kid?" he asked tenderly.

She did not answer. He took her in his arms and felt her as soft as a doll, unresponsive, passive, completely yielded. He kissed her at last, full on the mouth, and her face lay against his shoulder. "Why, I can—I can—" He did not finish the sentence. He could do anything with this soft female creature.

AT this moment Etsu, against his breast, felt something square and hard under her cheek. She was desperately frightened, even with Father and Mother just on the other side of the screen. Fear forced her to seize any delay. She reached inside his coat and pulled out the square. It was a folded leather case.

"This," she said, sitting up—"what?"

"Oh, heck, give that to me," Ted said harshly. He snatched at it, but she held it away from him.

"No, no, Teddu," she said. She tried to laugh. Then it occurred to her it was his money. She was horrified. Suppose he should think she wanted money! She opened the case hastily and saw a face, a girl's face, twice repeated, one grave, one laughing.

"Oh, Teddu!" she breathed. She looked down into the faces. "Pretty giru!" she said.

It had never come into her mind that he had perhaps a home like her own, with Father and Mother. He existed for her, as all the Americans existed for everybody, merely as soldiers and conquerors.

"Your sister?" she asked.

"No," he said shortly.

"Your wife!" she declared.

"No—well, not exactly," he said.

She gazed down at Sue's face, so enchanted, so admiring, that he was moved to pride. "She's the girl I'm going to marry," he said.

"Oh, Teddu, nize!" She said in her little, musical voice. "Tell something, please."

She touched Sue's loose curls. "Black, please?"

"Gold," Ted said.

"And eyes, please?"

"Blue," he said.

Etsu jumped up nimbly. "Tall, like me?" she said.

"Much taller," Ted said. He stood up and measured to his eyebrow. "Sue's a tall girl—not fat, though."

"Giru name, please?" Etsu asked softly.

"Sue," Ted said shortly.

"Sue? So pretty," Etsu murmured, "so pretty—pretty! I like!" Impulsively she put Sue's picture to her cheek. "Nize giru," she said. "She come Japan, too?"

"No," Ted said, not looking at her.

"But you marry?" Etsu said anxiously.

"Sure, when I go home," Ted said.

"Oh, you go home?" Etsu repeated.

"Sure, sometime," Ted said.

"What time?" Etsu urged.

"Oh, maybe next summer."

"Then you marry," Etsu murmured. "You have nize—"

"Wedding," Ted supplied.

"Wedding," she repeated, "and then small babies, many small babies. So *nize!*" she sighed.

"Yeah," Ted said.

Etsu gazed at the picture affectionately.

She pressed it to one cheek and the other. Then she closed the case and put it back into Ted's breast pocket and buttoned the flap. She patted the pocket with her hand. "Nize," she kept saying, "so nize."

Sue was there in the room with them. He could feel her as plain as anything. All the longing and hunger which had been roused in his strong young body rushed to her. He wanted her, his own girl, and nobody else; the girl he was going to marry, who was going to have his children for him. All the homesickness of the two years he had been away swept over him. He saw the white-painted houses, the streets, the green lawns of home. That was where he belonged, back in New Jersey, where Sue was waiting.

He looked at Etsu in her flowered kimono with the big obi. What the hell had made him think—

"Say, I got to be going," he muttered. "It's gettin' late."

She found his cap for him and he put it on. He stared at her. Queer—he didn't even want to kiss her.

"G'night—" he muttered.

"Goodnigh', Teddu," she said. She opened the screen long enough for the light to shine across the path to the gate. When he had gone out, she ran and pushed the bar across.

Father and Mother were waiting.

"He didn't—" they began.

"No," she said.

"What happened?" Father asked.

"Nothing," she said. "We talked. There is a girl in America with blue eyes and yellow hair. He is going home to be married to her."

"But he knew that before," Mother said, bewildered.

"I didn't know it," Etsu said. "It was when I knew it that he remembered her."

They stood staring at each other.

"Do you understand?" Mother asked Father.

"No," Father said. "Who can understand Americans?"

HOURS later, lying wedged between her two little sisters, Etsu kept thinking of the pretty blonde face. Two women, across the seas from each other. She is my sister, Etsu thought—my sister, who saved me. "Sue!" she spoke the name aloud. It was like a Japanese name, almost.

THE END

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

IF you male veterans think you're having trouble in getting reestablished, lend an ear to what a delegation of ex-servicewomen recently told this columnist. Talk about veterans having unbelievable experiences—this tops 'em all.

These former Wacs, Waves, Spars, and Nurses cited instances in which prospective employers and even leaders of communities openly questioned the motives of women who have been in the service. According to them, the gals joined up for such reasons as—and we are quoting exactly—"to get away from some personal problem," "to spite a soldier who has enlisted," "to shake off social restrictions placed upon them in the business world."

Typical of their stories was one

Cat talk!

about an ex-Wave at an open community forum on the subject How We Can Help the Veteran. The ex-Wave had made a few suggestions from the floor. Suddenly a nonveteran onlooker took it upon herself to blurt out:

"As a citizen and participant in this forum, I feel that you are misrepresenting yourself as a veteran. You entered the Army because you thought it was personally advantageous. And, as I understand from the type of publicity that has come to my attention, many young girls joined the services in the hope of meeting many men because of proximity in the work. I therefore feel that you have no right in claiming veteran benefits with the men who won the war, and that you cannot supplant a civilian employee holding down your job, simply because you personally wanted to be in the company of men. I go so far as to say that I refuse to accept you as a full-fledged veteran, and I feel that you gave up your place in the women's world and have no right to reclaim it, let alone to capitalize on your time in the service."

This instance is no mere hearsay. It was verified for the writer by the WAC Civilian Advisory Committee. Steps must be taken to counteract such stupid and misguided notions about the 325,000 women who served in the armed forces. Employers must be convinced that their Army- and Navy-acquired skills have not unsuited them for former positions, less rugged and less specialized; that eight months as an X-ray technician, or as a specialist in other fields, in the forces, is as good as, and even better than two years of ordinary technical schooling.

Lieutenant Colonel Winifred L. Stilwell, acting as General Bradley's Chief Adviser on women veterans, urges all ex-servicewomen not to hesitate about taking full advantage of all veteran benefits. Speaking from experience, the colonel affirms that the servicewomen, due to their military training and background, are coming back into this civilian world with such acquired discipline, resourcefulness, responsibility, and bearing that they can't help but appear more understanding, more tactful, more matured, and more eager for self-advancement.

* * *

S1c Martha Brighter, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. If you haven't already waived discharge and agreed to remain on duty until September 1, 1946, you may request a discharge regardless of points or military necessity for the purpose of joining your husband overseas. Make sure first that he is in an area to which dependents are permitted to travel.

* * *

Martha Devers, Trenton, N. J. There is no provision in the G.I. Bill that will permit the government's footing the bill for study under a private teacher or tutor.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

"Where else can you buy a hand-woven native rug with electrical heating?"
LIBERTY

STRANGE STOWAWAY

Continued from Page 27

"Jake, it's not foolishness, and don't you let the general hear you say so."

The way I figured it, there always had been wars, and as long as people remained what they were, there always would be wars I was sure that the world never would be scared into peace, forced into peace, horrified into peace, or legislated into the millennium.

AS we bounced along, Major Harper said, "I wonder what scared Brooks? He's got a level head ordinarily. Been working too hard."

"The way I understand it, somebody forced a way into the plane," Colonel Aldgate boomed. "If so, I'll make it hot for the officials on this field. It's high time we had a little discipline in the Army. Too many officers and men have relaxed just because there's no war on any more. Eh, general?" he said, remembering he was outranked.

"Quite true," the general said absently.

Brooks was breathing easier now. "I guess I was a bit off my nut, sir," he said. "It scared me so bad, you see, when I knew I was going to die tonight."

"Die? Nonsense!"

"I'll die tonight," Brooks said with quiet certainty. "But it wasn't that, sir. It was the report. We've only the one copy, and I wanted to warn you before I died. You see—"

"The report's all right, isn't it?" the general broke in.

"Oh, yes, sir. But I had to get to you and warn you not to make the flight tonight. Don't take off, sir. Not tonight. The flight is doomed. The plane will never reach Newfoundland."

"I see," the general said kindly. "Well, you'd better rest up, Brooks."

The captain began saying something, then checked himself. His breathing increased until he was wheezing in an awful way. "Sir—some—things—I—can't—talk—about—but—I—*know!* I—know—"

"He can't be excited this way," Gebhardt broke in sharply. "Relax, captain. Try to rest. We understand."

The truck finally arrived at the plane and we piled out. Two M.P.s were on guard, and the officer who'd greeted us when we came in. The officer saluted and said, "Sir, I've had a guard on the plane at all times, and I was here personally. Nobody has been near the plane except the service crew. They gassed you up, but didn't go inside."

"You didn't investigate the interior?"

"No, sir. I had no authority."

"Quite right, lieutenant. . . . Brooks, you say someone was inside the plane. Then he'll still be there."

We'd left Brooks lying in the bed of the truck. His white face was impassive. "No, sir," he said, "he won't be there. He's gone. You won't find him."

"Jake," the general snapped, "you come with me." I opened the door and we climbed in. Everything seemed to be in order, but we combed that plane from tail to cockpit anyway. There was nobody there. I felt sure of it, at the time. Since then I've been wondering what I overlooked.

The general made sure his briefcase containing the report was unmolested. The briefcase had a tiny padlock but a good one—pin tumbler—and the report was in a sealed envelope with his signature scrawled along the seams. Nothing had been molested. The three big boxes of documents were bound with metal straps.

"Poor Brooks," the general said, as we climbed out. "Remember, everybody: we'll say nothing about this affair. Go bad if it got around. He's got an application for Regular Army. . . . Jake, you and Leo help him inside."

Captain Brooks' face was a study in frustration. He had boiled down the contents of those three big packing cases of documents into the report; and whatever I thought of the futility of the entire mission, I had to admit that report was brilliant. (I know what was in it because I did the final typing job.) Yet now his mental balance was in doubt.

I saw Gebhardt shiver, perhaps because she'd given Brooks her coat. Colonel Aldgate blew his nose gustily. Major Harper held his wrist watch to the floodlight, impatient. The pilot and co-pilot stood by, awaiting orders.

"You can stay here and take another flight, Brooks, if you'd feel better that way," the general said. "I can arrange priority."

"Sir, it's not myself. It's the rest of you, and the report we've worked so hard on. That report could shape the future world, sir."

"Leo, the plane's in good shape, isn't it?" the general asked suddenly.

"Perfect, sir."

"You check with met, Fred?"

"Yes, sir," the pilot said. He was a wiry young fellow with stiff white hair. "Strong head winds, but there generally are."

"Let's go," the general said. "Coming with us, Brooks?" Brooks nodded. Leo and I helped him in and put him in the front double seat; there, over the wings, he'd have the easiest ride. We tilted the seats back for him. He was still having trouble breathing, and he seemed tired. "Well, I did all I could," he said wanly. "I did all I could."

I sweated out the take-off; I always do. Presently we were droning over the ocean, climbing for altitude. Here, in the familiar environment of the plane we'd flown together in so much, the entire Iceland incident seemed fantastic. Captain Brooks was a sick man. Beyond that—I'd be back in America tomorrow, and out of the Army a couple of weeks later.

GEBHARDT and Major Harper had the double seat behind Brooks. I cursed the uniform which prevented me telling him to keep his hands to himself. Behind them was the general, then Colonel Aldgate behind him. They were settling themselves for the night, seats back, hats over their eyes. I'd taken the rear double seat, hoping Gebhardt would shake the major and come back after a while. I saw Colonel Aldgate's hand come over his mouth, and when it went away his lower jaw telescoped relaxingly halfway up to his nose, lips bulging comfortably. He'd taken out his plates and was set for the night.

The general's head was nodding, sinking in little jerks. Major Harper

was watching over his shoulder. When the two senior officers were asleep he began making passes at Gebhardt. I was staring, but I didn't count with him, me being a G.I. Gebhardt parried him awhile and then made excuses and went to see how Captain Brooks was coming along. I grinned and relaxed. She could take care of herself.

Her lips woke me up. I looked around, startled, and she laughed softly. "It's all right, Jake. Harper's up front in a pet, and the others are sawing logs, the lambs."

So I kissed her in return. She sat beside me and said, "Mmm, that calls for another," and gave it to me.

"How's Brooks?"

"Exhausted. But he seems to be sleeping all right. I think he just got excited. But I'm no doctor. I only had a year of pre-med."

I said, "One thing I'm going to do when I get out of this uniform. I'm going to lay one on Harper."

"Now, Jake. It isn't his fault. He doesn't know." She sighed. "I'm sorry, Jake. I'll be glad when we can tell them. That'll keep the wolves away."

"I wouldn't want you if nobody else did," I said. She was a lovely girl, with a lot of tan hair and a lot of eyes and a lot of figure. We'd been married two weeks before we went on this mission to Europe, over the week-end and in civilian clothes, which busted a few Army regulations. This mission was, I suppose, our honeymoon, but a stranger one never was spent. She was an officer and I was a G.I., and we couldn't even eat together, let alone share the same room. We would have needed a pass to be seen on the streets together, and the general, an old West Pointer, was a bit sticky about rank. So we'd simply kept the thing under our hats. But in two weeks this would just be a memory.

SITTING there, we made up for a little lost time. There were just two small night lights on in the plane now. I forgot about the major entirely until there was a cough and he was standing beside us. We pulled apart, my wife flushed and flustered.

"Lieutenant Gebhardt, don't you think you'd better go to your seat?" the major said stiffly.

"Yes, sir," Gebhardt said sweetly.

"I'm surprised at you, carrying on with an enlisted man."

"Yes, sir." Arising, her back to him, Gebhardt winked at me.

"You know how the general feels about conduct becoming an officer," he said. "I'm sure I concur with him."

"Yes, sir. Then whose hands was I wrestling with when you were sitting with me, sir?"

The major flushed. "Lieutenant!"

Gebhardt went to her seat.

"I can't blame you for taking advantage of the opportunity," the major said to me, "though I only wish you weren't an enlisted man, so I could deal with you."

I said, "Well, sir, I'll be out of the Army in a couple of weeks."

"I don't believe I'd make any threats, sergeant."

"Yes, sir."

He said, "I've been talking with the pilot. The head winds are bad. He says he can make it all right, but he won't have the gasoline reserve he's supposed to. We're about halfway now. Perhaps you'd better wake the general."

He was a sharper, all right. *He* wouldn't wake the general.

I said, "I'll go talk with Fred," and I went up front. Leo was sitting at his little table on the left, playing his fiddle. Hughie was across the aisle, hair bushing around the straps of his radio headset, reading Kant. I leaned over the pilot's shoulder and he turned his face, grinning, and said, "Hi, Jake." I said, "How's tricks, Fred?" There was no formality about the flying crew. That's one of the few good things I can say about airplanes—it makes a human being out of a man to fly one. The co-pilot, Flight Officer Ingram, nodded, saying nothing. He was a long lean Texan, and a man of few words.

The pilot said, "We're bucking a

THE SWINDLER TALKED TOO MUCH AND THEN...
IN A DINGY BOHEMIAN RESTAURANT, A TOUGH-LOOKING WAITER EAVESDROPS WHILE HELEN DEMARE, ASPIRING YOUNG WRITER, HEARS BAD NEWS FROM HER "LITERARY AGENT".....
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ROWE, YOUR NEXT STOP IS FELONY COURT···THEN THE GRAND JURY
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A RAZOR! SURE!
I'M TAKING HER TO THE TRAIN ·· SHE'S A PIP
WHAT A QUICK, SMOOTH SHAVE. YOU'VE GOT A MIGHTY KEEN BLADE HERE!
IT'S A THIN GILLETTE AND I'VE USED IT PLENTY TOO!
YOU WON'T FORGET THE GRAND JURY HEARING NEXT WEEK?
WILL YOU MEET MY TRAIN?
HE'S SWELL-LOOKING
A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE DOES THINGS FOR A MAN
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LIBERTY

terrific head wind. It's eating gas. I just told Major Harper. We can make it O.K., but not with the gas reserve we're supposed to have. According to regulations. I'll have to turn back. Think you'd better ask the Old Man?"

"He'd be plenty browned off to wake up at Iceland again tomorrow."

"Well, if the Old Man said the word, I'd keep on."

"Are we on course?"

"Right on the beam. Hughie just got a fix."

"I'll see the Old Man," I said. I went back and shook the general by the shoulder. He slept as he did everything else, completely, with all his might. He came awake slowly, mumbling and growling and cursing, and then, awake, he was completely awake, with full vitality to his huge body. "What is it, Jake?" I told him and he went forward. He came back presently, sat down, relaxed, and put his hat over his eyes. I watched out the window. The moon didn't change position. We were keeping on. Below, the water made a cold silver path to the moon. A lavender iceberg floated past, seemingly suspended in the blackness of the surrounding sea. Major Harper came back to my seat and sat down. "I don't know whether I like this," he said. "Maybe we should have turned back. We shouldn't take a chance with that report."

Or, I thought, your neck. Harper was the one man of the party I never could like. I said, "Well, sir, speak to the general about it." In other words, don't come griping to a G.I. Harper's thin lips tightened. He took the seat behind Colonel Aldgate. I dozed off.

FOR a moment or so I didn't realize what was wrong. Then I knew it was the comparative silence which had awakened me. A small hard knot formed in my stomach. Looking out the window, I saw a blade of the left prop standing motionless above the engine cowling. Down below, far below but much too close, the silver path glittered toward the moon. I could see two pale lavender icebergs. I wondered if we could keep altitude against the head wind on one engine, and how far we'd gone since I dozed off.

Everyone else was still asleep. Leo's chunky figure came out the forward door. He looked over the passengers, caught my eye, and tilted his chin. I went forward. As I passed Hughie at the radio compartment, he was calling for a fix, over and over: "Flight two-two, aircraft nine-nine-nine. Flight, two-two, aircraft nine-nine-nine. Calling anybody. Calling anybody. Come in, please. Come in, please."

I asked the pilot, "What is it, Fred?"

He shrugged. "Just conked out. Oil pressure dropped all of a sudden and she quit. Beats me, Jake."

"Will we make it?"

"Make a damned good stab at it."

"Can you buck the wind on one engine?"

"Have to. It's a cinch we can't get back."

"Where are we?"

"And the radio went haywire. I've been thinking about Brooks. Nothing was wrong with that engine, or the radio either. How about that?"

"Oh, hell," I said.

Fred's teeth flashed white. "We're O.K. My old pal Ingram is a whiz at celestial navigation. Down in Texas they have to shoot a course by the stars to get from the house to the privy at night."

The co-pilot grunted. Fred said, "How's Brooks?" and I said, "He was asleep when I came by. He just got tuckered out on that run. I hope he don't wake up now, or he'll think he's gone for sure."

"How about that?" the pilot said, grinning. "Yeah, he'll probably be O.K. by morning. But he sort of gave me the willies with that wild talk. What do the others say about it?"

"Nobody's said a word since take-off," I said. But I realized it must have been in the back of our minds. Gebhardt and I never would have staged that love scene, with Major Harper awake, except that we'd been clutching at the present.

I went back to my seat feeling closer and warmer to everybody, because the engine had quit and we were all in danger. Even Major Harper, I felt, wasn't a bad egg; a little stiff, but not a bad egg. Old Colonel Aldgate, his lips swinging loosely, looked like a gentle overgrown baby with his round pink face and thin white hair. He was always doing things for people, recommending promotions, squelching reprimands—and blusteringly denying any knowledge of it. The general himself was an old war dog, a hard and tough man in a hard and tough business, facing the dreary years of peace with fortitude, and, on this mission, doing his level best to put himself and all other professional Army men permanently on the shelf for a thousand years or so. And Gebhardt—she was never so lovely, her lips slightly parted in sleep, her face childlike—I had leaned over to kiss her quickly in passing. Brooks had been sleeping quietly, and he—

I SUDDENLY sprang up. It was a perfect double take. I must have passed this fellow on my way, but it just then sank in. Perhaps it was because he was so unobtrusive, blending grayly with the dim interior of the plane, that I had looked at him and gone on. Well, there he was, this incredible stranger sitting beside Captain Brooks in our own plane. He was a quiet little man dressed in gray. As I sprang up I could see his head and shoulders, his profile as he sat quietly, waitingly, looking at Brooks, who was still asleep. The stranger wore a gray overcoat. His gray hat was in his right hand, visible past the edge of the seat. His hair was gray and he had a scrubby gray mustache.

He *couldn't* be there. Perhaps that is why my mind hadn't accepted him as I passed by. He couldn't be on the plane. I had personally helped the general search this aircraft before take-off at Iceland.

The stranger turned. He had soft gray eyes. He smiled gently and said, "Hello, Jake."

"Hello, yourself!" I said. I went up the aisle and stood over the stranger. "Who are you and where did you come from?" I spoke loudly, because I was annoyed. After all, a man doesn't like strangers suddenly appearing in an aircraft in

"Do you get these urges often?"
LIBERTY

mid-ocean. It's upsetting. And anyhow he had no business being there. This was the general's personal plane, and it was strictly limited to the personnel of a top secret mission.

"O.K., dummy up," I growled. "But, whoever you are, you're going to be in plenty of trouble, mister. A civilian's got no business here."

The gray eyes regarded me. "You mean, Jake, that you don't know me?"

"And let's not have any of that. You're not my long-lost brother."

"My name is Gray," he said.

"O.K. And then what?"

"Surely you must know me, Jake."

"I never saw you before in my life, and anyhow that's beside the point. Come on, Mr. Gray, let's have it. What authority have you got to be on this aircraft? And how did you do it?"

"Strange," he said softly; "strange. It's been a long time—it's been years since I ran across anybody like you. You *are* Orville Zimm?"

"Of course I'm Orville Zimm. But you're the one we're talking about. Who are *you?*"

"Strange," he murmured, "strange." He got out a little loose-leaf notebook, three by five inches, six ring, with black imitation-leather cover, and turned a sheet. "There can't be any mistake. Strange you shouldn't know me. Very strange."

"Don't try to get chummy with me, Mr. Gray," I said. "For two bits I'd chuck you out the emergency hatch. Now let's have it and quit stalling. How'd you hide away on this plane?"

He shook his head slowly. "Jake, you have me puzzled."

"I've got *you* puzzled! That's good. O.K., let's see your papers—passport and orders and so on."

"I have no papers, Jake."

I grinned, but not with mirth. "So you won't talk and you've got no papers. O.K., Mr. Gray. You just wait until the Old Man gets through with you."

I went into the forward compartment. There were going to be plenty of questions, and I wanted all the answers there were. Mr. Gray called to me as I closed the aluminum door, but I was in no mood to palaver with him right then. The general might wake up any minute, find a civilian aboard—and, mister, I'm telling you the muck would hit the fan.

"Hey, Leo, what do you know about this civilian?" I said.

Leo lowered the fiddle from his chin. "Civilian? What civilian?"

"The civilian passenger who's aboard. Look, the general is going to be plenty sore. You better come clean now, if you and the rest of the crew sneaked him aboard."

"Civilian passenger? You're crazy," Leo said. Then he grinned.

"This is no rib. There's a civilian out there. Calls himself Gray."

"Now, wait a minute, Jake."

"I tell you he's out there. I've been talking with him. He won't tell me anything except his name's Gray. Won't show me any papers."

"I thought you searched the plane before we took off."

"We did, and he couldn't be here. But he *is*."

Leo still suspected a rib. "Let's take a gander," he said.

"O.K., look for yourself!" I said hotly, and pulled the door open. The passengers were sleeping, Captain Brooks, Lieutenant Gebhardt, General Gailbraith, Colonel Aldgate, and Major Harper, in that order. The little man in gray wasn't there. He'd disappeared.

One corner of Leo's mouth was quirked up to match his cocked eyebrow.

"Oh, *that* man," he said. "*That* civilian. Well, now, Jake, it is a problem. Where'd he come from, that little man who isn't there?"

I swore. "Dammit, Leo! I tell you he was sitting right here!"

"Why, sure, Jake." Leo said. "And he's still there. Hi, Mr. Gray? How's tricks? What, airsick? I'll fix you up in just a sec—"

Leo dodged as I swiped at him, ducked back into the forward compartment and, laughing, slammed the door in my face.

I GUESS I'd forgotten all about the fact that we were out over the North Atlantic, bucking a head wind on one engine and losing altitude. For taking your mind off your troubles, I heartily recommend a disappearing civilian. Nothing like it.

I gave the passenger compartment the once-over quickly, to make sure Mr. Gray wasn't hiding between the seats or somewhere. Then I went into the lavatory, feeling sure he'd ducked in there. He hadn't. Next I looked in the overhead luggage racks, peering between every luggage obstruction. Then I started on

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the foot lockers and three big boxes and miscellaneous gear stacked on the right side of the plane. I examined hinges and locks of the foot lockers. Nothing seemed wrong, but then nothing seems wrong with a trick trunk in a magician's act. One of those wooden document boxes would hold a man comfortably, I thought.

The only catch was the fact that I personally had supervised the construction and packing of those three boxes in Wiesbaden, just a week ago, and they'd been under guard ever since. I kicked at them, listening for a hollow sound. The sound would tell if the boxes weren't all packed full of documents.

Each box gave the same dull muffled sound to my shoe heel. Vexed, I really swung on the end of one box, and hurt my foot doing it.

"Hey—what the devil? Jake, what's this thumping?" the general asked, sitting up and blinking. "What are you kicking those boxes for?"

"Sir, there's a civilian aboard."

"A civilian? Where is he?"

"I was looking for him, sir. He was here a bit ago, and then he disappeared. I thought maybe he was inside one of the boxes."

"Eh? What's that? He was here and then he was gone? What are you talking about, Jake? He couldn't be here. It's impossible."

"Yes, sir. But he was. I went up and asked Leo about it, and when Leo came back to look, the civilian was gone."

"For heaven's sake," the general said, "you're talking exactly like Brooks. I don't know what's got into this outfit. I guess we've been working too hard. I'll be glad to get back to the Pentagon—and I never thought I'd see the day when that place would look good to me. Take your seat, Jake, and get some sleep."

I was conscious, then, of a new noise, a whine that was rapidly increasing to a howling roar. I put my face to the window and cupped my hands at the plexiglass. The port propeller was no longer feathered and motionless. It was whirling now, invisibly, running wild in the wind, running wild and beginning to scream, shaking the wing and the whole aircraft.

The alarm bell rang, harsh and strident.

THE passengers woke up, Major Harper with the nervous attention of a disturbed cat; Colonel Aldgate puffing and grumping, fishing in a pocket and slipping his plates in his mouth; Brooks indifferent with resignation. Gebhardt's eyes opened wide and round. She looked about, arose, and came close to me. "Darling," she said—"darling, what is it? Are we in trouble, dear?" The general barked, "Stop that damned bell, somebody!" Then he felt the vibration and recognized the scream of the runaway prop. He cupped his hands to his face at the window, then called to me: "Jake! Tell the pilot the prop is running wild!"

"Yes, sir; he knows it, sir. That was the alarm bell."

"Well, don't stand there! Tell him to do something about it."

I went up front and said dutifully to the pilot, "Fred, the Old Man says to do something about that prop."

"How about that! Tell him to come up and pull his rank on it. Beat it, Jake. . . . Leo! Give them ditching procedure!"

Leo yelled O.K. and went into the passenger compartment. Hughie was hunched at his radio again, calling, calling. As I went back, the shiver of the plane had become the sort of shudder which made the soles of your feet tingle. "Take your seat, Jake," Leo ordered. He stood braced at the head of the passenger compartment, solid and grim, in the aisle facing the brass. He shouted, "You have all seen the film on ditching procedure. From now on I'm in charge and you will obey my orders until we're in the raft. First of all, has everybody got a Mae West on? Let's get going at it. They're on the back of the seat ahead of you. . . . Jake, help Captain Brooks with his. . . . Now, everybody, see that your Mae West is on correctly. The one strap buckles around the waist, running through the loop of the one under the crotch. . . . This is no time for modesty, Lieutenant Gebhardt. Put that strap between your legs and run the waist belt through the loop. . . . Not too tight on the adjustment; give about eight inches' play; the vest isn't inflated yet. . . . O.K. Now you'll notice the little lever with the cord attached. That will inflate your Mae West by pulling the cord. Don't do it now. Don't get excited. I will tell you each thing to do at the proper time. Now, everybody has his Mae West on properly. Get in your seats and fasten your safety belts, tight. I said tight. Now, when this alarm bell rings again, brace for the crash. Put both arms on the seat ahead of you, and—"

"JUST a moment, sergeant," the general broke in. "I'm going up there and see what's the matter. The pilot should have that prop under control. He had it feathered once, and I don't see why—"

"Sir, you will shut up and sit down," Leo said. He was magnificent, his solid figure braced on the trembling deck, snapping commands with the parade-ground trick of bringing the voice from the pit of the stomach. "I'm in command of this plane, sir, and you'll take orders. I said sit down!"

The general hesitated, half up from his seat. He sat down.

"Fasten that safety belt, sir!"

The general fastened his safety belt.

"When the alarm bell rings again, take crash positions," Leo said. "Cross your forearms and grasp the seat ahead of you. Tight. Tight as you can. Press your head against your arms. And *hold it*. There will be two crashes. Remember that. Don't relax after the first crash. The second is always the worst. I'll tell you when to relax. And keep your seats until we get the raft out. You will rise and get into the raft only as I call your names. Don't jump for the raft. Use the rope hanging from the door. And remember there's plenty of time. The plane will float long enough for everybody to get out."

I sat with Gebhardt, the hard knot in my stomach not helped by the tight safety belt. Through the window I could see smoke pouring back from the runaway engine. The wing

"On the other hand, he may be another Winston Churchill!" LIBERTY

LIBERTY

couldn't stand the vibration. Something would tear loose.

"Darling," Gebhardt said, "we've had so little time. So precious little time. But it's been such fun. It's been worth all the time I lived before."

I kissed her. "Don't talk like that, Chubbins. We're not done yet. Planes ditch all the time."

"But I've had a feeling. You know Captain Brooks said the flight was doomed."

"So what? He didn't say anything about the life raft."

She smiled bravely. "Darling, you're wonderful."

And then came the crash, a dull sullen thud, felt rather than heard. The plane jolted as if kicked by a giant boot. The alarm bell began clanging. The aircraft tilted and went into a spin. I was pressed against Gebhardt, who was pressed against the side of the plane. I couldn't move. Leo had been flung spread-eagled against the wall, and he remained there, flattened against the curving side of the plane, curiously immobile. Somebody yelled; I'm proud to say it wasn't my wife. I felt a hopeless futility, a helpless impotence, and I thought, ironically, that at last my distrust of aircraft had been justified. I'd never yet trusted a plane. I'd been traveling by air for years in the Army, always with distrust, always expecting the worst. Now at last it had happened, and I wondered if the holding of a faith had anything to do with it. Faith works miracles. Maybe if you believed the wrong thing hard enough and long enough, it happened.

"Darling," Gebhardt said, speaking with difficulty, "if this is good-by —it's been wonderful."

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

CALIFORNIA'S GOT IT

Continued from Page 13

ente, once a millionaire gambler's paradise.

North from San Diego through miles of avocado groves and about halfway to Los Angeles is the historic Spanish mission at San Juan Capistrano, to which the swallows have returned on the first day of each spring for as long as man can remember. The San Juan mission is one of a chain of twenty-one founded between 1769 and 1782 by the Franciscan priest, Junipero Serra. They link more than 600 miles of road from San Diego to north of San Francisco.

IT'S A full day's drive but a pleasant one between Los Angeles and San Francisco, rival cities as different as were Athens and Sparta. The route along the ocean goes through Santa Barbara, which each August holds an Old Spanish Days fiesta, as colorful as any in the West. The highway skirts San Simeon, the fabulous ranch of William Randolph Hearst, and winds around the exquisite Monterey peninsula where, at Del Monte, three generations of San Franciscans have played golf, tennis, and polo.

San Francisco, now just emerging from the wartime inundation, has an international reputation for cosmopolitanism shared in America only by New York and New Orleans. Almost everyone feels at home in San Francisco.

It used to be said in Los Angeles that all San Francisco had to offer were steep hills, noisy cable cars, and Chinatown. The hills are steep but maneuverable. A publicity-seeking beautician once caused a feminine flurry that might have razed the hills. He said they were causing San Francisco's lovely women to have legs that curved, a condition caused by climbing hills from childhood. Scientific refutation of this canard was immediate, however, and the women relaxed. The hills have since been safe from all but visiting drivers.

The cable cars are worth the ride. As an introduction to this unique diversion, catch the Powell Street car at the Market Street turntable and sit in the back. On the return trip sit beside the motorman and watch how he does it. It's an experience.

Half the shops of Chinatown were owned and operated by Japanese before the war, but not any more. Tourists are welcome in this city-within-a-city, the largest Chinese metropolis east of Asia. Visit the Chinese telephone exchange — no numbers, just names—and the Temple of the Queen of Heaven. Be sure to penetrate deeply enough to see the native food stores, markets, and theaters. A dinner in Chinatown, at Cathay House or Shanghai Low, is

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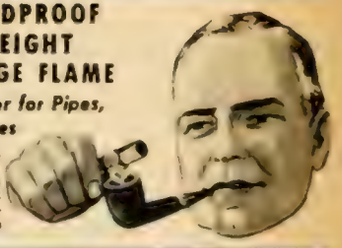

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"May I see your seat check, please?"

LIBERTY

best ordered by leaving the whole thing to the proprietor. It will be as close as you can come to the real thing this side of China.

San Francisco is famous for its superlative restaurants. If you go in for fine food, you probably have a list of your own. If you don't, but want the best, try ordering abalone at Fisherman's Grotto on Fisherman's Wharf. Joe DiMaggio has a good place there, too. Try anything Italian at Amelio's or Lupo's and—if you're venturesome—you can get the best Armenian cooking in the world at Omar Khayyam. For a meal with a view, don't miss the Cliff House, and for a meal with Atmosphere with a capital A, drive across the magnificent bay bridge to Trader Vic's in Oakland. Here, in a tropical setting, are served exotic cocktails, followed by a delicious Chinese or barbecued dinner.

THE oldest building in San Francisco, Mission Dolores, has been preserved almost as it was when built in 1782. The massive roof timbers are still lashed together with the original rawhide thongs, and the altar is one of the most ornate of all the early missions. The paintings and decorations were brought from Spain via Mexico. In the adjoining graveyard is buried the first Mexican governor of California, Don Luis Argüello.

Thirty miles from San Francisco is Stanford University, whose sandstone buildings are roofed with red tile in an adaptation of mission architecture. Mosaics for the magnificent Memorial Chapel were designed and made in Italy and then placed in the chapel by skilled workmen brought to Palo Alto for that purpose. Stanford's 8,000-acre campus has few rivals for beauty in the country.

As a vacation wonderland, California offers most to those who enjoy the outdoors. It has three national parks, eighteen national forests, seventy state parks, and many national monuments. It has fine beaches. It affords some of the world's best deep-sea fishing; the record rod-and-reel catches of albacore, giant bass, marlin, yellowtail, broadbill, and white sea bass were made in its waters. The lakes and rivers of northern and central California are a top attraction for salmon and trout fishermen.

Around Shasta National Forest and Lassen National Park, near the Oregon line, numerous camps and lodges are reached readily by automobile. Winter skiing is splendid, and summer camping and pack trips through wilderness areas are cheap. In the north, near Eureka—the city, not the motto—are the finest redwood groves in the state, including the world's tallest standing tree, 364 feet high, in the Humboldt Redwoods State Park. Route 101 south from Eureka runs through groves of these magnificent *Sequoia sempervirens*. These are not to be confused with their larger and older, but not taller, relatives, the giant sequoia, finest of which grow much farther south in Sequoia National Park. The General Sherman tree in this park, the oldest and largest living thing in the world, is about 4,000 years old, thirty-four feet in diameter, and 272 feet tall. It still produces cones from which seedlings are grown.

Centering around Lake Tahoe are many famous summer and winter sports resorts. Near by is historic Donner Pass where thirty-six members of the Donner party starved to death in the winter of 1846. Not far are Placerville, Coloma and Auburn, where the gold strike of 1848 made California's most dramatic history. Southeast is Death Valley, where Furnace Creek Inn is becoming one of the country's luxury winter resorts. The valley is open to visitors the year around, and though brutally hot in summer, is perfectly safe for travel. Here is the lowest point in the United States, 279 feet six inches below sea level. At the upper end of the valley is Scotty's Castle, which has year-around accommodations for a few guests at about thirteen dollars a day with meals. The castle can be seen with a guide for one dollar. It is not bizarre, except for its setting, but unusually beautiful.

Santa Anita race-track interests have just bought Lake Arrowhead, southern California's famous all-year mountain resort, and have announced spectacular plans for its development.

Yosemite National Park is open again the year round. The glacier-cut valley itself is seven miles long and a mile wide, with cliffs rising 4,000 feet from the floor. Travelers from halfway around the world have been fully rewarded as they stood at Glacier Point and gazed at the whole wondrous panorama—domes, pinnacles, waterfalls, and, far below, the silver thread of the Merced River.

One spectacle for the summer visitor is the evening fire fall—a tremendous bonfire pushed off a cliff each night in a gorgeous shower of flame and sparks. Horseback trips, hikes, drives, stage tours, campfire entertainment, and dances make two weeks in Yosemite seem entirely inadequate. Accommodations range from tents at about two dollars a day to luxury lodges at fifteen dollars a day, American plan.

THERE are dude ranches galore in California at all seasons. You can "do" the state in two weeks, or take two years and not see it all. But there's something there for you at ten dollars a day, or $100. Except for travel expenses, most of the really worth-while attractions are free, or nearly so.

Although California's tourist agencies are asking visitors to stay away until September, the plea won't mean much to anyone who wants to go, and can. For the next year or so, however, reservations will be essential. Except in the resort areas, hotels limit visits to five days. Motor courts are crowded and you need reservations there, too. The American Automobile Association will furnish lists of good ones. Winter and summer resorts are booked well in advance.

Don't expect perfect service, because resorts aren't yet fully staffed. You'll wait in line for food at good restaurants, and sometimes at mediocre ones. Trains, buses, and planes will be filled to capacity and, from the looks, so will the highways.

How you get home from California is up to you. But you're hereby warned that of the 1,500,000 tourists who will visit the state within the next year, at least 150,000 will return there to settle permanently.

THE END

OUR VANISHING FORESTS

Continued from Page 23

Not far from the Pickens Canyon area, the government, for several years, has had a water run-off experiment station. Shortly before the storm, several small plots in this experimental area had been burned over. These burned-over plots showed a surface run-off of 300 buckets during the storm, while unburned plots of like size showed an average of only eight buckets. In short, the run-off on bare burned-over ground was more than thirty times as great. It is clear that if the brush cover in the burned-over area had been left intact, there would have been no destructive flood.

The Los Angeles tragedy differed only in degree from what is happening all over the nation where trees and brush are cut with no thought to erosion or to replanting.

The facts speak for themselves. To prevent soil erosion and floods, to keep us in the timber that we must have, to protect our wild life, and to refurbish our national parks we must have a co-ordinated program to build up the forestry resources of the country. We need such a program not only for today and tomorrow and for rainy days, but for as far as we can see into the future. We cannot grow forests of giant redwoods and other trees overnight, but we can start them, and we should start them or we will be leaving a meager heritage to posterity.

IT goes without saying that all of our public forests ought to be operated on a sustained yield basis—cutting no more timber in any period than we grow or plant in that time.

We have cut over too much of our land. We need to put it back into trees. The hills of West Virginia, with their 30-per-cent grades, can only grow one crop profitably—timber. The continuous growing of corn on slopes so steep is an incitement to erosion.

In our western states, the shelterbelt program should be continued and expanded.

We need more state laws to encourage forestry. The eastern states would do well to imitate those western states which have adopted forest taxation laws that promote the growth of forests in private hands.

We need community forests. There are many small villages and towns in this country that could reduce or eliminate their taxes entirely if they held a community forest. The federal law offering assistance to the states to acquire state forests ought to be implemented by appropriation.

It is time that co-ordination came to the federal forestry program. Now the management of the federal forests is divided between the Department of the Interior and the Department of Agriculture.

I have long believed that all federally owned forests should be within the custody and the management of the Department of the Interior. This Department is already responsible for the major part of the natural resources of the country, and forestry naturally belongs with these other resources so that all can be administered with due regard to one another and without the overlapping and waste that results from divided management. This has long been a controversial subject, with the opinion ever growing stronger that the national forests should be returned to Interior from which they were taken away on a misunderstanding of the facts. There are today in Interior large forest areas which have been well and successfully managed on a sustained yield basis.

The work once done by the CCC in reforestation and in soil erosion ought to be renewed. For the CCC experiment proved to be even more valuable than the shelter-belt program. The many miles of access roads constructed by the CCC through the forests proved their worth during the war. Truck trails penetrating the theretofore unbroken forest wildernesses made it possible for the forest fire fighters to reach remote areas and to control fires which otherwise would have raged unchecked for days. These same truck trails also permitted the logging of stands of high-quality timber necessary for aircraft construction and other war needs.

The greatly increased army of hunters and sportsmen would find meager pickings today if the CCC had not done so much work in improving our wild-life refuges. The CCC planted food and cover producing vegetation for game birds and small animals. It planted millions of trees as windbreaks and to provide wild-life cover and cleaned out thousands of acres of tangled underbrush. Nor was the work of the CCC which benefited wild life confined to the wild-life refuges. The work of the CCC members on other state and federal lands did as much, to help bring back our wild life.

VACATION starved during the war, the millions of Americans who are already clamoring at the gates of our state and national parks would find meager facilities if it had not been for the work of the CCC. For the parks of the nation, the corps built road, water, and sewage systems, dams, swimming pools, bathhouses, trails, cottages, administration buildings; it improved camp grounds and restored historic sites. I could go on, but it is enough to say that in ten years the CCC accomplished in the parks what ordinarily would have taken the country fifty years to do.

Today a reborn Conservation Corps might play an important and fruitful part in our military training programs. Wars of today are fought under all kinds of conditions and over all kinds of land. The Army must train large numbers of men to understand the natural terrain and how to use it as a protective and offensive weapon. Working in a Civilian Conservation Corps might be considered basic training.

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And there are facilities already available to house new CCC units. For instance, there are the big military training camps which, as President Roosevelt once pointed out, represent large government investments.

A study of the Army records would prove that the training the boys received in the handling of equipment and in working in the forests in the old CCC organization made them better soldiers. No one can question the excellence of the Indians who went into the Army with their experience of working on and with the land and the forests. These facts suggest the following type of arrangement:

Four or five hundred thousand of the younger men could be segregated from those called for a year's training. These men could spend a month in an Army training camp, receiving elementary and conditioning training, and then could be sent to the work projects of the Conservation Corps for a nine-month period. There they would work on all types of conservation projects, learning to live together in camps and improving their health and building their bodies. When they had finished their nine months' training in the camps of the corps, they could be returned to the Army for the final two months' finishing training before returning to civilian life.

This plan would absorb some 60,000 to 70,000 veterans in supervisory positions as they return from the war. It is my belief that a certain number of the veterans who do not go back to their old jobs, or cannot find new ones, could be brought from central schools and be trained to fill many of the jobs that would be required in camps of the corps. The corps would need cooks, foremen, storekeepers, clerks, accountants, superintendents, and various technical personnel, most of whom could be war veterans. I realize that 60,000 veterans is a small number compared with the whole; nevertheless, it is 60,000.

THE END

TOO LITTLE, TOO LIGHT

I dearly love a Bow-wow,
I also love a Woof-woof;
  A sturdy, all-around dog
    Is totally okay;
But as to any yip-yip,
A snippy half-a-pound dog—
  Nay!

A Bow-wow or a Woof-woof
Of any breed or no breed
  Is truly an ideal
    Companion on a jog;
But phui on the yip-yip,
The yipe-yipe, the yap-yap.
  It simply ain't a real
    Dog!

—*Berton Braley.*

THE THROPP

MR. THROPP HAS ENDED HIS SODA FOUNTAIN PARTNERSHIP WITH OZZIE
WHAT'S OZZIE SO SAD ABOUT?
HE JUST LOST HIS FIRST ARGUMENT
YOUR DAD FORCED HIM TO BECOME A SILENT PARTNER!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH DAD'S SOAP MAKER, CALDECOTT?
JUST MESSING AROUND
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME WITH THAT GADGET
MAYBE SO, MAYBE NOT
I'M TRYING TO INVENT A NEW DRINK
A DRINK? AN INTRIGUING IDEA! HERE'S 25 RUGS, COUNT ME IN!
GOSH! THANKS, OZZIE!
NO NEED TO THANK ME. JUST SIGN THIS PAPER

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Thanks for the Memory

EARLE SANDE, that handy little guy, was from 1918 to 1932 America's premier jockey. His record: total races 3,663; 967 firsts, 717 seconds, 551 thirds, for purses of $2,993,565. He rode three Kentucky Derby winners—Zev in 1923, Flying Ebony in 1925, and Gallant Fox in 1930. Only three other jockeys have done it. As a trainer, he sent out Stagehand to win the Santa Anita Derby and the Handicap within four weeks in 1938. The purses: $150,000.

He led the pack for years in a game where there is room for only one out in front. If horse racing is the Sport of Kings, Sande is turf royalty.—*Allan H. Witwer.*

BULL SESSION FOR THE BLUES

Continued from Page 21

Finally the psychiatrist turned to Ferris' vocational likes and aptitudes; his morale required that he work at the job for which he was best fitted. Learning that he had become interested in chicken raising in England, his mentor advised him to try it. This work was well suited to his physical condition; it would keep him out of doors, and was healthful. With a G.I. loan and some help from his father, he got his farm. Today he is doing a good business, is happily married, and has rid himself of most of his nervous symptoms.

THUS, through "ventilation" and skilled interpretation of their unknown conflicts, men with shattered personalities arrive at a realistic appraisal of their life situation and how to meet it. Though this kind of self-analysis sometimes uncovers extremely painful factors—hatred of parents, ridiculous or cowardly fears, ugly aggressions—they have to be brought to the surface and understood.

Understandably, the therapeutic accomplishments of group therapy are more superficial than those of individual treatment. But it does have its advantages. It is economical, allowing dozens to be treated in the time formerly devoted to one. This is an absolute necessity with the present dearth of trained psychiatrists and the tremendous number of NP cases. Then it provides a social setting, which not only helps to break down the patient's reticence and gives him a quicker understanding of his problem, but also quickens his acceptance of social responsibility.

Obviously much of the success of group therapy depends on the therapist or group leader. At no time must he lecture, censor, or outtalk the patients, since it would arouse their resentment and stifle their spontaneity of expression. His task is to moderate any disputes arising among the patients, to co-ordinate and interpret the topics discussed.

Perhaps the commonest topic, next to conversion of neuroses into illness, is attitude toward family and the return to civilian life. Some patients are worried about their ability in future jobs. Some doubt their ability to adjust to their wives and children because their viewpoints have been changed by the horrors of war. Some are suspicious of their wives, and others fear that their sweethearts will no longer want them.

If it becomes clear to the therapist that "ventilation" in the group discussion has not relieved the patient's anxiety and prepared him to meet his particular situation, a technique called psychodrama may be employed as a further therapy.

In psychodrama, developed by Dr. J. L. Moreno, founder of the Psychodramatic Institute in 1936, a person acts out a real-life situation before an audience symbolizing public opinion, and thus reveals the deeper levels of his personality.

An actual situation was that of the discharged soldier who revealed in a group session that he was afraid of meeting his girl at the station because she would want to know why he was in civilian clothes.

With a Red Cross worker as his girl, the patient went through the performance several times, but he just couldn't face the girl. Finally he reached the point where he didn't care what he said.

"What are you doing in civilian clothes?" asked the girl (the social worker).

"What the hell difference does it make to you?" he shot back angrily.

This outburst removed the boy's mental block. With his pent-up emotions released, he now felt he could go back and face his girl.

Of course group psychotherapy is no cure-all. For total rehabilitation of emotionally fatigued veterans, other reconditioning programs are used in conjunction with psychiatric treatment: arts and crafts, vocational activities, music, educational and physical reconditioning. But of all these therapeutic tools, it is perhaps the most important.

Length of treatment depends on how soon the patient can free himself from his emotional tensions, accept them and learn to manage them. It may take weeks, months, or even longer.

THE idea of group therapy was conceived thirty years ago when, to save time, a busy Boston doctor brought tuberculous patients together in a class to explain their disease and its treatment. Dr. Joseph H. Pratt soon saw that the patients got an emotional lift from being in a group, felt encouraged at seeing the progress other patients made, and competed with one another to recover.

Later used successfully by Dr. Pratt in the treatment of psychoneuroses at the Thought Clinic in Boston, the technique has been increasingly used in the past ten years by many outstanding psychiatrists. Though not yet standardized, it has proved its worth in civilian hospitals, especially in child-guidance centers and mental-hygiene clinics treating problem children.

The good results reported in many community or state-supported children's clinics seem to recommend this type of treatment on a national scale to meet the growing delinquency problem. Too, it would be good insurance against mental ill health in our future adult population. Major General Lewis B. Hershey, director of Selective Service, has asserted that 1,767,000 men were rejected for military duty because of mental or neurological disease; that, in addition, thousands of men had been discharged because of neurotic disturbances. Recent data shows also that more than half the country's hospital beds are occupied by psychiatric patients.

But wherever the group is used as a therapeutic tool, warns Lieutenant Colonel Norman C. Brill, psychiatrist in the Surgeon General's Office, War Department, it is of utmost importance that the group leader be well trained. The human mind is too delicate an instrument to be tinkered with by unskilled practitioners.

THE END

THE CAMELS ARE COMING!

The desert ship
You cannot please.
He's got the pip;
He's full of fleas.
He's unambitious,
Mean, ferocious.
Manners? Vicious.
Smell? Atrocious.
Still, glum mammal,
Hear my call:
One (1) camel,
Smell and all,
I'm ordering
For my vacation.
Anything
For transportation!

—Ethel Jacobson.

HOTSHOT

Continued from Page 16

the freights have been held back by the design of the cars: journal boxes couldn't stand extreme speeds. New York Central researchers have come out with a postwar boxcar that opens a new era. All steel, with twin-cushion draft gears, cushion couplings, and high-speed trucks, the new car can hold its own at 100 miles an hour with the sleekest streamliner on the passenger runs.

Already 1,000 of these cars have been delivered and are now hauling grain on trial runs. Soon they'll be placed on the hotshot routes with schedules undreamed of by Casey Jones. New York Central officials expect to chop a full day off the New York-to-St. Louis run. Other roads hope to slice two days off the long hauls to westward.

Getting ready for the day of 100-mile-an-hour freight service, engineers are designing better rails of stronger steel. Steel rail rolled today has a rate of breakage only about one fifth that of fifteen years ago.

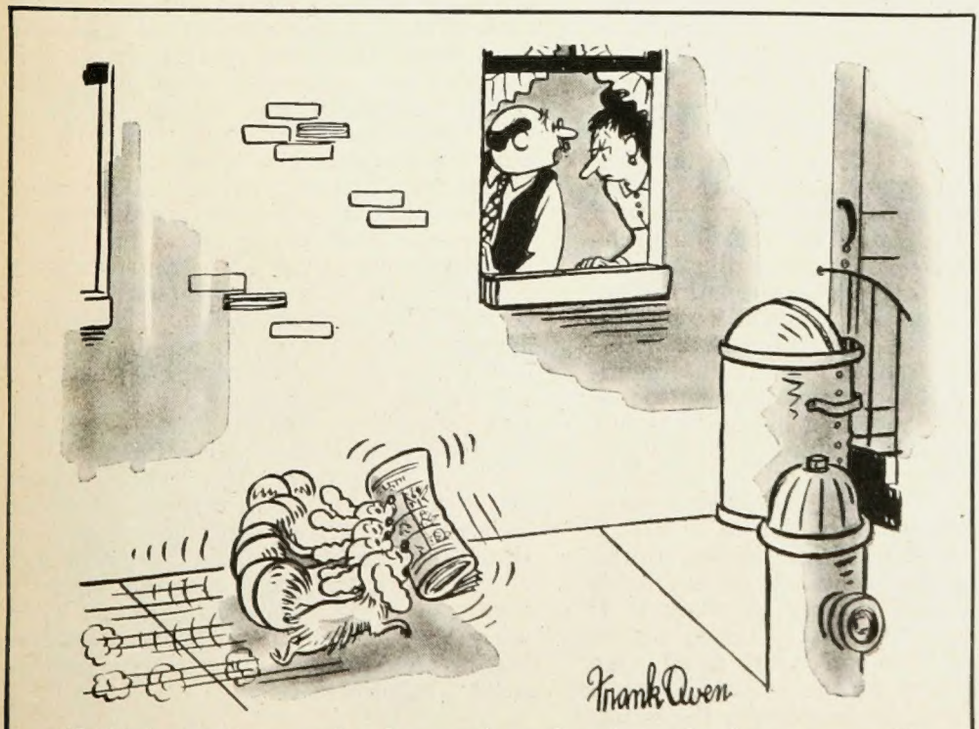
America's first trains rolled on wooden rails (which had a nasty habit of splintering up through the car floors, to the sometimes fatal discomfiture of passengers). The first American-made iron rails were tried out 100 years ago on the Erie line. Iron gave way to steel. And, if we listen to industrial designer Walter Dorwin Teague, the railroad of the future may have no rails at all. Teague looks for a 250-mile-an-hour train running on rubber tires in a trough-shaped concrete roadbed.

However, the New York Central is planning for the more immediate tomorrows by ballasting its existing roadbeds for higher speeds. Engineers have devised a method of shooting cement, under pressure, into underground water holes beneath soft spots in the track.

In another year or two most hotshots will be equipped with radio. The techniques have already been developed. In the Selkirk yard, near Albany, FM radio is being used for shunting cars in the classification yard. The Santa Fe has its Spud Special, a potato train with short-wave radio between locomotive and caboose. The Pennsylvania has pioneered in "induction radio," enabling an engineer to talk to the conductor in the caboose, to the operator in a signal tower down the line, or to the engineer of a passing train.

Finally, to greet the speed era, most of the major lines have developed "automatic train control." This eliminates most of the human element in switching and signaling and enables one man to monitor traffic on fifty miles of track as simply as Junior runs his toy train.

THE END



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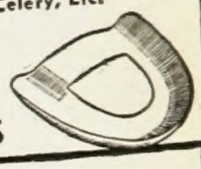

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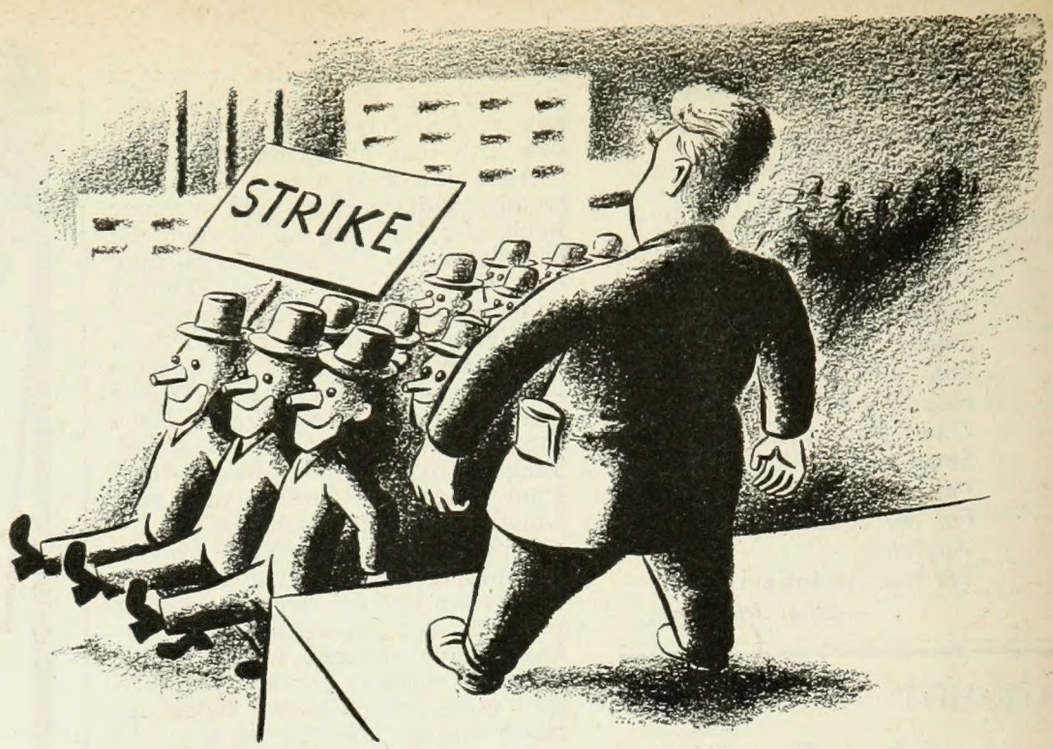

THE AMERICAN WAY TO CONTROL STRIKES

THE people of the U. S. A., having been frightened half out of their wits by the recent demonstration that a few labor leaders have the power to tie up the country completely, must, of course, safeguard themselves against such occurrences in the future.

However, to end strikes by law runs afoul of a basic tenet of the American faith which holds that no one shall be compelled to work at a job when he doesn't want to work at it. This applies just as much to jobs which are necessary to the public welfare as to those which are not. All of us are reluctant to tamper with such principles. To compel people is totalitarian, and once we start, there's no telling where the process is likely to end.

Still, it is clearly intolerable to allow a condition to exist under which a labor leader can paralyze the country when he doesn't get things his own way. Our problem is to guard against this without sacrificing any of our freedom. The answer lies in an extension of American liberties rather than in their curtailment.

It is no secret that the individual member of many a labor union has little or nothing to say about how his union is run. The leader and his clique decide everything and the member has to chime in with a big "*Ja*"—or else. He strikes when he is told and works when he is told. If he, or any number of his fellows, thinks the union leader is making unreasonable demands, he can do nothing about it. If he opens his mouth, he is tossed out of the union and then can't work at all, even granting he escapes the ministrations of the goon squad. So he accepts the situation cynically and says nothing as long as his leader gets him more pay for less work. If the country goes to hell in the process, that's his leader's fault, not his.

The result is dictatorship of an absolute sort in many unions. Leaders have put themselves in power by dictatorial methods and maintain themselves in power the same way. Bargaining with them is impossible, and if they make exorbitant and unworkable demands, there is no moderate faction within the union to restrain them or to which an appeal can be made over their heads. They can declare and wage industrial warfare, and as long as they are successful at it, the "citizens" of their empires think they are great guys. If this situation has a familiar ring, it should. Hitler's Germany was set up the same way. Efforts were made to give it, too, the outward semblance of democracy.

The way to fight this is not by more dictatorship but by less. In formulating the long range labor policy called for by the President we must seek an extension of basic American liberty to the members of labor unions. We must revise our laws to ensure that unions be democratic in set-up and operation, and not just seem so; that, no less than corporations, they be legally responsible for their actions and the sanctity of their contracts.

Under truly democratic procedure we can hope for the rise of moderate factions to oppose the arrogant dictators—factions which will look to the long-range welfare of the union members and the industry from which they draw their living. Then we may get to genuine collective bargaining, even in the indispensable public-service industries.

Paul Hunter

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